
00038061

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 05 October, 2018

WANDERINGS

IN

THE LAND OF HAM.

A DAUGHTER OF JAPHET.

Egypt is monotonous—but it is the monotony of Paradise.

OSBURN'S *Monumental History of Egypt.*

O Ægypte, Ægypte, solæ supersunt fabulæ, et æquè incredibile posteris, sola supersunt verba lapidibus incisa.

Books of HERMES.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, & ROBERTS.

1858.


00038061

Dedicated

with heartfelt sympathy

to the

Mummies

in the

British Museum.

PREFACE.

"Some said, 'John, print it,' others said 'no;'
Some thought it might do good, others said 'not so.'"

It may seem presumptuous in one unknown to fame to intrude on the sacred ground of authorship, to enter the lists where so many bright lights have illumined the grand highway of knowledge, and more especially to venture on the track of the lamented Warburton, the talented Kinglake, and the far-famed Harriet Martineau; but if these pages can afford the reader any pleasure however slight, if they shall recall to the Nile Hawagee any agreeable reminiscences of the happy months he spent in Egypt, I shall feel that the mite which I have contributed to the daily increasing store of books of travel has not been altogether worthless.

And let not the sedate traveller of mature years, whose enthusiasm has been subdued by the realities of Egyptian plagues, and whose eyes have hardly yet recovered from penetrating sand and sunny glare, turn away from these pages with contempt; but rather let his mind dwell on the cloudless days and moonlight nights that he enjoyed, — the glorious temples and tombs he explored,—and all disagreeable sights and smells and sounds will vanish from his memory, and he will only wish that, like the author, he had "done the Nile" at seventeen.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Page

Lyons. — Valence. — Avignon. — Visit to Vaucluse. — Marseilles. — Voyage to Malta. — Excursions in the Island. — Arrival in Egypt 1

CHAPTER II.

Cairo. — Visit to the Hareem of Saïd Pasha. — Citadel. — Mosque of Mohammed Ali. — Choice of a Boat. — The "Bahroota." — Rhoda Island 25

CHAPTER III.

Difficulties. — Accident. — Return to Cairo. — Shoubra. — Fresh Start. — Gebel-el-Tayr. — Sioot. — Dinner Party. — Visit to Sheikh Selim 46

CHAPTER IV.

Arrival at Thebes. — Ruins on the Western Bank. — Karnak by Moonlight. — Nile Cuisine. — Philæ. — Assouan . 70

CHAPTER V.

Philæ. — Descent of the Cataracts. — Desert Scenery. — Quarries of Hagar Silsileh. — Bedouin Encampment. — Temple of Erment. — Nile Justice 92

CHAPTER VI.

Page

Thebes 114

CHAPTER VII.

The Temple of Dendera. — Visit to a Monastery. — Tomb of Sheikh Hereedee. — The Forbidden Fruit. — Nile Minstrelsy. — Holy Men. — Grottoes of Beni Hassan. — Sugar Manufactory. — Sakias and Shadoofs. — Pyramids of Sakkara. — Mummy Pits 140

CHAPTER VIII.

The Pyramids of Ghizeh. — The Sphinx. — Mosque of Sultan Amr. — The Copts. — Conscription. — Plague of Flies. — Last interview with the Crew. — Farewell to the "Sphinx" 174

CHAPTER IX.

Scene in the Desert. — Suez Canal Question. — A Déjeûner. — Visit to Ismaïl Pasha's Hareem. — Tombs of the Pashas. — Tombs of the Mamelukes. — Arab Funeral. — Islamism 196

CHAPTER X.

The City of On. — Bazaars. — Street Sounds. — Shepheard's Hotel. — Alexandria. — Departure from the Land of Ham 216

CHAPTER XI.

Hotel at Malta. — Church Bells. — San Giovanni. — Costumes. — Calisses. — Città Vecchia. — Natives. — Sliema. — Harbours. — The "Cambria." — Domestic Troubles. — Voyage to Gibraltar 239

CHAPTER XII.

Landing at Gibraltar. — Difficulties. — The King's Arms. — Expedition over the Rock. — Monkeys. — Spanish Women. — Costumes. — San Roque. — A Bull-ring. — Leave Gibraltar. — Cadiz. — A Fellow-Passenger 255

CHAPTER XIII.

Page

Arrival at Lisbon. — Braganza Hotel. — Portuguese Bull-fights. — "Cherub." — San Roque. — San Girolamo. — Cintra. — Cork Convent. — Montserrat. — Palace of Marialva. — Manners and Customs. — Leave Lisbon. — Vigo. — Oporto. — Bay of Biscay. — Home 273

APPENDIX 301

WANDERINGS

IN

THE LAND OF HAM.

CHAPTER I.

Lyons. — Valence. — Avignon. — Visit to Vaucluse. — Marseilles. — Voyage to Malta. — Excursions in the Island. — Arrival in Egypt.

THE party whose proceedings during eight months form the subject of the present volume, consisted of my mother, my eldest brother, an English maid, an Indian man-servant, and myself.

A severe illness in Paris had compelled my brother to seek a milder climate for the winter months, and my mother, braving the many discomforts of an Egyptian tour, determined to devote herself to him, while I, to my intense satisfaction, accompanied them.

I installed myself as recorder of our adventures,

though truly with no intention at the time of presenting them to the public. As an apology for offering them in so rough a style, I must be allowed to state that they are given, with few exceptions, as they were hastily written down at the moment.

November 2nd, 1854, LYONS. — We left Paris last night by the express train, and were detained an hour and a half on the road, by the bursting of one of the pipes of the engine; we had to send a long way for another, and meanwhile stood still with our broken engine puffing and panting, and letting off all its steam; but no harm happened to us, and in process of time we reached Lyons.

I do not think that this town can be at all prepossessing even in fine weather, but seen for the first time at eight o'clock on a cold foggy November morning its appearance is most gloomy and forbidding. We had written from Paris to secure rooms at the Hôtel de l'Univers, and were sorry to hear that it was at some distance from the railway station, which is in an out of the way part of the town. If all Lyons resembles the part we traversed that morning it must be a most uninviting city. The streets were very crowded, and the people looked dirty and uncivilised; many of the women wore huge

straw hats. We were not sorry, after spending fully an hour on the road, to reach our hotel, where we found the rooms clean and tolerably comfortable. We are charged fourteen francs a-day for them.

Nov. 3rd.—We went out to *see* the town this afternoon; this was not feasible to any great extent, for the fog hid almost everything from our view, and the attractions of a cold east wind did not invite us far from our hotel. We went to the cathedral, which has a fine west front, but buildings close it in on all the other sides: it is black and gloomy-looking both outside and inside. After walking through it, we wandered up and down, in and out, of the dirtiest, ugliest, and worst smelling streets I ever saw. There is a large square close to the hotel, in which is an ugly equestrian statue of Louis XIV.; a band plays there for an hour every day, and it seems the chief lounge of the citizens.

Nov. 4th.—A cold north wind having replaced the damp easterly one, and blown away the fog, we seized the opportunity of seeing the town to greater advantage. The Saône, which is the largest of the two muddy rivers on which this town is situated, runs through a deep valley, on one side of which are high precipitous cliffs; at the top of these rocks, on

the east side of the river, stands an observatory. The view from it on a fine day is said to be very extensive.

Neither Mont Blanc nor the Jura Alps were visible to-day, but we saw the beautiful ranges of the Auvergne and Lyonnais mountains; and we had an excellent view of the town, which appears very extensive; on the left of the city rises the Côte d'Or, a conical-shaped hill. There is a chapel close to the observatory, built as a token of gratitude to the Virgin, for preservation from the cholera in 1832 and 1835; it is hung with votive offerings, and pilgrimages are made to it. There are thirty-four different orders of nuns and *sœurs de charité* at Lyons, besides several religious orders of men, and among them a college of Jesuits.

Nov. 5th, Sunday.— We inquired at the hotel for the English chapel, and were accordingly driven to a small meeting-house, from thence to a French Protestant Chapel, and were at last landed in the American Episcopalian place of worship, where we heard the service for the 5th of November read, for perhaps the first time in our lives.

Nov. 6th. — We left the hotel this morning at eight o'clock, and went on board the steamer which was to take us to Valence. Something having gone

wrong with the engine, we did not start till half-past twelve. A good many of the passengers left the boat, and the captain was obliged to refund their fares. I really felt sorry for him, as he sat cooped up in a small bureau, with a gendarme on one side, and a lot of angry passengers reclaiming their money on the other; while a dozen or two more were repeatedly asking when we were to start. "*Dans vingt-cinq minutes au plus tard*," was the unfailing and untrue answer given and passed all round the boat. There was a large Yankee party on board, who made more fuss than any one else at the detention. I overheard one of them saying, "If we had one of the Mississippi captains here, I calculate he'd get up steam, and have us slick down to Valence in no time." Francesco Madiai and his wife were on board; they were going to winter at Nice: they are both quiet and unpretending-looking people, and tried to avoid the English passengers, some of whom were endeavouring to bring them into notice.

The scenery of the Rhone is beautiful in many places; the banks are high and wooded, and fine bold rocks jut out at every turn: some parts of the river reminded me of the Wye. The town of Vienne is very picturesque; there is a cathedral in it erected

in the eleventh century; the town is built on the slope of a hill, and looks very ancient.

We were so late in arriving at Valence that all the trains had left for the south, and the passengers had all to be accommodated with beds. Valence is not celebrated for its hotels; the one in which I am now writing is the best, and all our fellow travellers accordingly fixed their affections upon it. The landing-place was crowded with boys and porters of all sizes, shouting at the pitch of their voices. There was a tremendous rush to be the first to land. As soon as I could, I flew off with our maid to the Hôtel de la Poste, secured two bedrooms, locked the doors, pocketed the keys, and hurried back again to announce our good fortune to the rest of the party.

The others, taking their time, arrived at the hotel about six o'clock, when we had some bad coffee, and soon after went to bed.

Nov. 7th.—This morning, after breakfast, I proceeded on a voyage of discovery through the town; first to the station, to secure a *coupé* for the afternoon, then to the suspension bridge, and lastly to the cathedral. Part of this building is very old. The east end is in the Norman style of architecture. Pope Pius VI. was buried here. I saw a saint, or rather a figure of one, in a glass case: he had been

lately brought from a neighbouring village with great pomp.

I never was in such a noisy hotel as that of the "Poste;" our bedrooms looked into a yard, where diligences were coming and going, horses were being cleaned and clipped all night long: our rooms however were very clean.

The line of rail between Valence and Avignon is beautiful; the ranges of snow-capped Alps on one side, and the precipitous cliffs on the other, are magnificent. We passed many ruined castles strongly situated, and surrounded with broken down fortifications, all plainly showing the warlike state of this part of the country in former times. We saw several picturesque old towns which, with their undulating foregrounds and backgrounds of noble mountains, would have furnished subjects for many beautiful drawings.

We arrived at Avignon at four p.m. The Hôtel de l'Europe, where we are lodged, seems very comfortable. Fig, olive, ilex, and mulberry are the only trees one sees in this part of France.

Nov. 8th.—We have been sight-seeing at Avignon, and have had as much experience as we could wish of the effects of the *bise*. This is the name given to a cold piercing wind peculiar to the south of France.

This morning we went to the Palais des Papes. The poor Popes would be somewhat disconcerted if they saw their reception rooms, dining-halls, state apartments, and private boudoirs, converted into kitchens and sleeping rooms for a regiment of soldiers. Part of the palace is used as a barrack, the rest has been converted into a prison. A tower of considerable height at one end of the palace is called the Glacière; from it a hundred unfortunate victims of the revolution of 1793 were precipitated into burning lime! and in the palmy days of the Inquisition it was in a dungeon under this tower that the trials of the Holy Office took place, and here that their sentences were put into execution. The Avignon cathedral is an ugly building, but it has the merit of being old, having been erected fifty years before Christ. It does not look so venerable, owing to frequent whitewashings. It is situated on a precipice overhanging the Rhone; the view of the river and of the old Pont du Gard is beautiful.

We shivered through the streets for some time; looked into the Jardin des Plantes; tried the doors of one or two churches, the outsides of which are rather pretty, but which we found locked; admired the exterior of the theatre, and at last found our way to the Chapelle des Penitents Noirs, where a nun

showed us a celebrated ivory crucifix, carved in 1650, which Canova, it is said, admired very much. The nuns keep a Hospice des Insensés; there are two hundred and fifty patients in the establishment. The streets here are tolerably clean, but they are paved with such peculiarly sharp pointed stones, that it is impossible to walk for any length of time upon them; everything here has a clean and whitewashed appearance, and though one knows the houses are very ancient, they do not impress one with any respect for their antiquity. The *patois* of the lower orders is almost unintelligible; it is, I suppose, the remains of the old Provençal; we were surprised to find books printed in it. The shops were full of old vases and other *petits objets*, relics of the Romans.

Nov. 9th.—To-day we went a long and weary pilgrimage to visit the Fountain of Vaucluse, the retreat of Petrarch and Laura. Nothing but our reluctance to leave Avignon without seeing this celebrated spot, induced us to face the bitter *bise*, and be at the trouble of going thirty miles through a flat and most uninteresting country.

The drive from Avignon to Vaucluse is, with few exceptions, the ugliest I have ever seen. No trees are to be seen but dwarfish olives and mulberries, and the chief produce of this department is the garance

or madder, which is shipped off to all parts of the world. When once at Vaucluse you hear and speak of nothing but Petrarch and Laura; the hotel you put up at is dedicated to them; you order your lunch at it, as a matter of course; and then are led along a path which takes you to a grotto, where they used to sit listening to the rush of a clear torrent of water. I went down to the edge of their cavern: their favourite seat was on a ledge of rock, overhanging the fathomless basin of the fountain, and only accessible when the water is not rising, as was the case to-day. We are told there has been no rain here for eight months! A ruined castle stands upon a high rock overlooking the source; tradition is silent respecting it or its founders, but beyond it are the humble remains of Petrarch's house, and a laurel planted by Laura's hands is pointed out in a garden close beside it.

Independently of the associations connected with the place, it is, in spite of the weary drive to it, well worth visiting, and must be particularly so after heavy rains. The source of the fountain is in a deep, and it is believed bottomless, chasm in a rock; a good deal of water was flowing in the bed of the river, but the main source was not running over; there are, however, small ones in all directions, and

water bubbles up wherever a hole is made in the ground.

Nov. 10*th.* — We left Avignon this morning, and are now lodged at the Hôtel Bristol at Marseilles. The scenery past which we travelled, was in parts wild and dreary, and even where cultivation was attempted, the result was far from picturesque, so bleak and desolate was the landscape, but perhaps the weather, which was very disagreeable, may have contributed to the dismal aspect.

Marseilles looks well a long way off; but when once in the town, the illusion disappears: the streets though broad, are dirty and crowded. This hotel, in which we found accommodation, after trying at two or three others which were full, is not prepossessing from the outside; its internal attractions have yet to be discovered.

Nov. 11*th.* — Nearly the whole day has been spent in going backwards and forwards to the Messageries Impériales, arranging about our passage to Malta. We have also paid a visit to the steamer "Le Caire." This is a most uncomfortable hotel; the rooms are draughty and cold; the doors will not shut close; the bells are not answered; the dinners are bad; and the tea and coffee both undrinkable; the rooms are however clean, which some people think makes up for

everything else. There seems to be nothing but men in this town; when we go out, we get stared at as if women had never been seen before, and certainly one meets but few ladies in the street.

Nov. 12*th.*—On board the French steamer "Caire." We were here in good time this morning before any of the other passengers; but to our dismay, found a troop of cavalry, and another of artillery coming on board; there were some horses also, and the horse-boxes were placed immediately over our berths. Hour after hour wore on, and still we did not start, for the wind rose so high that the captain would not leave the harbour. Preparations for stormy weather were made: horse boxes, benches, and guns were lashed securely to the decks, but we did not leave our moorings till late in the afternoon. The staff of authorities on board consists of the commandant, captain, lieutenant, mate, doctor and commissary agent, so we shall do well as far as masters go, but a French crew look most unsailorlike. We have a delightful cabin all to ourselves, for there are no other ladies; there are two berths, and two sofas in it, besides a piano, a table and several chairs, and it is beautifully fitted up with lamps and mirrors. There are only five English and one French first-class passengers; the latter is the colonel of the troops

on board; his name is Borel de Bretisel. All the other officers go second-class.

Nov. 14*th.* — The wind was high all yesterday, but we were in smooth water while passing through the straits of Bonifacio; Corsica and Sardinia appear mountainous, and very barren as far as we could see. The *cuisine* on board is excellent; we have *dejeûner à la fourchette* at ten, a capital dinner at five, and tea in our own *salon* at eight. The commandant, whose name is Gabeiron, is a very queer little man; he is the image of a chimpanzee; the stewardess says he is *bon comme le pain;* she is never tired of recounting his good qualities. I think, considering we are the only ladies on board, we might have been treated with a little more attention, but perhaps politeness is not a board-ship quality, and Englishmen fresh from their own country are seldom sociable or communicative; but the only thing we have to complain of is the noise of the horses at night, which stamp and kick at no allowance.

Nov. 16*th.* — When we went on deck this morning we found we were in sight of the island of Gozo. The water was as smooth as a looking-glass, and the sun got hotter and hotter as we neared Malta. This island looks barren from the sea; not a blade of grass or the ghost of a tree to be seen; everything looks

parched and burnt up; the stone is of such a glaring whiteness that all the buildings appear as if built yesterday. On dropping our anchor a boat was seen approaching, and an officer in it, whose flag was a union jack on a yellow ground. This individual had come from the quarantine office to inquire for our health, which, happily for us, was very good. He brought the news of the battle of Inkermann, fought on the 5th instant. Every one crowded round him to hear the particulars, but he had not brought a list of the fallen, so most of the passengers hurried off to the palace.

We had no difficulty in landing, for, owing to the kindness of a friend on the island, we found one of the governor's boats waiting for us, and his coachman ready to look after us and our baggage; so we left the old "Caire" in style. The lieutenant could not find words to express how great a loss we should be, and I in return assured him how sorry we were to quit our comfortable quarters.

We are lodged in Dunsford's Hotel, Strada Forni, and have very pleasant rooms. I went to the Opera this evening and heard "Luisa Miller." There is a very good opera here, considering the size of the place, and the prima donna, Madlle. Parepa, is a great favourite. This is a curious town, half Euro-

pean, half Oriental; in the streets one meets people from nearly every country under the sun. The houses have all flat roofs; I forget how many miles it is computed a person might walk on the tops of the houses. The streets are most of them named after some saint, whose figure, larger than life, is stuck up in a niche at either end; they are all at right angles to each other, and very narrow, so when it blows hard the wind comes whistling down in gusts. The "sirocco" was blowing to-day; it is a most disagreeable wind, and makes one feel thoroughly uncomfortable and out of sorts. Everything that goes wrong is attributed to it: if one's clothes come home from the wash unstarched, you are told that the starch will not take when the sirocco blows; if the furniture cracks, or anything becomes unglued, it is the sirocco's fault; in short, in Malta, instead of the usual answer, "Nobody did it," or, "it broke itself," the sirocco comes into play and gets all the blame.

The ugliness of this island is something unique. There is as much land cultivated as the rocky nature of the place will admit of; the fields are fenced in with stone dykes, which, from a distance, increase the bare and barren look of the country. The only trees, or rather shrubs, indigenous to the soil, are the cactus, or prickly pear (which grows with tropical

luxuriance), and the carob, or locust tree; this plant bears a small fruit like a bean pod, only of a much darker colour, which is dried and given to cattle; it was with the husks of these pods (which are usually given to swine) that the Prodigal Son was glad to feed himself. There are also a few palms in the island, but this is, I think, the sum total of the trees, except the gardens of olives, oranges, figs and lemons, which are private property. Living is wonderfully cheap here, considering the number of things imported. Beef and mutton come from Sicily; milk and butter are very scarce; the goats supply the greater quantity in winter. There is no coal on the island, and there is certainly not a stick to be found. In winter coal is 7*l.* or 8*l.* a ton; charcoal is used for kitchen purposes. We are surprised at seeing gas-pipes being laid down; the expense will be enormous; but it is much wanted, for the streets are not lighted in any way. The jewellery here, as every one knows, is beautiful; the Maltese equal the Genoese in their gold and silver filigree work.

Nov. 20th.—My mother and I joined a large party to-day, assembled for a picnic to St. Paul's Bay. This spot is about ten miles from Valetta, on the north side of the island. The sun was hotter than on an English July day, and in looking for a place to take

our luncheon in, we found a delightful shady creek, into which some of us scrambled, but as the seniors of the party would not or could not join us, we rejoined them, and, perched upon a rock, we did justice to the excellent contents of the various baskets. The scenery round the bay is wild and pretty; when one is on a rocky beach, the want of trees is of course not felt. It is generally believed that this is the place where St. Paul was shipwrecked; the description of the island, and of the place where "two seas met," is clearly identified, and according to Sir William Reid's book on the "Law of Storms," his being driven here is accounted for very easily; but where he got sticks to light a fire with, is to this day unknown; for few or rather no sticks would a shipwrecked man now find.

Nov. 28*th.* — The weather is continuing lovely, at least for all who enjoy heat. We dined last night at the Admiralty, and came back to Valetta at midnight in an open boat, enjoying the refreshing coolness of the sea breeze.

Nov. 29*th.* — We set off to-day with a party of friends to see Vedallah, an ancient castle situated on a hill, and named after the knight who built it; it is now used as a summer residence by the Governor of the Island.

The day was unusually windy and showery, so we eat our luncheon in the dining-hall of the Castle; a fine room with a vaulted roof, ornamented with frescoes of gods and goddesses, and with the life of Vedallah in glowing colours. Afterwards we had a charming walk in the Boschetto, a beautiful grove of orange-trees. Our object in setting out was to see some cliffs eight hundred feet in height, which overhang the sea, and are said to be very beautiful, but the wind was so high as to prevent our going so far.

Dec. 7th. — We drove to-day to the public gardens of San Antonio, another of the summer residences of the Governor. The orangery is beautiful, and as we had permission to help ourselves *ad libitum*, we rather enjoyed the novelty of the occupation. Malta is celebrated for mandarin oranges, which grow here in great abundance.

Dec. 15th, ALEXANDRIA.—We left Malta on the 10th, and after a very rough passage, set foot in Africa this morning.

Being unable to procure berths in any of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's ships, we were obliged to put up with a small French "tub," of 250 horse-power, called the "Scamandre," where the terrors of a regular Mediterranean squall were greatly enhanced by learning that our frail barque had been

condemned by the Government as unseaworthy some years ago, and was only allowed to run while the larger steamers were in such requisition as transports for the troops. We tossed and pitched about the whole of the 13th, on which day I had the deck pretty nearly to myself.

There were several Americans on board, one of whom was continually betting with the engineer as to when we should get into Alexandria; the consequence was that our crazy barque was put at her greatest speed, the engine became red-hot, and we had to lay to for some hours to cool it, and to replace the connecting-rod between the paddles which had given way. In coming into harbour this same Yankee bet that the pilot would be blind of one eye (a safe bet, as we learnt soon after our arrival in Egypt*); and which he won.

Among the English passengers on board there was one very charming and agreeable person, the Rev. W. W. E. He has a living near Liverpool, and is altogether the most delightful and intelligent travelling companion we have seen. He is bound for the Nile, and is in pursuit of health. We saw a good

* It is a common custom among the Arabs to deprive themselves of their right eyes to render them useless as soldiers, their horror of conscription being very great.

deal of him, and the more we saw of him and Mrs. E. the more we hoped to meet them again in Egypt.

We were much interested in our stewardess, Isabelle Vançon*, of Marseilles; she had early in life devoted herself to works of charity, and seemed (by her own account, but it sounded like the truth,) to be always throwing herself forward in scenes of distress. On more than one occasion at Marseilles, she saved several people who would otherwise have perished by fire, and in the times of cholera, she did what no one else could ever be found to do. My mother, who is a timid sailor, communicated to her her fears for our safety; but though it was as I have said extremely rough, and this was the first time in her life she had been at sea, she said she could not conceive what fear could be,—that she and several of her friends had attended masses, and had otherwise committed her to the peculiar care of GOD and the Blessed Virgin, and that she therefore felt it to be wholly and utterly impossible for her to come to any harm. She asked if we did not find it written in our "Book," that those "who trust in the Lord

* She gave us her card, in case we should ever return to Marseilles; it was as follows: — "Isabelle Vançon, Garde-malade, se charge de guérir les cholériques. Rue des Trois Mages, no. 30, au 2me. Marseille."

shall never be confounded," and she repeatedly reminded my mother that there were on board "quatre sœurs de charité, deux bons ecclésiastiques, un frère des écoles chrétiennes, et . . . *de l'eau bénite!*" With regard to her personal safety she said she felt convinced that if she saw us all "*engouffrés*," she would be saved on the top of the mast! My mother was too sick to point out to her that her trust was somewhat that of the fatalist; that we ought to leave all in GOD'S hands, and feel confident that He would do what was best, and that it might be the best thing for her to be drowned. She was very kind, attentive, and sympathising, and had all the appearance, and indeed I should say the most intense feeling, of devotion; my mother saw her on her knees one night, for at least two hours, when she thought every one else was asleep.

As soon as the steamboat stopped there was an invasion of Arabs in every variety of colours. Crowds of boats put off to us, and many of them boarded us. I shall never forget the scene; such a motley crew, and such a noise; Arabs, Turks, Greeks, Syrians, Jews, Levantines, each roaring in his own tongue, and at the pitch of his voice. On they came, the "True Believers," with an indescribable noise and bustle. My brother recognised a dragoman who had

travelled with a friend of his, when he was in Egypt some years ago, and having a good impression of him instantly engaged him at 7*l.* a month.* His name is Ismaël Moosa; his sobriquet by which he is universally known is Aboo Shenab, or Father of the Long Moustache. He is a short thick man, with a magnificent red and yellow turban. In process of time we got our luggage up from the hold, and after a most wordy and amusing scuffle among the boatmen, as to who should have the honour of taking us, we at last reached the shore. I was not sorry to leave the "Scamandre," for we had been too crowded to be comfortable, and besides we were leaving it for Africa; we were to commence our wanderings in the Land of Ham, in the far-famed Egypt of the ancient world! We drove to Rey's Hotel, through crowded and narrow streets, and when once at our windows we could not leave them for a moment, so strange were the groups of turbaned figures that met our view. Our rooms looked into the great Frank square, alive with the most picturesque scenes imaginable; men and women of every nation, some on foot, some on horseback, some on donkeys. Strings of camels, sulky, melancholy, ill-tempered looking camels, passing to and

* A dragoman's wages vary from 6*l.* to 10*l.* a month; and some ask even more than this.

fro, some loaded, some not, but all with a fixed, determined look of being pleased with nothing and displeased with every body. We had a letter to the Consul, which we sent, and presently he and Mrs. G. called; both of them are kind and obliging people, ready to do anything for us.

I went with my mother this afternoon to see Pompey's Pillar, or "Bombey's Billar," as the donkey boys called it. This famous monument consists of a single column of the Corinthian order, ninety-nine feet in height; it stands on a slight eminence, and overlooks a barren plain, broken by mounds of rubbish, the only remains of the far-famed city of Alexandria. It marks the site of an ancient stadium, and as some conjecture of the Gymnasium, which was surrounded with majestic porticoes of granite. Now it looks down upon a rude Mohammedan cemetery, whose plastered tombs, glaring in the sun, crowd round its dismantled base. "This pillar is the one solitary monument of the old city upon its southern front, and answers to the one standing obelisk that is its solitary monument on the north. Of its origin it is as silent as the mummy in Belzoni's tomb, but there is no doubt that *Pompey's* Pillar is really a misnomer; for the inscription shows it to have been erected by Publius, the Prefect of Egypt, in honour

of Diocletian, who subdued a revolt at Alexandria by capturing the city, A.D. 296."* A certain W. Button has immortalised his own ugly name, and disfigured the base of the monument, by recording his visit in letters a foot high.

The country about Alexandria is very green, and there are a good many trees. Acacias are the most common; they attain a size unknown in England; their foliage, which is very beautiful, grows so much more luxuriantly here, that one hardly recognises them for the same tree.

* Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians.

CHAPTER II.

Cairo. — Visit to the Hareem of Saïd Pasha. — Citadel. — Mosque of Mohammed Ali. — Choice of a Boat. — "The Bahroota." — Rhoda Island.

Dec. 17th. — We left Alexandria yesterday morning at nine o'clock, and proceeded by train for three hours as far as Cafr Laïs, where a steamer was waiting to take us to Cairo. The railway runs parallel to the Mahmoudieh Canal. Every one knows the story of this canal. It was opened in 1828; its construction was a part of the scheme of Mohammed Ali for reviving the commerce of Alexandria with the East. An army of two hundred and fifty thousand persons was assembled to dig it, the mud being scraped out with the hand or a common hoe, and carried away in baskets: so miserable was the provision of food, clothing, and shelter for this multitude of labourers, and so severe the tasks that were exacted of them, that no less than twenty thousand are said to have perished by accidents, hunger, and plague.

The part of the Delta through which we travelled is still a good deal inundated; the railway passes

near the Mareotis Lake, which smells as disagreeably as the Pontine Marshes. Among the birds hovering about it we saw buzzards, flamingoes, pelicans, storks, cranes, ziczacs, wild-geese, ducks, and sand-pipers. Though the country we passed through was certainly not, strictly speaking, beautiful, yet it was so new to us, and the feeling that we were actually in Egypt was so delightful, that it was impossible not to take an unusual interest in it, and we were disposed to see every thing in a favourable light. It is very flat, with here and there mounds of earth and broken pottery, which in Egypt always mark the site of an ancient city. The towns and villages we passed were built of mud, in the most primitive style imaginable. The roofs are made of matting, and a low aperture serves the double purpose of door and window. There are generally some tombs near the village, and the whitewashed dome that marks the resting place of a *sheikh*, or holy man, is often seen amidst the stems of palm-trees. Wilkinson's description of one Arab village will serve for all, — "a number of mud huts, starved dogs, and squalling children."

We got into the steamboat at noon,* and whether

* Since the above was written the railway has been finished from Cairo to Alexandria, and travellers thus escape the discomforts of Nile steamboats

it was from the smallness of the engine, or from the wind being contrary, I do not know, but we were twenty-three hours in the boat—just double the usual time! It got so cold towards the evening, that at last we were forced to retire into our cabins, if cabin it might be called. My mother and I were put into a hole in which there was a ledge of wood with a mattress upon it, serving the double purpose of a bed for us and a receptacle for a legion of creatures mentionable and otherwise. Here we remained all night. We were obliged to leave a chink of the door open, to get some air, for there were no other means of ventilation; and at seven o'clock this morning, I caught a glimpse of our dragoman's turban, and soon after heard Ismaël's voice saying, "Please, Miss, the Pyramids!" Up we jumped, and forgetting fleas and everything else, we rushed on to the deck, and through the misty haze of the morning sun, at a distance of twenty-five miles, sure enough there were the Pyramids. I will leave it to the reader's imagination to guess all that was passing in my mind at this moment. The bare fact was sufficient to conjure up a host of associations. Those wondrous piles that had astonished the eyes of every succeeding generation, from the time of Abraham to the present moment, were before us!

We reached Boulak at half-past ten, and soon after entered the gates of Cairo the Magnificent, and took up our quarters at Shepherd's Hotel.

Dec. 18*th.* — We had a letter of introduction to a lady who called on us this afternoon, and most kindly offered to take us to see a *hareem.* This, we were informed, was a great favour; for as her acquaintance in Cairo is large, she in general makes it a rule not to offer a visit. However, as she is on intimate terms with Zenob Khanum, the wife of Kourschid Pasha, she sent to ask if she might present her two friends. This princess is sister to Saïd Pasha, the Viceroy of Egypt, and is at present on a visit to her brother from Constantinople. We received a summons from her in the course of the afternoon, and immediately repaired to her palace accompanied by our kind friend. We were met at the door by a number of black slaves, who ushered us through some outer halls, into a long alley, arched over by branches of orange-trees, which led into a large room paved with marble, where there were crowds of black and white female slaves. The next room we came to was the presence chamber; it was a very long room, richly carpeted, and furnished only with divans and a few chairs arranged against the walls; the want of tables, or of anything in the centre of the room, made it look very bare. We were

introduced in due form to the princess; she was sitting on a pile of cushions on a divan, at the further end of the apartment. We touched her hand and then pressed our own to our mouths and foreheads, she doing the same. Only intimate friends kissed her hand. She made my mother sit next her, and inquired through our friend who we were, and what we had come to Egypt for; she could not understand what brought us if we were not consul's wives, or otherwise belonging to some one in office; she could not believe we had come so far merely for pleasure! Pipes were presented to each of us to smoke; they were about five feet long and beautifully ornamented; the mouth-pieces were of amber set round with precious stones; they alone were valued at from one to two hundred guineas; the pipe bowls rested on the ground on little silver trays. Coffee was handed round in exquisite little china *finjans*, or cups, just the shape and size of egg cups; these cups were in cases of the same form, made of a filigree work of silver and diamonds. The coffee was delicious, though it was rather thick, as they never strain it, and it was given us sometimes with and sometimes without sugar; they put ambergris in it to scent it. The dresses both of the ladies and the slaves were gorgeous; some were made of the finest Cashmerian

stuff, some of gold and silver tissue, and many were lined with rich furs; but costly as were the materials of which these dresses were made, we thought the make of them very ugly, and the figures they adorned most ungainly. Every one knows that a Turkish woman prides herself upon being fatter than her neighbours; this being the case, I need not expatiate upon the unbecomingness of a close fitting garment, which the under vest is; over it are thrown in various ways folds of rich stuffs which descend to the knee, or ankle, below which the baggy yellow silk drawers are seen in all their glory. We were disappointed at the want of beauty, which we had some right to expect, at least among the Circassian slaves. But even among the young ones, there were few good-looking, and some of them squinted! As to the elderly women, they were hideous to behold, and dreadfully fat. They seldom go out even for a drive, and in consequence look sickly and sleepy. Their eyebrows are darkened with *kohl;* they are made to meet by a line across the bridge of the nose. Their head dresses are very ugly; they crop their own hair very short, and as false hair is considered more becoming, they wear a great deal of it, generally in long pig-tails, in which they plait black silk, and finish them off with a tassel; they tie red or snuff-coloured cotton handkerchiefs

round their heads, and these fascinating coiffures they ornament profusely with precious stones, chiefly diamonds. Their jewellery is beautiful, and the quantity they possess is immense; they set more value upon the size than upon the quality of their diamonds.

Eight frightful old hags squatted at one end of the room, and nearly deafened us all the time of our visit with their singing. They accompanied themselves chiefly on tambourines, and *tarrabukkas*, (a kind of drum). At our request two slaves were made to dance; this performance was more clumsy than it is possible to imagine. The great art seemed to consist in setting the heels down first, and turning the toes in. Their dress was different to that of the other slaves; they wore light gauzey skirts, and very closely fitting boddices, which looked like network of gold and silver thread plentifully ornamented with jewels, and hung all over with tiny coins which jingled at every step. One peculiarly ungraceful movement, which was frequently repeated, was done with the feet far apart, by shaking the upper part of the body violently, as if it was loosely resting upon the hips, and was coming in two. They were very supple, and threw themselves into the most extraordinary contortions. They had castanets on their fingers, which added to the din. In fact the noise was so great as

to make it almost impossible to talk; we therefore did nothing but sip coffee, and smoke our pipes. This was the second time of my trying to smoke; I liked it very much. The tobacco used by the ladies, and indeed I believe by every one in Egypt, is a very mild kind of Latakia, so named from a place on the coast of Syria, where it is prepared in great quantities. In the hareems, it is highly perfumed and fills the air with a delicious fragrant smell like incense. Our visit lasted three hours, and we came away very thankful that we were not doomed to spend our lives in the same manner.

Dec. 19*th.* — We have been at Boolak all day looking at the boats, and also at many strange scenes too numerous to relate. There is a market at Boolak, chiefly kept by women, who squat on little square pieces of matting, with their merchandise piled around them. We only saw three or four boats for hire, as our dragoman informed us it was so late in the season that there was no choice to be had. There seemed so very little difference between the few we saw, that we left the matter pretty much in Ismaël's hands. He accordingly selected one, which he said belonged to an English colonel, and for which we are to pay 70*l.* for the trip to the Second Cataract.

Dec. 20th. — We are a great deal in the bazaars during the day, making preparations for our Nile boat voyage; and are never tired of donkeying through the streets, though we are sometimes nearly deafened with the various sounds that meet the ear. "To the right, to the left, old man, young woman," * are continually heard in every degree of noise. You have nothing to do with the management of your donkey; a little ragged urchin, hanging on by the tail, guides him with a sharp-pointed stick. The perilous moment, both for the donkey and his rider, is when the former gallops between two huge camels laden with large stones; what saves one then from being made into mince-meat, I cannot say; but by dint of shrieking, screaming and beating, you escape unhurt. Some of the bazaars are very handsome; the Turkish bazaar particularly is gorgeous and glittering with rich stuffs; the streets are very cool, for they are closed at the top with matting; the shops are all on the same plan; there is no place for the customers to go *into*, the goods are all arranged in a square recess in the wall, in front of which the merchant sits smoking upon a divan.

One of our new hotel acquaintances accompanied

* Yemeenak! shemalak!—ya Sheikh! ya bint!

us to the citadel this afternoon; the view from it is very fine. The city of Cairo lies spread out beneath it, and the mosques, with their tapering minarets, appear to great advantage. Beyond the town, in many silvery windings, is seen the majestic Nile; and still further west, at the boundary of the fertile plain, and on the verge of the sandy deserts, loom eleven pyramids of different sizes. We went into the handsome new mosque of Mohammed Ali. The janissary at the door thought it necessary to make a little fuss about our entering, and wanted us to take off our shoes, but we compromised the matter by having some large yellow slippers tied on, for which we paid a piastre each. The floor of the mosque is covered with fine matting, except in one part which answers to the Jewish Holy of Holies, and is the corner of the mosque nearest Mecca; this is covered with rich carpets. The roof is supported by large square pillars, made of a kind of alabaster; this stone is very soft, and is capable of receiving a high polish, but it looks very like soap. The ceiling is ornamented with different sorts of wood, and is hung with lamps; the pulpit and reading-desk, from which the Koran is read, are covered with red cloth, but they look very tawdry. Mohammed Ali's tomb is in one corner of the mosque,

enclosed in an iron railing. The Mohammedans bury their dead lying on their right sides, with their faces turned towards Mecca. On leaving the mosque we went to see Joseph's Well, which is a wonderful piece of workmanship, considering the time it was made, namely, in the reign of the great sultan Yousef Saleh-ed-deen, the contemporary and rival of Richard Cœur de Lion. Part of the citadel dates from his reign.

We have a very pleasant neighbour at the table-d'hôte, an old gentleman of eighty-seven, as active and hale as if he were sixty.* He was consul at Alexandria during the French expedition to Egypt in 1797, knew Napoleon, Nelson, and Sir R. Abercromby intimately, and talks of the events of the last seventy years with great clearness, entering into the most minute particulars, and relating many curious anecdotes of those times. There is generally an amusing scuffle at the table-d'hôte breakfast for cow's instead of buffalo's butter, and English instead of the sour native bread; we always fare well, thanks to the activity of our friends. So far from England, every one is inclined to be sociable, and we have made several agreeable acquaintances; among

* The founder of the principal bank in Egypt.

them is an Irish general from India, who is the buffo of the dinner table; he is comically solemn himself, but keeps his friends in fits of laughter. There is also an old Scotch major, who knows our part of the country well, and who, when the fancy strikes him, honours us with his company, and amuses us very much by his grumpiness.

The Princess Zenob sent for us this afternoon to her hareem, and we had the honour (I suppose I must call it) of being presented to Saïd Pasha's wife, who was there on a visit. They were taking a bath when we arrived, so we sat down and smoked our pipes till they came back. The slaves came round us, and amused themselves with examining our bracelets, &c. Etiquette forbids short visits in the East, so that three hours were spent in the same profitable way as before. The slaves appeared to us to be on very familiar terms with their royal mistresses; but we are informed these wretched ladies are so hard up for amusement that they take an interest even in the gossip of these women. Saïd Pasha's wife may have been handsome in her youth, but her features are coarse, and there is a miserable look of discontent and dissatisfaction about her. She probably feels the hardship of her lot, for she has taught herself to read; she is the only woman in Egypt who has any

knowledge of the kind. The slaves have their fingers tipped with red, which is considered an improvement.

"... Some bring leaves of Henna to imbue
The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,
So bright that in the mirror's depth they seem
Like tips of coral branches in the stream:
And others mix the kohol's jetty dye,
To give that long dark languish to the eye,
Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to cull
From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful." *

Dec. 22nd.—It is a clear case, that we ought to have laid in more than we did at Malta, towards the provisions of our Nile boat. We should have had less trouble, and got better things. It was rather a difficult business to decide how much of every little necessary was to be procured for a three and a half months' voyage. But at last we fixed our day for leaving the hotel, and proceeded down to our boat. It had long been a question whether we should take a maid or not. Several ladies who had made the trip strongly dissuaded us, others, on the contrary, laughed at the idea of leaving her behind. However, considering the not very strong health of the party, my mother decided on taking her. She was of

* Lalla Rookh.

course eager to go, and promised to out-do herself in washing for us, cleaning our rooms, and, in short, making herself more than generally useful. For the guidance of future travellers, I would record our own experience on this important subject: take a maid on whom you can depend to do all this: and let her be a person that you know and like, and whom you can treat as a companion, without feeling the consequences afterwards. During this journey circumstances compel her to be always near you; she dines, not exactly *in* your sitting-room, but close to it, with an open door between you. Our maid took her meals on deck with the dragoman and my brother's servant, and, as may be imagined, their conversation bored us extremely. When she was in her bedroom, only a curtain separated us, so when we had anything to say, which we did not wish her to hear, we had either to speak in a whisper, or more usually in French or Italian. It is impossible to conceive the *gêne* and discomfort she often caused us, and yet she was so useful that I do not know what we should have done without her.

In a party in which there is but one lady, I would certainly recommend a maid; but, where there are two, and they are in good health and accustomed to shift for themselves, I should say they would be

much more independent and comfortable without an attendant.

The cook, or one of the sailors, washes for the family, and I have heard of some dragomen ironing tolerably — but this is not an accomplishment that can be depended upon, so we provided ourselves with irons and starch. Everything which was of too delicate a fabric to be submitted to our washer*men*, our maid washed; this, of course, we should have had to do for ourselves if we had not taken her; she also made our beds, and arranged our sleeping apartments; the dragoman scrubbed the floors.

As I said above, we went on board our boat, which was ominously named "Bahroota," or the "Flea," this afternoon; but, to our horror, a few minutes after we had discussed a scrambling tea, we perceived a dreadful smell, which seemed to come up from under the planks of the chief cabin, a saloon of eight feet by nine: so we took up the flooring to investigate the cause, and for some hours two of the crew bailed up buckets full of filthy water. The swarthy Nubians who performed the task nearly fainted, for the smell was dreadful. Of course we made a row, threatened and stormed till we were tired, but what could we do? The dragoman assured us it was quite an over-

sight, that it was always the same with all boats, &c. &c. He swore by his beard that in a day or two it should be all right: so we went to bed.

Dec. 23*rd.*—The cleaning of the boat continued all day; we sent for some quicklime, and got the inside of the hold whitewashed. We have fortunately lost no time, for the wind has been dead against us, so that we could not have moved.

Dec. 24*th.*—South wind still blowing hard (we are told this is the season for the north winds), so here we are still at Boolak. We have shaken down rather more comfortably, and have unpacked some of our books. My mother and I rode up to Cairo to-day to church. Our only episcopal representative is a German clergyman, of the name of Lieder, who reads the English service, and preaches every Sunday morning. After service we went with Mrs. L. to her drawing-room, and looked over her beautiful collection of Egyptian curiosities, which we were informed were all for sale! She lent us two books, and sold us a *second-hand* copy of Colonel Leake's map of Egypt for 2*l.* 10*s.* The original price being 25*s.*! She informed us the money was to be appropriated to missionary purposes. Mr. Lieder is an elderly gentleman; he is an excellent man, and is a first-rate Coptic scholar.

We got back to our boat by three o'clock, and as the wind became favourable, we left our moorings and began our journey up the Nile. About five o'clock, just as we were finishing dinner, Mr. L., a gentleman to whom we had been introduced in the morning, was announced: he had ridden to Boolak, and finding we had sailed, had followed us in a dinghy, to give us a parcel of letters for a boat up the river. He sat talking for a long time, then suddenly recollecting he had not got the pass-word to enable him to re-enter Cairo, he despatched a messenger to find it out for him; but the man was too late, so, after seeing his horse attended to on shore, he begged leave to spend the night on our deck; we however managed to put him up more comfortably, and by converting the saloon into a double-bedded apartment, we gave him one of the cabins. Ismaël gave us his opinion unasked, which was to the effect that "him to be quite foolish." The wind having taken us on but a little way, we found ourselves, about sunset, moored off Rhoda Island, where Arab tradition says that Moses was found.

Christmas day.—This morning, at half-past eight, we went out with our guest to take a stroll on the island, but managing to lose our way, we were obliged to get into a country boat, and after crossing

the river to walk on the opposite shore, till we came in sight of the "Flea;" we then hailed our dinghy and reached home; we were, however, so late that we had to give up all hopes of reaching Cairo in time for church. Our friend left us after breakfast, and sent down a most acceptable addition to our library.

Dec. 26th.—There has been so strong a head wind all day that we have been unable even to tow or "track" the boat. The Nile traveller soon becomes familiar with this manner of proceeding. When there is no wind, or if it is only slightly contrary, the boat is impelled against the current, not with oars, for they are useless going up the river, but by pulling, with a long rope, which passes through a loop half way up the mast, and is fastened to the upper deck near the tiller: this rope is taken ashore, and the crew attach to it small cords, which they bind about their heads, and then march in procession, singing doleful songs, and seldom going faster than four or five miles a-day; the ground they have to walk over is generally very broken; sometimes a light wind assists the towing, but it is always tedious work. Very often the rope catches on a bush and breaks; then off goes the boat, and if the current is strong a good deal of ground is lost: in turning sharp corners where the stream runs fast, the rope some-

times gives way five or six times before the point is passed.

We walked on Rhoda Island to-day with Ismaël, and went to see one of the pasha's palaces. The gardens round it are in beautiful order; the head-gardener is a Scotchman. Terraces paved with marble form the point of the island, hanging perpendicularly over the water. The woods consist of orange, lemon, fig, mulberry, mimosa, and olive trees, the latter are much superior to the French ones. There are also several banana trees; the fruit, which is at present ripe, grows in thick tufts; many people dislike the taste, which I have heard compared to scented soap. Sugar canes are plentiful; there are three crops a-year of them. We saw a very curious tree which must be of immense age, whether the tradition that Moses sat under its branches is true or not. A certain cure for all diseases is found by driving a nail into this tree, and hanging a bit of rag at the end. I cannot think how it is still alive, for it is covered with nails. The fruit is like the crab-apple, and the leaf is small and rather like a lemon-tree. We do not know the name; there is also an extraordinary tree on the island, of which the English name is unknown to us; the Arabs call it *Kir Shambu*. It has pods of a foot and a half long; they

grow in bunches, and the Arabs boil and eat them. The acacias here have large pods, which are dried and given to the cattle. The hedges in the pasha's garden are of myrtle, the flowers of which, added to some roses and jessamine, made a rather unusual Christmas nosegay. Almost all the trees I have mentioned are bearing fruit just now.

Dec. 27th.—We had a contrary wind this morning, but about twelve o'clock it blew as strongly in the opposite direction, and away we sailed at a famous rate. We were rather alarmed at the proximity to the water's edge, which one side of the boat assumed, for at some bends in the river, the wind came in gusts from our right. In passing Ghizeh, our yard gave a great crack, which the *rais** said did not matter, and would not stop to repair it, though we wished to do so.

Our crew consists of a rais and twelve men: two of them are Nubians; one of them is the *buffo* of the party, and receives extra wages for his wit. His collection of musical instruments is unfortunately large; his name is "Aboo-el-Abeed," which means the father of slaves. His voice is more wonderful than I can describe; the crew often sit round him petrified

* Captain.

with delight, listening in ecstasy to the quavering of his voice, as he sits performing the most extraordinary runs, rolling his eyes, and looking much more like a fiend than a human being. He is a great wag, and his jokes, which we are told would shock ears polite, elicit bursts of applause from his friends.

CHAPTER III.

Difficulties.—Accident.—Return to Cairo.—Shoubra.—Fresh Start.—Gebel-el-Tayr.—Sioot.—Dinner Party.—Visit to Sheikh Selim.

JANUARY, 1855.—Every day fresh causes of discomfort appeared in our boat: insects of all sorts, mentionable and otherwise, annoyed us very much. As soon as the candles were lighted visitors of various kinds made their appearance. Spiders, with long fat legs, and bodies the size of a crown piece, startled us out of all propriety; huge cockroaches abounded, and flew in our faces, when we made ineffectual dashes at them with towels and slippers; the smell which we had perceived the first night, continued to resist all our efforts to remove it; soap and water were of no avail, and even whitewashing with quicklime did no good. In the cold weather we scarcely perceived it, but as the heat increased it became intolerable. We were forced to sit on deck from the moment we got up, till bed-time, for our boat was not habitable. My mother soon began to feel the ill effects of this kind of life, for the dew at night is

very heavy, and on the 29th of December, a very severe attack of fever came on: we were at that time between Benisoöef and Minieh. She was dangerously ill for three days, and we were extremely alarmed. We heard by chance that there was a resident European doctor at Minieh; and we therefore made as much haste as possible to reach that town; but the wind was dead against us, and in spite of all our efforts the progress was very small. The men tracked night and day, only stopping for their meals; they tried to moderate their shouts, but the only drawback to Nile travelling is the noise it entails, which is unavoidable, and to an invalid very trying.

New Year's morning dawned, and found us in great anxiety, for the fever was unabated. We sent Ismaël overland to Minieh, a distance of twenty miles, hoping to get there during the day, if the wind changed; but it continued contrary, and we were not much nearer our goal when the doctor arrived in a boat with Ismaël, about eight o'clock in the evening. We were glad to see him, although mercifully all danger was over. He slept on board that night, and next day a fresh north wind brought us to Minieh. This doctor had been placed there by Mohammed Ali, six years ago, and he is heartily sick of the place. He understood a little French, but could only ex-

press himself in Italian; he was so delighted at spending an evening with Europeans, that he would take no fee for his trouble. He said to enjoy such society was "*un piacer impagabile.*" His name is Vella, he is a Maltese, and, as far as we could judge, an inexperienced practitioner. His servant, Gehazi-like, asked for a *bakshish**, which, supposing it to be the custom of the country, we gave him.

We stopped at Minieh for some hours, to have a rough shed erected in front of the cabins, as a slight protection against the sun; we piled cushions beneath it, and endeavoured to make our out-of-door's life comfortable. During my mother's illness all musical instruments had been laid aside, and an effort made at maintaining quiet; so the first day she appeared on deck she thanked the men in due form, through the dragoman, and as a reward for their attention asked for a song!

The discomforts of our boat, and the pernicious effects of the smell, which the increasing heat of the weather brought back, made us at last think of returning to Cairo in search of another *dahabieh*, and only the fear of losing the two-thirds of the

* "Bakshish" is the first word the traveller hears on entering Egypt, and the last that assails his ear on leaving it; its meaning he quickly discovers to be "a present!"

money already paid for our trip made us hesitate, when, as we were passing Melawi at midnight, on the 5th of January, our yard broke in two, and we were thrown high and dry upon the sandy bank. Then we hesitated no longer. Even Ismaël urged our returning; he said he had warned the rais this would happen, if he paid no attention to the ominous crack we had heard on passing Rhoda, but he had insisted on taking the risk on himself, and going on; but now he (Ismaël) was sure the consul would give us redress, that he would explain the matter to him, that he would go "even before Saïd Pasha himself," and have justice done us, &c. &c. . . . The rais begged permission to mend the yard, and offered to have a new contract made at Thebes or Sioot, to the effect that if it happened again he would forfeit his money, and he even offered us his head! It was a very picturesque one, but we declined it! The remembrance of the smell was enough; we gave orders to put back.

From that time all confidence in Ismaël was gone. He said one thing to one person, another to another, all indicative of evil intentions, and he appeared to put every obstacle he could to our return. The weather favoured our northward journey, and we reached Cairo on the 9th. My brother wrote a letter of explana-

tion to the consul, which we took to his house, and the same afternoon he came down to inspect the boat. He had unfortunately not been in a boat for twenty-two years, and accordingly his knowledge of such matters was very small; but he appointed my brother to meet him at the police court, at ten o'clock next morning. We went first of all to the hotel, to ask the advice of a gentleman who had been consul at Alexandria in 1847. He recommended our getting another boat immediately, leaving our case to be settled in a native court, and deputing some one to look after it for us; this office Mr. L., our boat-guest of Christmas day, kindly volunteered to undertake; he took up our cause very warmly, and we were assured, on good authority, that we should get back most, if not all, the prepaid sum of money. We accordingly informed the consul of our determination, and took up our old quarters in the hotel. The consul-general paid us a long visit this afternoon; and he, and all our friends, insisted on the immediate dismissal of Ismaël, who had been the sole cause of all our troubles. For the last few days he had been sulky and obstinate, evidently finding he was in the wrong box. Our friends, one after another, gave him a tremendous "blowing up." He had of course received a *buona mancia*, from the owner of the boat,

who was an Arab merchant, and not an English colonel, as he had told us. We had placed too much confidence in him from the high character he bore; and I may as well observe here, how much harm travellers commit in not giving true characters to their dragomen. They are often so carefully worded that very contrary meanings may be deduced. Ismaël, as I before said, gave us but little choice of a boat, informing us that they were all up the river. That this was untrue I need hardly say, for we had met upwards of twenty on our way down, and even now there were a good many left, which were being snapped up every day. The gentleman whom I have denominated our boat-guest, on hearing of our arrival, had kindly looked at some for us, and there was one belonging to Hassaneen Effendi (the headman of the pasha's dockyard), which would have suited us perfectly, but that we still hesitated about leaving Cairo before our case was settled; until, from the increasing demand for travellers' boats, we were obliged to run the risk, and accordingly secured the *dahabieh* in which we now are.

We have it for 70*l.* to Assouan, or 75*l.* to Wady Halfa; twenty extra days are allowed for stoppages and sight-seeing, and for any further time we may

require we have only to pay the crew's wages, amounting to five shillings a day.

We went to see the gardens at the Palace of Shoubra on the 14th. A beautiful avenue of trees, planted with great regularity, extends all the way from Cairo, a distance of two miles. The gardens are not in such order as they were in the time of Abbas Pasha, the late viceroy, at least so we were informed by M. de la Porte, the French Consul, whom we met here. There are some beautiful *kiosks* in the gardens, but many of them are out of repair. The head gardener is a Scotchman; the under ones are, I think, Greeks. There is an attempt made to keep up a menagerie, but there are few animals, and those few not flourishing.

Every day shows us new instances of the way in which Ismaël deceived us; we find he had been in the habit of giving the crew coffee, with milk and sugar, two or three times a day, so that in the fortnight we had been absent, seven loaves of sugar were consumed! In looking over the stores, we found nine out of twenty-four bottles of marsala missing, which had been paid for, but which, as was seen from the size of the *caffass** they came in, had never been

* Caffass; a basket made of split palm branches.

there; and in many other ways we have discovered how our confidence has been misplaced.

We went on board our new boat on the afternoon of the 16th; we were joined almost immediately by Mr. L., who came to tell us that Mukhan Singh, our man-servant, would be wanted next day to be examined at the Consulate, and to give his evidence as to the inefficient way in which a medical survey had been made of the state of our old boat; the native authorities having sent down to *see* if the smell was unwholesome! The consul, who is always accused of favouring the natives, neglected to send any one on our part, and the matter was thus left to a one-sided opinion. Mukhan, who was left on board, had tried by dumb motions to explain himself, but they threatened to kill him.

Nothing could exceed the kindness of our Cairene friends, or the interest they all took in us. We had quite a levee in our boat, three or four of them having come down to take leave of us. We reached Rhoda in the night, but were first detained by Mukhan's summons to the Police Court, and then by my brother requiring the attendance of Dr. Abbott, the English (or rather, I might say, Anglo-Turkish) Esculapius at Cairo; but at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon

of the 18th January, 1855, we began what will, I trust, prove a more successful journey up THE NILE.

I do not think the naming of a long wished for son and heir could give rise to more discussion than did the naming of our *dahabieh*. Of course first comers have the best choice of names, and all the best had been appropriated.—Lotus, Ibis, Isis, Pharaoh's Daughter, &c. &c., had all sailed; but at last, after much deliberation, we determined to name our home after that most stupendous of Egyptian idols, the mighty SPHINX.

Our boat is about seventy feet long, and would measure, I believe, between thirty and forty tons. From stern to midships is a raised or poop cabin, which is divided into several compartments. These boats are rigged after a fashion peculiar to the East. In the bows is an enormous latteen sail, which is swung as upon a pivot on the top of a mast, forty feet in height; the yard is generally equal to the length of the boat, sometimes even longer. In the stern is a sail similarly adjusted, but on a much smaller scale. Here is also the tiller, which the helmsman manages from the top of the poop. Twelve oars, and twelve poles pointed with iron, to be used in shallow water, complete the equipment of our bark. The deck in front of the cabins is occupied by the crew when work-

ing the boat. Below this is a shallow hold, not deep enough for a man to sit erect in, where they stow themselves to sleep when the night is not warm enough for them to lie on deck. In this also our heavy boxes and provisions are kept. There is a small shed in the bows which is dignified with the name of kitchen; it contains an oven, and two or three miniature compartments for cooking with a "thimble full" of charcoal. Our private flag is a white Maltese cross, on a blue ground, with quarterings of red and yellow; a red ensign at the stern proclaims to all beholders the fact that we are Britannia's subjects. The interior arrangements are as follows:—on entering the cabins you go down two steps; to the right and left are two cupboards, one to hold the filter, the other is used for the crockery. The first room you come into is the saloon, ten and a half feet long by eleven and a half feet wide. It has a divan* on each side, and at the end of each a cupboard, the tops of which are useful as tables. Over them a bookshelf on each side makes us very snug; the divans have presses underneath them, but they are frequented by rats. We have a table with a red cover, which could dine six were the cabin broad enough to admit of chairs at both sides.

* A divan is a raised bench fastened to the side of the boat, piled with rather hard cushions.

Our supply of chairs is small — we have only two in the boat; but we have two camp stools, which, with a Cairo mat, complete the furniture of our sitting room. A passage leads out of the saloon; to the right is my mother's bed-room, about seven feet long and three and a half wide; opposite to it is mine, the same width, but a little longer; further on to the right is our maid's room, not more than six feet long; and at the end of the passage, in the stern of the boat, is my brother's cabin, wider at one end than the other, and larger than any of the others. The cabins are furnished with double sets of sashes, glass and venetian; the saloon is lighted also from the front.

Such is a very fair specimen of a *dahabieh* or Nile boat, in which, provided the parties are in good health, a great deal of comfort may be found, and a pleasant home may be had in a good climate, while friends in Britain are knee deep in snow.

We made the acquaintance at Shepherd's Hotel of some travellers, whom I may as well mention here, as we shall probably sail in their company. They left Cairo the same day as we did, but passed us in the night, and are now a few miles ahead. Their private flag is a streamer thirty feet long. The British, French, and Turkish national flags joined together occupy nine feet, the rest of the flag is a blue

and red streamer. It looks magnificent in the book kept at Shepherd's for registering the flags; they had intended naming their boat the "Grand Alliance," but in the next page to that in which they had painted it, a party of eight Yankees had illuminated such a gorgeous one called "The Grand Republic" (which so completely cuts out every other), that the name of "Grand Alliance" was given up. They consulted us at the table-d'hôte one day, as to what name they could give it, and my mother proposing the "Crescent and the Cross" as most appropriate, they adopted it accordingly. Their party consists of four gentlemen—a doctor, a lawyer, and two brothers from the North of England, the younger of whom is a clergyman. Their boat is rather lighter than ours, and they track faster. We are just now within three hours' sail from Osioot, but there is no wind. We passed Minieh on the 21st, but only stopped a minute to give the little doctor a parcel of newspapers we had promised him.

This boat is most luxurious as compared with the last, and we are satisfied with our present dragoman, whose name is Khalil Ibrahim*; he travelled with Champollion and Rossellini, and superintended four hundred workmen employed by the latter at Thebes. He was recommended to us by Massara, the drago-

* "Khalil Ibrahim," means Abraham, the Friend of God.

man to the consul-general; he seems no favourite with Mrs. Lieder, but that will not shake our confidence in him, Ismaël having been a particular friend of hers, and having turned out no great treasure! Khalil amuses us very much with his long stories, generally related in Italian. His English is so unintelligible that we usually speak to him in the former language.

We passed the Gebel-el-Tayr, or Mountain of the Bird, on the 21st. A Coptic convent crowns the summit of the precipitous cliffs, which approach close to the eastern ridge of the river. A monk is kept on the look-out for travellers' boats, and as soon as one appears in sight he swims towards it, claiming an alms from his fellow Christians. It is impossible to resist the appeal of "Bakshish Hawagee, ana Christian, ana Christian;"* though one does feel rather ashamed of owning any connection with them; but I fancy they seldom leave a boat without getting a few piastres, which they put in their mouths and swim away with; they are also very grateful for empty bottles. Khalil, to our astonishment, produced a bottle of brandy from his canteen, and bestowed a large quantity on the swimming monk; we spoke to

* Alms! oh, traveller! (or more literally, oh, merchant!) I am a Christian, I am a Christian.

him afterwards about it, and told him he was not a good Mussulman for drinking brandy; he would not allow this imputation, and said there was no harm in it. We reminded him that it was written in his Book that he was not to drink it, at which he laughed and said, that the Prophet meant to forbid intoxication, and that there was no sin in drinking a little; that if a man loved Allah, and did not kill or rob his neighbour, there was no reason he should not take a little brandy with his water; but he insisted on his being a good Mussulman. We did not attempt to make any further investigations into his theological views, for though he may be rather latitudinarian in his religious opinions, he is a good honest creature, and no worse, but rather better than some of his neighbours. He seems a liberal-minded man, for he says the Copts are much better people than the Arabs; they ask fair prices for things, and are very industrious: their only foible is a love of thieving.

He told us the other night that Mohammed prophesied that his religion should last one thousand years, and a part of another thousand, that then people would turn Christians, and the end of the world would come. This being the year 1271 of the Hegira, all Mussulmans are looking out for this to happen, and *he* says many are being converted to Christianity

among the upper classes of Turkey; but I fear that it is Infidelity, not Christianity, which is taking the place of Mohammedanism.

Jan. 27th. — SIOOT, or OSIOOT. — We reached this town, or rather the small hamlet, of El Hamra, which is its port, at midnight on the 25th. This is one of the places where the crew is allowed twenty-four hours to bake bread. The "Crescent and the Cross" had arrived a few hours before us. We left our boats in company with two of their party to see the Stabl Antar and other grottoes. We felt this to be an epoch in our Nile life, our first time of landing to explore the wonders of ancient Egypt.

Sioot is not situated close to the river, but is about two miles inland; we rode all the way on raised causeways shaded by beautiful *sont* or mimosa trees, the most graceful kind of acacias I have seen; the range of limestone hills in which the caverns are situated is at a short distance from the town. These grottoes or tombs do not extend far into the rock, but they are lofty and of considerable size; the capitals and shafts of many square columns are still existing, from which the bases have either crumbled away, or have suffered from the excavations of explorers. The entrances to these tombs are very grand, and the walls are covered with hieroglyphics and sculptures

partly defaced (so we are informed!) by Lepsius, to prevent future travellers copying them, and so taking from him the glory of having discovered them.

One wall is covered with an army of foot soldiers almost concealed by enormous shields. We found the *cartouche** of Amunoph III., a king who began his reign five years before the death of Moses. The caves are in tiers one above the other. Some in the least inaccessible parts were inhabited by anchorites in the early days of Christianity, when the Church flourished in Egypt as it has never done since. The hill was too steep and shingly to admit of our ascending it on donkeys; they only took us as far as the lowest range; we therefore climbed on foot to the top, from whence the view is very extensive. It is considered the second finest in the country; a rich green plain, with the beautiful Nile meandering through it, was at our feet; numerous canals intersected the landscape, looking, as an American writer has expressed it, like rivers branching to and from the great artery that supplies life to the country.

* The hieroglyphic names of kings are always inclosed in ovals or cartouches, as



Amunoph III.

It is very curious to see the wavy line made by the desert, where it joins the cultivated land; it is as regular as if traced with a pencil; the yellow sand standing out in such striking contrast to the bright green. "It is in fact neither the fertility of Egypt, nor its commercial importance, nor even its ruins and celebrity, mighty as they are, which form the charm that fascinates the traveller, and reminds him that he is in a land differing in appearance from every other, and strikingly distinct in its culture and its resources; it is the beholding of the principles of fertility and barrenness, of destruction and reproduction, of life and death, the Osiris and Typhon of the Mythology, operating undisguisedly side by side. On the one hand, the Nile, 'imitating Heaven,' scatters life and abundance; on the other, the desert, with its poisonous blasts, its mountains of shifting sands, is ever ready to be lifted up and precipitated upon the fruitful valley, extinguishing and obliterating in a moment the labours of centuries. Such are the characteristic elements of an Egyptian landscape." *

The cemetery is on the verge of the desert. These habitations of the dead are in much better order than those of the living. Two funerals were entering it,

* St. John's Village Life in Egypt.

and the shrieks of the women sounded wild and discordant in the distance.

Three of our boat neighbours dined with us in the evening. We had unfortunately allowed our larder to run short, trusting to this place to replenish it, not having intended giving a party here. The consequences may be imagined: — a dinner bought and cooked (not to say killed) the same day, was discreditable to our *cuisine*, and as Ali's idea of hospitality consisted in serving up innumerable dishes, no matter whether good or bad, we, who had ordered a very different repast, thought that it would never come to an end. It was really past a joke; we never quite forgave Ali.

Jan. 31*st.*—We tracked the whole of the 29th, and in the evening overtook the "Crescent and the Cross." Mr. W. and his brother came on board and stayed till past ten. A strong wind got up in the night, and continued all next day. About noon it blew such a hurricane that the rais, either because he did not like it, or in consideration of my mother's feelings, put in at a small village called Ekhmim, intending to remain till it should moderate a little.

Our peace has been lately disturbed by perpetual quarrels between Mukhan and Khalil. Between the

former and our maid, fighting went on as a matter of course, but lately open war has been waged by him against everybody. After we had been about an hour at Ekhmim he came to the saloon, asked for his wages, and a "bit of paper to say that he had been honest;" he said he was not happy, and intended going ashore. We thought it was some freak, and never imagined he was in earnest, so my brother gave him what he wanted, and told him not to do anything so silly. The dragoman and all the sailors tried to persuade him to remain in the boat, at least till we reached Girgeh, where he could have been put into the Governor's hands to send back to Cairo, but he jumped on shore and rushed into the village. We did not feel ourselves justified in taking him at his word in this way, as it might be only prompted by a fit of passion. At any rate all his goods were on board, and we could not leave them on the bank in his absence. Some of the men were therefore sent with Khalil to bring him back, but he declared he would kill the first who touched him, and would then put an end to himself with a knife that he had taken for the purpose. Khalil at last persuaded him to come to the top of the bank, near our boat, and we desired him to return on board without more ado; but he said he was no longer any man's servant, that

he was free, and could do as he chose, and that if he was forced to come back he would jump overboard. My mother made a last appeal to his feelings, by reminding him of his wife and family in England, whom he would probably never see again if he persisted in his mad resolution, but it was in vain; we had already wasted too much time and favourable wind, so giving him his portmanteau, we left him. Khalil, who had certainly done his best to persuade him to return, recommended him to a Coptic friend of his own, who promised to lodge and feed him till a boat should pass to take him to Cairo; and this morning he hailed a merchant boat, and desired the rais to take him on from Ekhmim, offering to pay his passage, but the rais said he would take him for nothing.

We rather suspect that the dragoman on board the "Crescent and the Cross" is at the bottom of the late disturbances. He is Ismaël's brother, and therefore bears us a grudge for having discharged him. Mukhan spent some time with him on the night of the 29th, and when he came back, Khalil says he was quite excited, and would not go to bed, but went and sat among the sailors. The night before he had told Khalil, he intended to kill "some one," which when questioned about by my brother, he informed us, meant any robbers if they came; but seeing him in

such a state of mind, Khalil slept with a large kitchen knife beside him. The rais has since told us, but with what truth I do not pretend to say, that Mukhan, that same night, offered money to him and the crew, if they would cut Khalil's throat and throw him secretly overboard! His conduct has been very strange, but we hardly believe this part of it.

We had a race with the "Crescent and the Cross" during yesterday's gale, and distanced them entirely; but owing to our detention at Ekhmim, they got ahead of us. We are daily on the look-out for crocodiles; they are frequently seen above Girgeh.

February 1*st.*—Last night we had a curious adventure. Khalil rushed into the saloon about nine o'clock, in a state of great excitement, to tell us that we had just arrived at the place where a great saint, called Sheikh Selim, had lived for the last thirty years without moving. He and the crew were bent upon our seeing him, and accordingly the sail was let go and the dinghy ordered round. Khalil took two oranges with him, and some snuff which he had brought from Cairo for the purpose. The sailors took an offering of bread and Latakia. They all shouted "Sheikh Selim! Sheikh Selim!" and the excitement was tremendous when they heard a voice answering their call, and a light was kindled on the bank, at a little

distance from the river to show us the whereabouts of his abode. In the meantime Khalil was instilling into us due reverence for this being, who he assured us had sat in a crouching posture night and day for thirty years; the hyenas and crocodiles, he said, came up to him, and quietly retreated at his word; people from far and near resorted to him for the cure of their diseases, which his word effected, and he also informed us that he never received money, but is supported by the charity and piety of the people in the neighbouring villages. To please Khalil we agreed to go. The saint was not alone on this occasion; there were three or four men watching beside him; there was a round enclosure of doura grass and piles of reeds, in the centre of which we saw a huge black mass, with a great head covered with matted hair. Khalil said it was white, but he allowed it was *tanto sporco*, that we might be excused for not seeing much of its snowy whiteness!

The crew had preceded us, and were surrounding him, kneeling down before him, and kissing his hand, which was extended to each in turn. Khalil went close to him, and made my brother touch his hand, but could not warm up his piety sufficiently to induce him to kiss it! He certainly seemed to snub Khalil, but this did not cool his ardour; he told him

his name, Khalil Ibrahim, Khalil Aboo Ibrahim; but whether from his connection with Christian travellers, or from caprice, the saint appeared very cross to him. He would not receive the oranges himself, but desired them to be given to one of the men who were watching with him. Khalil explained to him that my brother was in search of health, and begged him to prescribe for him, but he prudently forbore doing so.

My mother and I stood a little apart, not feeling sure of the safety of Christian women in so august a presence, but he saw us, and asked who we were. Khalil explained that we were the mother and sister of the Hawagee, whereupon he pronounced the mother to be one of the best and most virtuous of women, declaring he had seen it the moment she arrived. His reverence's discrimination will be so far useful, that the crew's respect for her will be increased tenfold. As soon as we thought they had enjoyed the sight and contact of this creature long enough, we proposed going away. Previous to this the sailors, still on their knees, put up a prayer for my brother's restoration to health, offering to cut off their beards if he did not get well.

It was altogether as strange a scene as could well be imagined. The mixture of absurdity and devotion, of credulity and implicit faith was very curious. We

were afraid of betraying a smile or a doubt, for I suppose a word from the old gentleman would have set the whole crew upon us in a moment; in fact he was so like an overgrown chimpanzee himself, that we thought nothing less improbable than his jumping up, and giving us a good chase into the river.

After we got back to the boat, Khalil discoursed for a long time about this saint, and gave us the history of a great many others. We asked where he would be buried when he died; but this it seems depends on his own fancy. He will in course of time disappear (*scappar via*, Khalil called it) and look out for a place to suit himself, and there he will have a fine tomb built over his remains. He tried hard to impress us with proper ideas of the holiness of this *Vero Santo*; he expatiated upon his virtues, and dwelt particularly upon the fact of his immovability, but the warmer he grew, the worse his Italian became, and he at last gave us up as incorrigible heretics.

CHAPTER IV.

Arrival at Thebes.—Ruins on the Western Bank.—Karnak by Moonlight.—Nile Cuisine.—Philæ.—Assouan.

Feb. 3rd. — Early this morning we came in sight of Thebes, and by the help of our glasses obtained a clear though somewhat distant view of the Memnonium, the palace of Gournoo, the temple of Medinet Aboo, and more impressively beautiful than all, the Colossi — the "Pair," as Miss Martineau calls them. All these are on the western bank of the river; nothing is seen of Luxor on the eastern side till you come close to it, owing to a bend in the river, and still less of Karnak, for it is further inland.

We anchored close under the walls of Luxor Temple. Immediately after breakfast our boat acquaintances came to offer their services to escort us to the ruins on the western bank, which, in accordance with Sir Gardner Wilkinson's advice, we determined on first seeing. We rowed across the river to where a group of donkeys were waiting to be engaged, and mounting, proceeded at once to the Colossi.

I shall not attempt to describe them: few pens could do them justice, and as to their height of sixty feet, breadth, and other extraordinary dimensions, I need not enter into such well-known particulars; suffice it to say, that whatever conjectures we had formed respecting them, we were not disappointed. Their majestic attitude of perfect repose has not been overstated, and their stupendous height invests them with a solemnity which, at a distance especially, strikes the spectator. I can hardly imagine the impression ever wearing out which their aspect creates,—majesty,—loneliness,—rest,—the greatness of the past,—the littleness of the present. Such are the ideas that fill the mind and thoughts on beholding them.

The base of the vocal Memnon has several Greek inscriptions on it, written by Herodotus, Strabo, and other early travellers, stating that they had heard it greet Aurora, but confessing they were at a loss to conceive how it was effected. Its greeting now would be hoarse and discordant, for its mighty chest is built up with loose stones, it having suffered from the barbarity of invaders more than its colossal neighbour. Our donkey-boys climbed up and struck it with flints, which elicits a ringing sound, and then demanded

"Bakshish" for their profane amusement. It has been well remarked* that monuments, which, from the frequent mention of them, seem hackneyed and commonplace in books, by no means appear so when actually beheld. One for the time forgets the dissertations of the antiquarian, the measurements of the mathematician, the spruce trim copy of the artist, yielding up the mind to the romantic enthusiasm inspired by grand historical associations. There is an indescribable pleasure derived from the contemplation of the monuments of past ages, vague and shadowy, composed of many mingled sentiments and feelings, which must be felt to be appreciated.

Our guide next led the way to where the magnificent ruins of Medinet Aboo stand out from among the mounds of rubbish of an ancient Christian village. We had intended taking a very cursory view of this as well as of the other temples, but hour after hour found us exploring the wonders of this noble ruin, wandering up and down the open halls, the inner chambers, and numerous corridors of gigantic columns, now clambering to the top to obtain a bird's-eye view of the whole, and now amidst broken shafts, and strange to say, baseless capitals of pillars, examining

* St. John's Village Life in Egypt.

cartouches of Pharaohs who flourished two thousand years before the Christian era, and who little thought that the most sacred parts of their temples, raised with such piety and labour, would be filled with the brick and mud hovels of succeeding generations, whose habitations are in their turn crumbling away, and adding desolation to the ruined piles.

With the help of our guide, an old man named Ahmed, whose knowledge was derived from Champollion and Rossellini, we deciphered the subjects of some of the numerous sculptures which covered the walls. The names of travellers disfigure the ruins in every possible direction; the ravages of these wanton invaders are much more conspicuous than those that the hand of time has alone performed. Nothing offends the eye or excites other feelings than those of admiration in the latter, but in the former, the marks of chisels where they have defaced the hieroglyphics, or marred the faces of otherwise perfect statues, are but too visible, and saddening to behold.

From Medinet Aboo we proceeded to the Memnonium or Rameseum. This temple is on a smaller scale, but its proportions are most graceful, and are well preserved. A gigantic figure of Rameses II., overthrown in 525 B.C. by Cambyses, the Persian invader, blocks up the entrance. The power that over-

threw this ponderous mass, which weighs nearly nine hundred tons, is indeed as wonderful and extraordinary as that which brought it from Syene and erected it here. It is of red granite, of a fine grain, and highly polished. I measured the breadth across one of the feet at the toes,—it was five feet! Fragments are hurled in all directions; the hands are broken to pieces: five feet is the width across the fingers, the thumb not included! Further on we saw the remains of the black granite statue, whose head was presented to the British Museum by Belzoni. The rows of pillars in this temple are regular and unbroken; they are twenty-one feet in circumference.

The setting sun now warned us it was time to return, as we proposed taking advantage of a beautiful full moon to see the wonders of Karnak; so after a hasty dinner, we mounted some fresh donkeys; our guide and Khalil armed themselves with double-barrelled guns, and the four gentlemen from the "Crescent and the Cross" who accompanied us took their revolvers. These warlike preparations, as far as I could discover, had three objects—robbers, dogs, and jackals.

Karnak is situated about two miles from Luxor. Our road lay over a very broken plain with small villages scattered here and there, whose guards of

savage dogs sprung out towards us as we passed, but did not venture to follow us far, either from our numbers, or from fear of trespassing on each other's districts. As we approached Karnak, I thought that all the descriptions I had read of it fell far short of reality. An avenue of headless sphinxes leads to the eastern gateway, whose equal I should think never existed. As we passed under it, we felt we had indeed entered on consecrated ground; even the dogs seemed to respect the solemnity of the scene and hour, and their wild howlings sounded more distant as we ourselves proceeded through the ruins. We soon dismissed our donkeys and climbed to the top of one of the propyla or watch towers; from this eminence the eye wanders over a city of columns whose capitals were illuminated by the silvery moon, while their bases lay in impenetrable darkness. We next entered the ancient hall where the senate of Osirtasen sat, and no doubt planned the wondrous piles with which they have surrounded their forum. The sight of such magnificence must have increased their feelings of respect for their monarchs, whose zeal and piety showed itself by these unequalled monuments to the gods whom they revered. No doubt the spirit that prompted such undertakings must have heightened their eloquence and animated their discussions,

and who knows but these halls may have produced orators, such as Greece and Rome, in their palmiest days, might have emulated but never equalled!

The moon was hardly risen high enough when we passed down the centre corridor to enable its rays to penetrate between the countless columns; we therefore sat down on a fallen block of stone, and waited till the Queen of Heaven should shed her rays more fully on those sanctuaries where she was once worshipped and adored. It was a lovely night, and as we sat watching the shadows as they gradually gave way and disclosed fresh wonders to our gaze, I thought we should never be able to tear ourselves away. The guides sat a little apart; some of the party wandered to a distance, and there was nothing to break the silence that reigned around.

The columns are thirty-six feet in circumference, but their height is so beautifully proportioned, that they do not appear heavy. It was near ten o'clock when we rose and retraced our steps to where we had left our donkeys. Unwilling as we were to leave the temple, we were anxious to return to my brother, whom we had left alone all day. Our pleasure would have been much increased if he could have joined us in our expeditions.

The Theban donkeys, unlike everything else in

Thebes, are in excellent condition, and as they were burdened with no romantic ideas of ancient grandeur and present desolation, they treated us to some very spirited canters on our way back.

We had intended sailing next day, February 4th, but unfortunately the wind was contrary, and too strong to have tracked against, even if it had not been Sunday.* Clouds of sand confined us to our boat all day; but our new acquaintances joined us at eleven o'clock, and the clergyman of their party read morning prayers in our saloon. It was not till the moon had again risen over the obelisk of Luxor that the wind permitted us to leave our moorings.

Feb. 6th. — We passed a southward-bound boat yesterday, and as its owner was an old Cairo acquaintance we stopped, and after a hasty greeting, we committed some letters to his care. It is always as well to have a letter ready written in case of an opportunity occurring to send it.

We reached Esneh to-day. This is the second and last place where the crew stop to bake bread. It was near sunset when we went to see all that remains of the temple for which this village is

* In order to make a difference on Sundays, we used not to allow the men to track on that day, but if a wind sprang up we took advantage of it.

famous. It consists of a beautiful portico of twenty-four pillars, thirty feet in height and seventeen in circumference; the town is on a level with, and built all over the roof; the interior has been well excavated; it is kept locked up, and is in excellent preservation, not on account of the pasha's veneration for antiquities, but because he finds it admirably suited for a granary. Being obliged to remain at Esneh the whole of the 7th we returned to the temple, and spent three hours sketching and examining the sculptures. We admired the columns very much, and found room for close inspection, for the capitals are all of different patterns. The only legible *cartouches* we found were those of Thothmes III., the contemporary of Moses, and those of some of the Cæsars. The temple was probably built by the former and repaired by the latter.

The town is full of black people. One sees a difference in colour in almost every village we come to; the further south we proceed, the shades darken in proportion. Flat baskets neatly plaited with split palm branches are made here. Our month's provision of bread from Mr. Walker, the English baker at Cairo, is finished; it turned green and blue some time ago, so now we have to depend upon the concoction of that article by native hands, and a very

queer kind of stuff it is. I like it, but my mother declares it is sour and heavy. It is a kind of unleavened cake, of a dark brown colour, which, when split and toasted, is not at all bad. Most travellers procure a large barrel full of loaves from Walker on starting; they require to be taken out and spread on the deck two or three times a week. Some Arab cooks bake very well, but Ali's first attempts have not been crowned with success. The native butter is — remarkable, to say the least of it! It is of two sorts; that which we use at table is very white and hard, but that used for kitchen purposes is brought on board in a very dirty red earthenware jar in a liquid state. Though my friends accuse me of seeing everything *en couleur de rose*, I must confess that we are at times forcibly reminded of its presence, especially when mashed potatoes make their appearance at the dinner table! The milk *is*, to be sure, a very odd composition; it is thick, and of a wonderfully ghastly whiteness; we are assured it is the produce of a cow, but we are pretty sure it is a buffalo cow which in general supplies us. One lives principally on pigeons, chickens, and turkeys; but let not any one suppose these answer to articles of the same name at home; the two latter especially are "skinny, ragged, tasteless, tough things," at least so says my

dear mother, who though less particular than most people, does not relish her boiled fowl when she has heard its dying screams a few hours before *; nor does she think it *appétissant* to *see* the sheep hanging before her eyes all day, albeit concealed in a bag, from which the cook cuts a lump an hour or two before the evening repast! Eggs are very small, but very cheap and good; it is wonderful how fresh they keep; we buy them at the villages by the hundred, and never find a bad one; they cost about a half-penny a dozen!

Feb. 8th.—About four o'clock this afternoon, as we came near El Kab, Khalil announced the approach of two boats we had been looking out for, as we had letters consigned to our care for the owner of one of them. These were the "Lotus" and the "Pharaoh's Daughter," both of which contained friends of my brother, whose society, if it had not been for our mishap with our first boat, we should have had the pleasure of enjoying more frequently. We agreed to delay our respective journeys for a few hours, and accordingly moored close to each other. After spending a very pleasant evening, our friends kindly supplied us with game, and with some loaves

* The poultry is kept in a *caffass*, or basket, on the roof of our cabins.

of their own baking. The proprietor of the "Lotus" also made us a most acceptable present of some yeast, with the help of which, it is to be hoped, Ali will shine more than he has hitherto done, in his capacity of baker.

Feb. 9th.— We passed Edfou early this morning, but the wind being fair we did not stop to see it. A gentleman evidently from the "North Countrie" boarded us to-day to ask for news from Europe. We had none of any consequence to give him, but the next boat he meets will probably bring tidings of great doings in the Crimea.

Feb. 11*th, Sunday.* — A fine wind last night brought us to Koom Ombos, and this morning before breakfast my mother and I walked over the ruins of a beautiful temple. It bears the *cartouches* of Thothmes III., and of one of the Ptolemies. The latter probably repaired it. The river yearly carries away huge blocks of stone, and the sand from the desert is encroaching, and choking up all that remains, so that those who are desirous of seeing this fine ruin must not delay, as in a few years still less will be seen of Koom Ombos than what we explored to-day. The temple is surrounded with brick walls, the remains of a town of Roman origin. There is a gateway dedicated to Savak, the Lord of Ombos, the

crocodile-headed god, who was worshipped here; this gateway was built by Thothmes. The capitals of the columns in the "Hall of Justice" are very perfect. They are all different, and represent the date and dom-palm, the banana, lotus, and other plants.

It was here that we were first particularly struck by the enormous size of the stones used in the construction of Egyptian temples. They are often from twenty to thirty feet in length, by seven or nine in breadth. Koom Ombos is built entirely of sandstone.

We have been unfortunate as yet in our search for crocodiles. We are daily on the look-out for them, as they are often seen in this place. It is very curious that divine honours should have been paid *here* to the same animal that in other towns was treated with the greatest disrespect. Sir Gardner Wilkinson says when speaking of Dendera (the ancient Tentyris), "The hatred of the Tentyrites for the crocodile was the cause of serious disputes with the inhabitants of Ombos, where it was worshipped; and the unpardonable affront of killing and eating the godlike animal was resented by the Ombites with all the rage of a sectarian feud. No religious war was ever carried on with more energetic zeal; and the conflicts of the Ombites and Tentyrites terminated in the dis-

graceful ceremony of a cannibal feast, to which (if we can believe the rather doubtful authority of Juvenal) the body of one who was killed in the affray was doomed by his triumphant adversaries."* In the City of Crocodiles, founded by King Mœris, who was ferried over the Lake Mœris on the back of a crocodile, there was one so sacred that Strabo considered it a great honour to have seen it; it allowed the priests to touch it, in the hope no doubt of touching them effectually when the opportunity offered. While one of the priests opened its mouth, another put in the cake, and then the meat; after which some wine was poured down its throat. The crocodile has no tongue, and was therefore regarded as an image of the deity, "The divine reason needing not speech, but going through still and silent paths, while it administers the world with justice."

An American boat came down to Koom Ombos when we were there. Three of its inmates paid us a visit. They were close to us the night we broke our yard in our first boat. We did not know till then what a narrow escape they had had of being run down by us! They were a little in front, but had stuck fast on a sandbank, off which they were vainly struggling to push, when they saw our boat coming

* Sir G. Wilkinson's "Modern Egypt and Thebes."

full sail upon them; they shouted, but our people neither saw nor heard them, for the night was dark, and the wind was blowing fiercely: on flew our boat, making right for them, when, just as we were within a few feet of them, our yard snapped in two, and we were thrown with great violence on the bank, as was related in its place. We were told of the peril of this Yankee boat afterwards by other boats up the river, and heard of it also at Cairo.

Feb. 14*th.* — This morning we had our first view of PHILÆ. Not even Warburton's description had led us to expect anything half so lovely! The view we had of it was on emerging suddenly from the bleak and desolate wilderness where we had been riding for five miles. I cannot give a better idea of the loveliness of this sacred isle than by saying it is the spot of earth on which the eye would for ever love to dwell. That was my feeling on first seeing it. It was the realisation of every idea of perfection and grace that had ever floated through my mind.

At the end of a tortuous rocky vista, among bold formless cliffs and mighty boulders irregularly strewn, yet "fascinately fantastic" it stood,—"form in formlessness, measured sound in chaotic discord." We did not land on it, but remained some time looking at it from the shade of some palm trees near the

village of Mohatta. We felt that if we never saw it again the impression of its delicate grace and beauty would never be effaced from our minds. It was so solitary, yet so majestic in its loneliness — lying, as it were, on the bosom of an azure lake, the black beetling crags forming a framework to the view.

We have been staying at Assouan since the 12th, and have not yet been able to get hold of the "Rais of the Cataract." The personage who holds this office is the most important, as well as the most roguish in this part of the world. He decides whether or not the *dahabiehs* may safely ascend the rapids, and he takes the responsibility on his own shoulders. There is no fixed charge, and a long time is generally spent in bargaining with him. His first demand is a thousand to twelve hundred piastres, but he generally comes down to four or six hundred. The price of course varies with the size of the boat.

"Bookra" is always what we hear when we inquire about his coming. We soon learned that "bookra" is the Arabic for to-morrow.

My mother has not been well lately, and Philæ, which we would gladly make our daily resort, is so far off that it will be impossible for her to get to it as often as she would like. The weather is very hot, and we are therefore always out before sunrise, for

the heat is very great by eight or nine o'clock. We often take a ride in the quarry beyond the town of Assouan; it is of great extent. Huge masses of red granite lie about in all directions, some ready to be taken away, and others half hewn, looking as if the workmen had but left them for a minute, and were about to return to finish their work.* The marks of their tools are as distinct as if minutes, not centuries, had elapsed since they were made. We saw rows of holes for the wooden pegs or wedges, which, being wetted, expanded and split the stone. We often wondered what could be the mechanical powers known to the ancient Egyptians, by which they could lift and transport to such distances masses of stones such as we saw lying about. It was of the granite from this quarry that most of the Theban temples were built. We have been twice to see a celebrated obelisk which has been left unfinished, on account, as is generally supposed, of a crack in the stone.

Every little coterie in the world has its own peculiar subjects of gossip, and among the learned and unlearned travellers on the Nile this "crack" is a favourite topic for discussion, and an exhaustless theme of conversation. Miss Martineau, or "Poet Harriet," as she is familiarly styled, who prides herself on ex-

* Vide Miss Martineau's Eastern Life.

amining everything more minutely than most people, says there is none. There *is* a well made groove which she says is what people call *the* "crack," but no one with their eyes open could suppose it was made by accident; it was probably intended to fasten a rope by, but with all due deference to "Poet Harriet," I would humbly suggest that she has overlooked a slight crack which goes right across the apex of the obelisk, and which, though undiscernible at a distance, may, by some fidgetty old priest, have been thought reason enough for leaving the obelisk unfinished. Any how there seems no other way of accounting for the loss of time and labour bestowed on so fine a block of granite. It is quite detached from the rock, and its length, at least all that is not covered by the sand, measures one hundred and three feet.

The rocks here, both in the river and in the desert, are in many places covered with hieroglyphics, and on a huge block of granite near our boat is inscribed the *cartouche* of Thothmes III. We are moored just opposite Elephantine, or Isle of Flowers, but why it is so named has never been discovered. The island looks as if it had been shaken by an earthquake: there are the remains of some ruins, but they are very shattered, and only date from the time of Alexander the Great. There is a sitting figure which some children assured

us was a "Hawagee Ingleez." The prettiest little girl I have seen in Egypt was on this island. She was about twelve years old, and was very bright and intelligent looking. The eye gets accustomed to thick lips, and in a Nubian face they are counterbalanced by a well formed nose, good eyes, and a pleasing expression, besides a peculiarly graceful figure. We were much amused with her and her companions imitating like so many parrots everything we said to each other; we taught them several English sentences which they picked up very easily. Their hair was saturated with castor-oil, which trickled down over their shoulders, giving a fine polish to their black skins. The little boys were not troubled with any outward adornments, and most of the young ladies wore only a leathern fringe round their waists; our little friend was less scantily clothed, but they were all equally odoriferous.

We generally go out for an hour before sunset to row among the rocks in the cool of the evening. It is the pleasantest part of the day; the lights and shadows are so beautiful. I am not sure if I could say which is most splendid, cloudless sunsets, such as one sees in the East, where the sun goes down in a sea of gold, or those of "Northern climes, obscurely bright," with their mountains of red and golden

clouds; here the after-glow is really glorious; everything is so richly tinged, and every colour of the rainbow is reflected from the sky upon the surface of the water so vividly, that it would hardly be believed at home if represented in a painting!

The stars are splendid here, and their reflections in the water look like lanterns. We see the constellation of the Southern Cross every night. It is in the shape of a Latin cross. It never rises high above the horizon, and does not appear to so much advantage as when seen further south. The thermometer ranges in our saloon from 44° to 94°. It seems strange that this variation of 50° in the twenty-four hours should not prove hurtful to half the patients that are yearly sent to Egypt from England, but I suppose there is a charm in the delicious air they breathe that counteracts any bad effects. The climate is indescribably perfect; one feels that it is a privilege to live in it. "The nights," says Mr. St. John, "are more lovely than the days: descending through an atmosphere which constantly becomes clearer in proportion as we are hemmed in more closely by the desert, the moon's light resembles a pale sunshine, and when the moon disappears, the brilliance and lustre of the stars, many of which are not visible in England, scarcely permit us to regret her absence. I know not to what degree

of purity the atmosphere in northern latitudes may be brought by the intense frosts of winter. Niebuhr was of opinion that the stars shone more brightly in Norway than in the Arabian desert; but though the cold nights of the North may also have their charms, it is certain that in no European country with which I am acquainted, has the firmament appeared so thickly strewed with glittering fires as in these almost tropical regions, where perhaps the air is no less purified by the elaboration of dew, than by frost in the precincts of the arctic circle." *

Feb. 15th. — We were up this morning at five o'clock, as we were in hopes of seeing a boat brought down the Cataract. But we were not in time, Khalil having been misinformed of the hour. We were kept a long time waiting for our donkeys, for Lord Haddo † had arrived at Philæ in the night, from Nubia, and the governor had ordered *all* the donkeys in the place to be sent up for his use, a very unnecessary piece of respect, as he and his son always rode on horses which they had with them. He is travelling as the pasha's guest, and has three boats. Report says that everything is provided for him gratis. His dragoman, janissaries, cicerones, and donkeys

* St. John's Village Life in Egypt.

† Lord Aberdeen was Premier when this was written.

are all paid for by the pasha. For some days (if not weeks) before he comes to any town or village, the eggs, sheep, chickens, butter, and milk are seized for the "Lord Ingleez," and when we poor commoners arrive, we have to apply at the police court for everything we want, and the cawasses (or officers) who have previously despoiled the helpless villagers sell the provisions to us at double price. Lord Haddo, I dare say, little knows that he has the credit of swallowing from four to five hundred eggs every morning for breakfast! When he rides through a village, the children are not allowed to call out "Bakshish," and a temple in Nubia *, of which the entrance was choked up by the sand, was cleared out to admit the son of Britain's Grand Vizier!

* Aboo Simbel.

CHAPTER V.

Philæ. — Descent of the Cataracts. — Desert Scenery. — Quarries of Hagar Silsileh. — Bedouin Encampment. — Temple of Erment. — Nile Justice.

Feb. 16th. — There are five boats here just now; two American and one Canadian, besides the "Tebe" with a Scotch party consisting of a gentleman and two ladies, and the "Memphis" with two Scotch gentlemen, a Mr. B. from India, and a Mr. G., an Oxonian: the latter accompanied my mother and me to Philæ, where we spent the day yesterday; the ride through the desert was fearfully hot, for we did not start till eight o'clock. My brother went by water with Mr. B. in the dinghy. Four Nubians rowed them up, and one of the pilots of the Cataract steered. They took four hours coming up, and joined us in the temple at Philæ by twelve o'clock. This lovely spot, which appears so green from a distance compared with the rugged scenery around, is, when more nearly inspected, a heap of ruins. The mud walls of an old village entirely cover the courts, and choke up the spaces between beautiful corridors and rows of pillars. I think the capitals here are more perfect than any

I have yet seen, and the colouring is well preserved in some of them. The adytum or innermost of the sacred chambers was quite dark; I suppose obscurity added to the solemnity of the heathen rites. The walls were covered with sculptures.*

As Osiris was the manifestation of the goodness of the Supreme Being, he was naturally identified with the most obvious benefits for which the old Egyptians desired to be grateful, and to them the greatest benefit was the Nile. Thence arose one of their most beautiful traditionary myths; that his body was deposited in the Cataract, whence he arose once a year to spread blessings over the earth. Accordingly he is made to say in one of the most ancient inscriptions that he is the eldest son of Time, and cousin to the Day; and that there is no place where he has not distributed benefits to mankind.* Another tradition buries him in Philæ, whence the most solemn oath of ancient Egypt was, "By Him who sleeps in Philæ."

There was a most interesting chamber nearly over the western adytum, forming an upper story to the Holy Place, where the sculptures on the wall represent the death and resurrection of Osiris. His embalming, funeral transit, reception by the spirits of Hades, and final investiture as judge of the dead, are all clearly

* Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians.

depicted. An English gentleman had taken up his abode in this part of the temple. He was not at home when we were there, but we saw his establishment, and were much amused at the little keeper of his treasures who kept guard on the top of the Pylon, a tiny Nubian boy of seven or eight years of age. His distress at our entrance, for fear we should take anything, was quite touching, and he went before us walking backwards towards the room, apparently trying to keep us from encroaching; when we returned afterwards we found a pretty little girl some years younger watching with him. This was his sister; I never saw a prettier pair; her only dress was a girdle of leathern thongs and beads round her waist. As we rowed away we saw the proprietor swimming home, preceded by a man carrying his clothes on his head. It is a very curious sight to see this mode of crossing the river, which is the only one adopted here by the natives, men, women, and children; they place a palm or rather a piece of the trunk of one under them, and away they go carrying their clothes on their heads. We took our luncheon with us, which we ate surrounded by a group of children who had swam across in hopes of *bakshish*. The wind was disagreeably high, which prevented our remaining as long as we had intended.

As there seems little chance of our seeing the

famous Cataracts of Egypt in our own *dahabieh*, we have been recommended to look out for some one on their way back from Nubia, who would kindly allow us to share the pleasure of the descent with them. A boat was lying off Mohatta as we passed it yesterday, and seeing the union jack flying from its stern, we boarded it without ceremony, and gladly accepted a cordial invitation to be present when the descent should be made. Its inmates consisted of a most obliging Irish gentleman, his wife, and an invalid son.

Our ride back was very unpleasant, owing to the clouds of dust which the wind blew against us.

We ordered the Nubian rowers back at six o'clock this morning (Feb. 16th), intending to go up the Cataract in the dinghy, but the men were not punctual, so we set off with Mr. G. on donkeys. We reached Mohatta a little after seven, and found our new acquaintances' boat ready for starting. The bank was crowded with men all in the service of the Rais of the Cataract; there seemed to be an indefinite number of commanders, for orders were issuing from every mouth. "It to be in the custom, in that country," to use one of Khalil's favourite expressions, that every one who is on board the boat going down should receive a *bakshish*, so that many more crowd into it than can be of any use. In the present

instance it was crammed full of people; there was hardly standing room for another person; "Enough," as its proprietor said, "to sink the boat, let alone the Cataract!" We were all seated on the roof of the cabins, and in the midst of a din and uproar greater than I can describe, we left the moorings. Twelve oars, with three or four men at each, took us speedily over the first rapid, which is very slight, but in a few minutes the roar of the waters, crested with foamy breakers, and the rushing current announced our approach to the second and greatest rapid. Then came the "tug of war." For a moment the Arabs were hushed; the dragoman shouted to us to keep still, and hold on, as before our eyes was spread a sheet of foam, and the river dashed away beneath us, the huge waves breaking over each other, and over the masses of granite, between which we had to make our way. The moment was one of the most intense excitement, —the boat seemed to pause for an instant, the rowers hastily shipped their oars, and with a sudden rush we were whirled down the rapid. It was now a struggle between the rudder and the current; if the former gave way, it would have been all up with us; the channel was very narrow, and we were apparently steering right upon the frowning rocks, but next moment were dexterously turned aside, and again

floated in still water. It was a scene we shall never forget, and which must be seen to be appreciated. There were four men at the tiller; the whole was very skilfully managed; no water came into the cabins as often happens, and it was only ankle-deep at the bows. The third and last rapid of any magnitude was soon passed, and when this was safely accomplished, the rais came forward to shake hands with the gentlemen, who congratulated him on his success; guns were fired to announce it; the Tarrabukka was struck up, and the whole crew sang and shouted till we reached Assouan; we again fired on our arrival, and the boats at anchor returned our salute. We had a beautiful ride at sunset to the top of one of the neighbouring hills, whence we had a most glorious view; the lights over both river and desert were rich and soft. A modern Nile traveller has well observed that the sun "glares" in Europe, but that it "shines" in Egypt; its light is quite different; with us the outlines of every object appear hard and stiff, but in the East, without the least haziness of atmosphere, they seem subdued and mellowed.

Soon after our return to the boat, we saw Khalil on his knees, with both hands outstretched, intently gazing into the sky, at the same time muttering something at an extraordinary rate. Some of the

men were laughing at him, but the others were trying to see something which evidently was only visible to him. The cause of the excitement was the young moon, which Khalil declared he saw quite plainly, but which we could none of us perceive. He was in a great state of mind at our want of discernment, but continued his devotions for some minutes. It is said to be great luck to see the young moon on the first or second day of its appearance, and the right thing (as at home) is to give one's purse a turn in one's pocket.

Feb. 17th.—Our boat has, to use Miss Martineau's expression, "lost its dignified appearance." No more will the great sail flap in the wind, threatening to break away altogether; nor be skilfully shifted to catch the favouring gale, in a manner that shows how accustomed the Arabs are to the unwieldy contrivance: our yard, the longest I have seen, has been laid flat along the roof of the cabin, and forms a support for the awning. The little balacoon sail has been brought forward, and the Maltese cross has descended from its lofty position, and now floats from the mast-head.

The Rais of the Cataract has come to the conclusion that though our *dahabieh* would safely ascend, the river would in the course of twenty days be too low to admit of so large a boat descending the Cataract.

In this case we should be in an awkward predicament, as we should have to spend our time at Philæ till next inundation (a prospect which I for one should much enjoy!) We are therefore reluctantly obliged to give up seeing the interior of Nubia, and have only brought away some of the yellow sand from its frontiers, to remind us of its wonders.

I set off this morning with my mother and brother at seven o'clock to go to Philæ in our small boat. I am very glad I went, but at the same time I must acknowledge that I thought now and then we were in what the Yankees would call a "fix." The part I liked least, was when we were pulled by main force up a rapid, by means of a very thin rope. The boat was nearly in a perpendicular position, the stern, in which we and the steersman sat, being almost in the water. Our safety depended upon this support, and as Egyptian ropes are none of the best (even our own thick ones constantly breaking), it was on the whole rather hazardous. The way we crossed from one side to the other, was beautifully managed. We were carried beyond our point by the back eddy, and then dashed down and across by the current, and so gained our point. We saw numbers of boys, who seemed as much at home in the water as out of it, and who, for the

sum of five paras*, swam down the rapids like ducks. I enjoyed the coming down immensely. We came at a tremendous pace, the men rowing as hard as they could to steady us. Once however they paused and had a sharp discussion with the steersman, as to where they were to go; the current meanwhile took the matter into its own hands, and for some minutes we were drifting rapidly sideways, at the imminent risk of being swamped.

The Nubians are much more musical than the Arabs; our boatmen sang us some very pretty songs; one was I suppose a kind of national hymn, the chorus of which was "God bless the Sultan Abdul Medjid;" they also sang the "Durwadeega" or "hen-house," translated by Warburton.

We remained some hours at Philæ, and then went to the neighbouring island of Biggeh. The temple here is a complete ruin, and a village swarming with naked children covers its site. Only two columns and an archway are visible among the mud huts. The smell of the castor-oil on all the natives is intolerable; the women wear their hair in a hundred little plaits which they saturate with it. They are covered

* There are forty paras in a piastre; but the smallest piece of money which is coined is a five-para piece. It is about the size of a farthing. There are five piastres in a shilling.

with bead necklaces, and have massive silver bracelets; their wrists are delicately small, and their bracelets would fit but few Europeans. The men and women have rings, generally made of silver, and worn on the little finger of the left hand; we saw several people with nose rings, and some with ankle ornaments. In the East, women often wear all their money on their persons, in strings of gold or silver coins, with which they ornament their head-dresses.

We have been doctoring some of our crew for ophthalmia, which is shockingly prevalent in Egypt. It is most amusing to see the way Khalil takes them by the neck, and holds them down on the deck, while my brother drops the sulphate of zinc into their eyes. If one man asks for it, two or three more are sure to find out that they want some, and would be very angry if refused a dose, and the more pain it gives them the better pleased they are. One of our donkey boys came to tell us that his mother had a bad cough, and asked for some medicine. We were rather puzzled what to give, but at last decided on a Dover's powder, and divided one into two parts to be taken night and morning; the boy returned soon after to ask if she was to swallow the paper also!

We took a ride this evening in the rocky desert, passing the ancient cemetery, which covers a great

deal of ground; nearly all the graves have head-stones with Cufic* inscriptions. We also rode through the town of Assouan, the ancient Syene, which is the largest and, next to Sioot, the best built town in Upper Egypt. Some of the doorways are very tastefully decorated. We also went along the banks of the river for a little way to examine the remains of some Saracenic and Roman buildings, which however are uninteresting, though by the bye the latter reminded us of the unfortunate Juvenal, who was banished to this town, a change which, unless he was a great admirer of nature, he must have found very "slow" after the gaieties of a Roman court! On our way home Khalil all of a sudden exclaimed, "There it is! there it is!" and immediately began to prostrate himself, as he had done the night before. This time we did see a faint silvery streak, to his great delight. It always surprised us to see Khalil at his prayers, for except on these extraordinary occasions, his devotions were quite disregarded; we one day asked him the reason of this neglect, upon which he told us that the Prophet excused his followers from prayer when they were on a journey, but that to make up for it, he said them very regularly when he was at Cairo; we then cited the example of the crew, some of whom were

* Arrow-headed letters.

great prayers, but he said that a boat life was their avocation, therefore they were not travellers! We often noticed that those of the men who did not pray, seldom or never interfered or laughed at those who did.

Feb. 18*th.* — We had a most amusing struggle this morning at six o'clock to get our donkeys. They had as usual been ordered the night before, but the governor desired they should all be retained for the use of H. R. H. the Duc de Brabant, who has just arrived in a steamer. But Khalil was determined that at least my mother should have one, so he rushed off and dragged away one of them, and the first thing we saw on coming out of our boat was Khalil and a cawass* pulling an unfortunate donkey in different directions, while a Bey, armed to the teeth, was making frantic efforts to induce Khalil to let go. He was therefore obliged to give in, but a few minutes afterwards we met another donkey with a boy on it hurrying to the steamboat. Khalil, without ceremony, knocked off the boy, saddled the donkey, and set off before the police could interfere. It is rather hard that between "the great Lord," and a Belgian Prince, we are never to get our donkeys in peace.

* Police officer.

Feb. 19*th.*—We had intended taking our last look at Philæ to-day, but the Duc de Brabant wished to do the same, so we decided that our latest reminiscences of the Holy Island should not be associated with preparations for a royal dinner, saucepans and coffee-pots strewing the sacred precincts, and half a hundred dirty-looking Belgians intent on their grub, discussing chickens and turkeys among the ruins. The island was really not large enough for His Royal Highness and us. We therefore determined on starting. The boards were accordingly taken up to allow the rowers to sit, the twelve oars were adjusted, and off we went. We all mounted on the top of the cabins to obtain a good view of the lovely approach to Assouan, which we had not seen before, as it was dark on our arrival. It is without exception the finest scenery I have seen in Egypt. The wind however got up to such a gale that in three hours we had not made three miles, and the rolling of the boat was so bad as to compel our maid to lie down with sickness, so after a discussion we gave the order to return! The faces of the crew were worth seeing; they evidently thought we were mad, but with true oriental submission they cried out, Yallah! Wallah! put up the little balacoon sail, left off rowing, and turned back; so we had them all summoned

to the cabin door, and my brother gave them some *bakshish* for their morning's trouble in rowing. All was then joy and hilarity; they were most grateful; assured us they had had no trouble; that the *hawagee* and the *sitt* were always right, and if they thought it right to turn and return a hundred times, it would be their pleasure to do it, &c. &c., and then *pour comble de joie* they seized their dreadful tarrabukka, and all joined in song till we got to Assouan. There was a great laugh among all the boat's crews and people on shore when we landed, but we were very glad to find ourselves again in this pretty place. We paid some visits to-day to our boat acquaintances, and in the afternoon as the wind moderated we rowed round Elephantine. The west side is very pretty, and well worth a visit.

Feb. 20th.—It was with great regret that we last night gave orders for starting. Assouan is the most delightful place we have seen on the Nile, and we were beginning to feel ourselves quite at home there.

We arrived at Koom Ombos about half-past seven this morning. We found the "Memphis" had arrived there only three hours before us. I made a sketch of the temple, but we did not remain long, as we had examined the ruins on our way up. A gale

of wind sprang up before we had proceeded half a dozen miles, which obliged us to moor. I went on shore at sunset, and strolled about for some time in the desert, to the amazement of Nimri (one of the boatmen), who followed me at a respectful distance armed with a long club, and who no doubt wondered what the "sitt sogheiyer"* meant to do. The scenery was wild and strange; no signs of living creatures, except the occasional tracks of hyenas, and the bleached bones of camels. The sand-hills are strewn with shingle, and the sand itself seems made of pounded pebbles. I picked up several stones; one of them was an onyx.

We have been very dull to-day, and feel as if in leaving Assouan we had left all we cared for behind us. Our Nile voyage seems at an end, and instead of looking forward to see what progress we are making, and what new places we are passing, familiar objects meet our eyes. Murray's invaluable hand-book has to be read backwards, and everything reminds us we are turning back. The Belgian Prince's steamboat whizzed past us this morning, so fast that His Royal Highness had hardly time to reply to our salutations, but he acknowledged them most graciously. We

* Or "small lady." The word "small" in Arabic is compounded of all sorts of unpronounceable letters: this is the nearest approach to it.

dipped our colours three times, a performance our boatmen seemed not to understand. One of our men, who had taken French leave from Assouan, is ill, and has sent a quiet-looking Nubian named Hossein to take his place.

Feb. 22nd. — We reached Hagar Silsileh early yesterday morning, and proceeded to inspect the grottoes on the east side of the river. There are several of them, but they do not extend far into the rock. We walked over some very stony ground for upwards of half a mile, and at last came upon the substructions of a temple which has never been completed. This was the most ancient kind of architecture; they began at the gateway and continued hollowing out the temple from the solid rock. Near it is a large upright pillar of stone from which the place derives its name. Tradition says that once upon a time a king stopped the navigation of the river by fastening a chain from this stone to one on the opposite side. We met a wild-looking Bedouin here, with a gun slung over his shoulder; we bought a couple of rabbits which he had just shot. We crossed over in our dinghy to see the quarries on the western bank. They are most extraordinary, and impress one more with the magnitude of the Egyptian temples than even the sight of the buildings them-

selves. The sandstone looks as if it had been cut with a knife. We walked through narrow streets cut in the solid rock, the walls on each side rising upwards of a hundred feet. The principal quarry is a large square, in which are huge blocks lying about, many of them hewn and ready for removal.

We arrived at Edfou after dark. It was such a delicious night that I strolled about the bank of the river for some time, but did not venture near the town for fear of the dogs. At six next morning my mother and I took donkeys to ride to the temple. The propyla and first court are all that remain; the rest having been built upon and buried in rubbish. There are three rows of figures upon the propylon, the faces of which are very fine; we mounted one hundred and fifty steps which brought us to the top of the roof, from whence the view is most extensive. The propyla contained three stories of empty and unsculptured rooms; we did not stay long, but I took a hasty sketch of the court. There is a smaller temple near this, of which only the top of the gateway is seen above the sand. Edfou, which is about a mile from the river, is surrounded by traces of an ancient town. On our way there we saw a Bedouin encampment. I was disappointed with the appearance of these noted wanderers, though it was unfair

to judge of them by these specimens, for they are said to be quite out of their element in the neighbourhood of a town. The men were hanging listlessly about the tent-doors, the women were very plain, and the children, who persecuted us with demands for *bakshish*, very dirty. There were some camels and asses tethered near the tents, which, with a number of dogs who greeted us most fiercely as we passed, completed the establishment.

At El Kab, which we reached in the middle of the day, there are some very curious grottoes, the most perfect I have seen. The walls, of which the colours are very fresh, represent the agricultural and domestic life of the person whose tomb it is; they have been all more or less defaced by travellers, who have sliced the painting from parts of the walls and roofs. El Kab once possessed a temple, the site of which is now only marked by a few scattered stones that have escaped the clutches of the pashas of Egypt, for whose cotton manufactories this once fine ruin has been completely destroyed. The precincts of the ancient town are surrounded by a wall some feet thick, parts of which remain.

We saw a crocodile for the first time to-day. It was an enormous creature about twenty feet long; it lay basking on a sand-bank in the sun, but a bullet

sent whizzing over its head made it waddle into the water; an American traveller has named it "a blight upon the beauty of the Nile."

Feb. 23*rd.*—We passed the best part of last night aground on a sand-bank near Esneh where we did not land, as we had already spent a day there on our upward journey. We reached Erment at ten o'clock this morning. There are the remains of a comparatively modern temple, of which however very little is to be seen, for the greater part has been (as usual) taken for the pasha's manufactories. The modern Egyptian feels neither veneration nor interest for the noble ruins that cover his land. This temple was built by Cleopatra in honour of the birth of Cæsarion, who is represented sitting on her knee, making offerings to the gods. There is but a group of columns, with the walls of a court, and two interior chambers; all evidently of a late Ptolemaic date, but to the *unlearned* they possess great charms, and are both graceful and pleasing. The sun being intensely hot, with not a breath of air to temper its heat, we expected to find the coolness of the afternoon refreshing, but were wofully disappointed, for our olfactory nerves were tried with many various odours, but none of sanctity. Torches were lighted and we proceeded to make an inspection of the sculptures, but it was

too much for human nature; we beat a rapid and undignified retreat, preferring the scorching sun to the Holy of Holies of Queen Cleopatra. The features of "the most sweet queen" are small; the nose, which seems to mark the likeness, in defiance of all known laws of beauty, is neither aquiline nor Grecian, but positively savours of the Celestial! We rode back to our boats, over a burning shadeless plain, and in the middle of the day reached Thebes. I went immediately on our arrival with Khalil to the consul's to look for our letters, and found twenty-six awaiting us! besides a number of newspapers. The consul, whose name is Mustapha Agha, thinks himself a very great man; he is an Arab, and can speak a little English, but neither reads nor writes it. He is not paid for his services, but being under the protection of the British flag, is exempt from all taxes, which makes his situation very enviable. He has charge of all the letters, &c. sent to travellers, and is very careful and civil. Whenever I went to his house, even with a message or a letter, he would not hear of my leaving it without first taking a cup of coffee.

We have had a row with our rais. He is continually disobeying orders, when given by Khalil; so to frighten him, we had him taken by two cawasses

to the consul, who ordered him four hundred lashes with the koorbash; my mother had previously given orders that he should only be reprimanded, but of course a little scene had to be got up. Accordingly a cawass came to announce the approach of the "Koonsool Ingleez," and a few minutes afterwards he was ushered on board with great ceremony, the men all standing up to receive him, and Khalil salaaming to the ground. He was then admitted into the saloon, and pipes and coffee were handed round. A few common-places followed:—he inquired how we liked our boat, offered to send down an arm-chair he had to my brother, in which, he said, the men could carry him, complimented him on his knowledge of Arabic, and then saying to my mother, "You to be sorry if the rais, he to be beat," rose and took his leave. The wretched rais, who had been hovering about the boat awaiting the end of this solemn conference, was now summoned, and was officially informed that in compliance with the *sitt's* wish he was to remain unpunished; an announcement which elicited a burst of gratitude, and an indefinite number of promises of good behaviour; we are however assured that it is foolish to let them off, as they attribute the indulgence to fear rather than to kindness*; but I

* The discipline of the stick, though very ancient, highly neces-

must confess that the majestic demeanour and good looks of Rais Sheriff, had quite won our hearts in spite of his disregard of orders, and really if his well-formed feet and ankles had been cut and swollen with the bastinado, we should have been obliged to bathe them with arnica! an operation we had performed on one or two of the crew whose hands had been hurt by rowing.

sary, and perfectly well understood in Egypt, revolts, at first, one's English principles. The truth is, that the bastinado was found indispensable by the ancient Egyptians; the subjects of Rameses the Great took the stick to their refractory wives, and so do the modern Arabs. It is not easy to eradicate the habits of ages, and it is a sad fact that nothing can be done without it. — *The Nile Boat*, by Bartlett.

CHAPTER VI

Thebes.

ONE WEEK HAS BEEN PASSED IN THEBES. For one week, never to be forgotten, have we lived in the world of the ancient Egyptians, and explored their haunts, wandered through their now ruined temples, and made ourselves acquainted with their sacred precincts and religious customs, their deities, their offerings, and their votaries.

We have gazed upon their

> "Temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
> Of which the very ruins are tremendous."

Their halls of columns, their massive gateways, their pyla and propyla, their adytum and dromos, have become "familiar in our mouths as household words."

We have followed them from their temples to their graves, and gazed with wonder and admiration on those eternal monuments of their greatness, the tombs which they erected that posterity might know their power, and nations then unheard of might

marvel at their resources! Nor should these dwellings of the Royal dead be approached without feelings of respect for their inmates. No incongruous mixture of good and bad entered these sacred abodes. Each corpse was tried by the then existing code of right and wrong; and if the life of the deceased did not come up to the standard of morality, if he had not acted in conformity with the requirements of his religion, and his country's laws, an honourable sepulture was denied him, and his greatness and his riches were of no avail in the eyes of the judges of the sepulchral chambers.

On the 24th of February we spent three hours before breakfast at Karnak, and carefully examined a portion of the ruins. There are four grand entrances nearly answering to the four points of the compass, besides several lesser ones in different parts of the building. The finest of them all is the eastern gateway. After passing between the propyla, which are covered with sculptures, an avenue of mutilated sphinxes leads towards the temple, where two pairs of obelisks formerly stood; now one of each is broken, and the fragments obstruct the entrance. The grand hall of columns, one hundred and thirty-four in number, is next entered, and it in turn opens upon the all of justice, where a solitary column stands erect

among its fallen companions which are shattered from their bases, and look like pillars of millstones carefully overthrown! The propyla of the western entrance are beyond this. Such a thing as a blank wall was unknown in ancient Egypt; no stone was too small to bear a *cartouche*, and the largest surface bore record to the fame or piety of its builder.

Karnak is of every date from Osirtasen I. to Cleopatra. Every sovereign in succession added a pylon, a court, or at the least a row of columns, to enroll his name in the immortal work. Many hours did we linger in these ruined piles, "Murray" in hand, striving to see all that we were told was there, but it takes more than a week to "do" Thebes, and many weeks might be profitably spent in the all-engrossing work; but for the time-governed traveller there is no pleasure greater than to wander alone heedless of guides or handbooks, and let his imagination run wild among these monuments of human greatness. His first wonder on entering Thebes is, how were these gigantic piles overthrown, but his next idea is, how has so much escaped destruction? We were much struck in this as in other temples, at the manner in which huge half-fallen blocks of stone were supported. Some appeared really to hang in the air, and looked as if a touch would send them over, but

there they have stood for ages and will stand for ages to come, if the world lasts as long.

We were up at five every day during our stay at Thebes, and after a cup of coffee and a rusk, we set off on our temple hunting, which lasted till half-past nine, when we returned to breakfast. The heat was very great during the middle of the day, but if there was nothing particular to do, I generally managed to crawl back to Karnak, and in some shady corner, or with a donkey-boy holding an umbrella over my head, tried to sketch what was almost unsketchable.

We found the "Memphis" at Thebes on our arrival, and were almost always accompanied by Mr. G. in our expeditions. His companion often remained with my brother, and they both generally spent the evening on board the "Sphinx."

The prettiest view we had of Luxor Temple was at sunset on the 24th. We had ridden some way inland, and on returning saw the corridor of pillars standing out in bold relief against the golden sky. Luxor, to be appreciated, must be seen from a distance. We went one morning to examine the interior, but all the enthusiasm we could muster did not counterbalance the impression left on us by the view of the horribly unclean state it is in. Suffice it to say that, with the exception of a small portion

cleared out by a Frenchman, who has built his house on the roof, an Arab village with all its appurtenances of savage dogs, squalling children, begging women, and dirty men, &c. &c. are crowded within it. Their huts are plastered round the pillars, and their buffaloes and asses crouch with them under the lofty roofs! In a square enclosure, a school of about thirty children were performing their tasks with double the noise of their fellow-learners in England, for here in learning, they all read or rather chaunt their lessons aloud. The schoolmaster, who was sitting at one end of the room on a divan, was pointed out to us; we were surprised to find him old and blind. How he kept up his authority I do not know, for I saw no instruments of punishment lying about. His scholars were anything but orderly; they rushed up to us, holding out their slates, and clamorously demanding *bakshish*. Their slates were thin sheets of tin, on which they wrote with reed pens and thick ink. Egyptian ink is very different from ours. They use it for seals instead of wax. A dab of it is put on the paper and the seal is pressed down on it. Everybody wears a silver seal with his name engraved upon it, and "setting one's seal" to a paper, is equivalent to signing the name.

On the morning of the 26th we left our boats about half-past five accompanied by Mr. G., and crossing the river took donkeys and set off to see the TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

The sun rose as a turn in the road brought us near the "Pair" (the "Pair" with a big P, as a facetious friend called them). There sat the Vocal Memnon and his brother giant, viewing the rising sun, as they had done for ages. There they sat in an attitude of perfect repose, while the morning beams lighted up the huge blocks, on which (in the distance) I fancied I could trace the features which the cruel hand of conquerors had defaced.

There they sat—supreme and solitary—the guardians of the fertile vale—their backs towards the sandy plain and towering mountains, their faces towards the river whose rise and fall brought plenty to the land that owned them as protectors. Once was honour paid them, once did the people sing their praises, and nations erected temples to their honour, and then as each returning sun first lighted up the face of nature, a peal of music ushered in the day, and sounding over the plain, may perhaps have been answered in the surrounding Temples. Now, all was silence,—and as we pursued our ride no sounds greeted our ears, but all was still

save the bronze figures in the fields, who saluted us with the national cry of *bakshish!* We had become callous to the appeal, and indeed began to believe it was the Arab's way of saying good-morning, and sometimes held out our hands, and called out *bakshish* in reply.

We went to the palace-temple of Gournoo; it is a fine building, but we did not pay it the attention it deserved; for we hastily surveyed it and then proceeded to the grand object of the day.

The road we followed was the same that was made by the ancients for the conveyance of royal corpses to their resting places. It was very broad, and in some places cut through the solid rock. We could imagine how different the lonely valley must have looked when a long procession was winding through it, as a mighty monarch was borne to his grave with all

> "The pride of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave;"

the train of priests, and high priests, the hired mourners, the royal relatives, the sacred bull, the animals for sacrifice, the war chariots and warriors, perhaps the captives made prisoners by the deceased, and now serving to swell the pomp of his funeral; the banners taken by him in battle, and the royal

standard of Ancient Egypt, enlivening the procession, and adding their brilliant colours to the gorgeous pageantry.

Now,—an English gentleman and two ladies donkeyed * quietly along this sacred road, and a dragoman and two donkey boys formed their imposing suite. It was enough to make the dead kings rise up to protest against the sacrilege.

After an hour's ride, a turn in the road brought us to a chasm in the rocks, a broad ravine, where precipices hemmed us in on every side, and seemed to shut out the world from the city of the dead. Here kings who had lived secluded in their life time, might now "lie in glory, every one in his own house;" the magnificence of their palaces followed them to their tombs, and riches were lavished with an unsparing hand to make these resting places worthy of their illustrious guests. Sir Gardner Wilkinson has numbered them in reference to his well known work; there are forty-seven in all. We began exploring the tomb known by the name of Belzoni's, in which Osirei was buried. Fresh wonders met us on every side; after descending a flight of steps cut in the rock, we found ourselves at the entrance of a suite of lofty chambers,

* I do not remember if Johnson recognises this verb, but it is in common use in Egypt.

richly decorated with sculptures and hieroglyphics painted in colours so vivid and glowing, that one needs almost to touch them, to persuade oneself they are not wet from the artist's brush. Massive square columns seem to support the roof, but are in reality part of the solid rock. A splendid effect was produced by a bundle of *dhoura* grass, brought for the purpose, being set fire to; it lighted up the tomb, and as far as we could see hall after hall seemed to extend in every direction. The sculptures are most extraordinary and inexplicable. They present the king in every action of his life, from his birth to his grave, and beyond his grave into Amenti, or the unseen world, where in company with other souls he is brought to the judgment seat of Osirei, and the sentence being favourable he is admitted to the company of the gods; but on one wall we saw a "hopeless looking pig with a bristling back seated in a boat the stern of which was towards the heavenly regions. Two monkeys were with it, one at the bow, and the other whipping the pig. This was a wicked soul sent back to earth under the conduct of the agents of Thoth.* The busy and gleeful look of the monkeys and the humbled aspect of the pig were powerfully given. This was the lowest state of the punished soul, but it would have

* The god of letters, and recorder of human actions.

to pass through some mournful ones, and for a very long time,—to be probably a wolf, a scorpion, or a kite or some other odious creature in weary succession, for a term of from three to ten thousand years. This was called passing through its 'orbit of necessity.'"*

A perusal of the able work from which I have taken this description of a wicked soul, is calculated to awaken in the mind Pythagorean ideas, for one is tempted to believe that the writer who seems so conversant with the gods and all belonging to them, must have lived on earth some thousand years ago, perhaps in the form of a learned priest well versed in the mysteries of his religion!

Some of the inner chambers in this tomb are unfinished, and though no doubt this circumstance was a cause of regret to the Proprietor, (or rather to his friends, who however were not allowed to complete it;) to us it is a fortunate coincidence, for we see the art of sculpturing in all its stages. It appears that the design was first sketched in black chalk, and then corrections were made in red by a master's hand; the drawings were well and boldly executed, and showed a great deal of talent. The subjects are most marvellous, and to us quite unintelligible. Gigantic

* Eastern Life, by Miss Martineau.

serpents, painted of a light green colour, with two human heads at one end, and three of their own at the other, and with two pair of feet walking different ways, encircle the ceilings of some of the halls; gods of every kind, sort, and description, crocodile-headed, fox-headed, hawk-headed, cow-headed, besides a variety of others; kings fighting, feasting, praying, judging and being judged, processions of animals led to sacrifice, boats, carriages, horses, cows, &c., all are distinctly visible in glowing colours, as fresh as if they had been painted yesterday. The hieroglyphics are more perfect in this tomb than in any I have seen; some are in *intaglio*, and others in relief, but all coloured. At the furthest end of the innermost hall stands the sarcophagus of the owner of the spacious mansion; but no king is there; they are in the museums of Berlin, London, and Paris; only their coffins are left; *they* were too ponderous to take away; how they got there is a mystery that will never be solved! They are of granite some inches thick, and are strange to say broken! We went into several other tombs, but they are none as fine as that of Osirei; the most remarkable was one discovered by Bruce the traveller, and generally called the Harper's Tomb. Its owner was a Rameses. It is on a different plan from the others. After descending

some way into the earth, we found ourselves in a long passage on both sides of which was a row of small chambers, representing the domestic life of the great king. In one we saw the cooking apparatus, in another his household furniture, in a third his garden, in a fourth his armoury, in a fifth his boats, and so on. In the last, which is very much defaced, he is seated at a feast, at which the two harpers are performing whom Bruce declared to be blind, but whether they are so or not is a question that cannot be determined now, for very little of them remains.

We left the tombs about twelve o'clock, but instead of returning by Gournoo, we came over the hills that rise perpendicularly from the plain below. The winding path we followed to reach the top of these cliffs was in some places very dangerous. A false step on the donkey's part would have precipitated us many hundred feet. It was very fatiguing, for the ascent though gradual was very steep. The view of the river from the summit of these cliffs, with the rich country below studded with ruins, is most grand. The foreground of arid rocks stands out in striking contrast to the bright green beneath; at our feet was the Memnonium, whose graceful symmetry was well seen from the height we were above it. To the left lay Gournoo, to the right Medinet

Aboo, and solitary in the fertile plain sat the "Pair." Straight across the river, was the Temple of Luxor, and to the north, towering over the palms, were seen the propyla and obelisks of Karnak. The whole view was bounded by the distant chain of Arabian hills, five days' journey beyond which was the Red Sea! It was a glorious view, worthy the pencil of a Turner or a Claude.

A tomb has been lately opened on the eastern side of these hills; we therefore turned aside to see it. We had been warned that it was in great disorder, but we little expected the horrible sight that met our view. Skeletons and fractions of skeletons lay scattered about in all directions; skulls on one side, legs and arms on the other; bodies half unrolled and limbs tossed about were strewed round the entrance. We slid down a bank of sand and rubbish and crept through a hole into a spacious chamber, where the scene was if possible more disgusting!

The paintings on the walls were fine, the sculptures unmutilated, but how could we examine or admire them, when at every step we trod upon human bodies, and the yielding beneath our feet told us we were trampling on our fellow-creatures!

Yes! it is impossible to forget when seen in their proper place, (perhaps not when stuck up against the

walls of a museum) that these mummied corpses once lived and felt as we do, once had souls inhabiting those crumbling frames, for which reason alone one shudders at the thought of desecrating their graves in this way.

The bodies had been rifled by the Arabs in search of necklaces and rings which are found in great quantities. Many hands and feet had been broken off that strangers might carry to their homes specimens of these ancient people, who little expected that their limbs would be bargained for fifty centuries after their decease! We next proceeded to the temple of Medinet Aboo, and were glad of a rest under the cool shade of the pillars. A young American is living there with his mother for his health, and is employing himself in excavating some of the buried colossal figures.

On our way back to the river we met a large party of our Scotch and Irish boat-neighbours, just setting off for a ride, so I turned back and joined them. We went first to the "Pair," then to the Memnonium, and back to Medinet Aboo. The pleasure of temple visiting is much lessened by going with a large party; indeed it amused me to see how very little anybody saw of anything, to the dismay of old Ahmed the guide, who could hardly get one attentive listener!

I should not have cared to go, but that I was never tired of riding over the plain of Thebes, and fixing all the localities more clearly in my mind.

I was tired with the day's work when I got home, having been out thirteen hours, and a small luncheon eaten on a sarcophagus at eleven o'clock having been our only refreshment. However, when I reached the boat, instead of eating any dinner I smoked some pipes, and had some coffee in the eastern style, which was infinitely more invigorating than a dinner *à l'anglaise!*

I spent some hours next day at Karnak, and in the afternoon had a ride upon a dromedary! Three had been ordered, the ladies of the "Tebe" having agreed to go with me, but some mistake had been made, and the Sheikh of the Bedouins only sent one. It was a pretty creature, with a less sulky expression than most of them have. The difference between a dromedary and a camel is about the same as between a riding-horse and a cart-horse in England. The saddle we had was made of wood, with a peg before and behind; the former we used as a pummel. Over all was thrown a cloth with a long fringe, and at the top of this a sheepskin, to which we added some shawls. As only one could be procured, we agreed to "ride and tie;" accordingly I was first

mounted, and the others took donkeys. Keeping one's seat when the dromedary is rising up or lying down is rather difficult. There are three jerks (corresponding to the three joints in the leg), two back and one forwards, during which time I held on by the pummels. The only bridle was a cord fastened to a ring in its nose, which at first I begged the driver to keep in his own hand; but he informed me I must hold it in case it ran away; a pleasant announcement on starting for one's first ride! The seat being very lofty, it might make some people giddy to look down from it, and there is a good deal of motion, because, like elephants, dromedaries move the corresponding fore and hind legs together; but I certainly thought the descriptions of some travellers very much exaggerated. Some gentlemen had told me a few days before that the motion had made them so "sea-sick" that they had not been able to keep their seats for more than a few minutes. I went about two miles and a half, on the road to the Red Sea, and enjoyed myself very much.

My mother and I set off on the morning of the 28th before sunrise to Karnak. Excavations are going on there for M. Sabatier, the French consul-general. A sphinx has just been dug up; it is made of a stone which when struck emits a clear ringing

sound. It was very interesting to watch the workmen, and we brought away some of the sculptured stones we saw taken out of the earth.

We caught a large intruder in my brother's cabin to-day; viz. a "wahren"! Two men were called in to catch it, which they succeeded in doing, after wounding it with their sticks. The Arabs say that wahrens are the produce of the bad eggs of the crocodile, but I do not think this is a fact in natural history. The one we found was about sixteen inches long and beautifully marked. A bottle of brandy was his fate, which, if he was a "true believer," must have given him great uneasiness!

Our friends from the "Memphis" dined with us to-day*, and at sunset my mother and I, accompanied by Mr. G., set off for the western bank to pay it a moonlight visit.

We rode to Gournoo along the banks of the river, and then turning inland proceeded to the Memnonium. I cannot describe the effect of the moonlight on this lovely temple. The shadows hid all defects,

* To avoid a repetition of the ludicrous feast at Sioot, we took care this time not to let Khalil know that we expected an addition to our dinner party till just as he was laying the cloth. This, I am afraid, rather disconcerted his ideas of hospitality, but relieved us from a lengthy entertainment.

and the fitful uncertain light played softly on the ruined pillars. The four headless colossi on the front wall looked more majestic and imposing than I had ever seen them. With their arms folded on their breasts, they seemed fit guardians of the temple, and appeared to set all intruders at defiance. The "Pair," I have before attempted imperfectly to describe, but by moonlight the effect was doubly impressive, and as we slowly approached them,—from the time we saw them looming in the distance, till a closer approach reminded us how insignificant we looked beside them,—our admiration was on the increase, and though friends at home may laugh at the idea, it was in silence that we drew near, and with something like awe that we gazed upon them.

It was a moment of intense delight that we spent in contemplating them; there was neither voice nor sound to disturb us, and everything was in harmony with the scene around. The evening hour, the stillness of the air, the attitude of those sculptured figures, all spoke of REST. Rest for the mind,—a cessation from care,—a pause in the tide of time,—a moment snatched for high and noble thoughts; and truly our thoughts did wander back, far away from the present, into the shadowy regions of mystery and purity. At that still hour, with Heaven's

moon shining down upon us, our spirits seemed to commune with the past, the mystic veil was lifted off the ruins that surrounded us, and the golden age of Truth stood out, clear and distinct; that age when the spirit of man worshipped the Supreme God; that age when mortal man considered his Maker's name too awful to be breathed by human lips, and, eager to devise a means of approaching less boldly the Throne of Grace, fell to adoring the various symbols of His attributes. From that fatal moment Man, the noblest of his Creator's works, fell, and fell hopelessly; from revering the symbols meant to raise his thoughts, he turned them into objects of worship; he "forgot his Maker, and changed His glory into a calf that eateth hay."

But years flew on, and to human eyes the prosperity of Egypt increased; the Augustan Age of Theban glory dawned; nations were subject to her, and distant thrones enriched her with their spoils. Kings bowed down before her, the mighty of the earth owned her power. The Pyramids of Cheops and Chephranes rose up before the astonished eyes of men; the noble temples of Thebes bore witness to the greatness of their founders. Poets sang their praise, and historians vied with each other in recording their fame. From north to south, from east to

west, at the name of Rameses, men trembled and bowed down. The altars reeked with the blood of sacrifices; the temples resounded with songs of thanksgiving, but a day of vengeance was at hand.

The heart of Pharaoh waxed great, he thought upon his riches, and said within himself, "I am the son of the wise, the son of ancient kings." He looked upon the noble river, the source of his wealth and greatness, and he said, "The river is mine own, and I have made it for myself;" then was fulfilled the prediction of the son of Amoz, "The Egyptians will I give over into the hand of a cruel lord, and a fierce king shall reign over them." The Persian conqueror advanced, and Egypt fell a prey to his all-powerful arm. With an unsparing hand the iconoclastic fire-worshipper broke down the mighty images of ancient kings, then did "Bel bow down and Nebo stoop."

Years rolled on, but brought not their accustomed meed of glory to the kingdom of the Pharaohs. Egypt's star had set, and other nations figured on the scene of action. First Greece, then Rome rose upon her ruins; her ebbing greatness glittered for a time, but it was with a faint and borrowed light, which did but reflect the lustre of her conquerors.

The prophetic curse has been fully poured out

upon this land, and Egypt is still in every sense "the basest of kingdoms," and ruled over by strangers. The monuments of her greatness are suffered to decay, and her noblest temples are used as quarries by her oppressors!

A view of these Egyptian wonders ought certainly to be obtained by moonlight. This ghostly wavering light suits them better than the glaring noon-day beams, and the eye rests upon them tranquilly, and takes in a better consciousness of their vastness, than when dazzled by a tropical sun; I am sure there is no traveller who sees them by this light, but will

> Home returning soothly swear,
> Was never scene so sad and fair!"

March 1st.—At half-past five this morning we set off with Mr. G. to visit the tombs of the Assaseef valley, where the priests and private individuals were buried. Many of them are used as dwelling houses by the Arabs, and are therefore much blackened with smoke, and some of them were too filthy to enter. In a few the sculptures are interesting, but on the whole we did not much enjoy our visit to them. In some, after wandering through dark passages which seemed interminable, we were fairly driven back by the bats, which flew about us in swarms, nearly extinguishing our candles, and the smell and heat were stifling.

We also had a hunt among some crude brick buildings for some bricks made by the children of Israel, and stamped with the name of Thothmes III., the contemporary of Moses. We pulled out a great many bricks, all of which were stamped, but very slightly; and all were not royal *cartouches*, some being those of reigning high-priests. They were carelessly done, and many of the impressions were faintly marked. If their makers had imagined they would in time become valuable as curiosities, they would have taken more pains with them.

We paid some farewell visits this afternoon, and dropping a couple of miles down the river, moored opposite Karnak. The "Memphis," which followed us in the evening, did the same, and on the following morning we took a delightful ride before breakfast. We went past Medinet Aboo, and then keeping west into the desert, we examined a small Ptolemaic temple, near which are traces of the ancient lake across which the dead used to be ferried. We next proceeded to the Tombs of the Queens. Several skulls of these royal ladies were lying in hopeless confusion, among fragments of their bones. I really felt inclined to put them back, if not in their original places, at least under cover of their native dust!

These tombs are on the other side of the same hill

in which their royal husbands were buried. There may perhaps be a communication between them, but none has as yet been discovered. There is a profusion of yellow paint in them, but they are not to be compared to those of the kings; they are on a different scale and style, and have none of those mysterious figures which one sees in the former: their position is almost as lonely. After examining some of them we rode along the desert to Deir el Medineh, where are the remains of a small temple which was converted by the early Christians into a "Deir" or convent.

On one of the walls of the temple we traced a distinct representation of a soul being brought before Osiris to be judged. The good deeds of the deceased, in a jar, are being weighed in the balance against an ostrich feather, the emblem of Justice. The four genii who are to escort the soul to Amenti (the invisible world shrouded in mystery), stand on a lotus flower before Osiris, and Harpocrates is seated on a crook, between the scales and the entrance to the divine abode (which is guarded by Cerberus); his presence "is intended to show that the deceased, on admission to that pure state, must be born again, and commence a new life, cleansed from all the impurities of his earthly career."* Thoth the god of letters

* Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians.

next appears, holding in his hand a tablet on which he has inscribed the actions of the deceased, and which he is in the act of showing to the king of Hades. On the threshold stands the soul between two figures of goddesses, with an ostrich feather in his hand: forty-two assessors are ranged in two rows above them.

We continued our ride through the desert to Deir el Bahree. The road was quite new to us, and the scenery magnificent. Cliffs surrounded us on all sides, but every now and then a break in them to the right disclosed a reach of the river, winding through the fertile plain beneath us. We saw many tombs during this lonely ride which had hitherto been left undisturbed; a plain slab of stone blocked up the entrances, and the "seal" set on them so long ago remained unbroken and untouched. Sacrilegious and profane must be the hand that would daringly intrude upon the privacy that Nature has respected. We felt that were we even to discover wonders greater than Belzoni ever saw, we could not be accessory to removing the stone which concealed from the vulgar eye the remains of a once-loved friend!

We again went to see the newly-opened tomb which I before described. It was in rather better

order, a rough door having been made, and the floor was clearer and more fit to walk on, as they had heaped the bodies up against the wall. At best it was a ghastly spectacle, but we stayed several minutes; I unwound a piece of mummy cloth, and took a piece of the aromatic gum used in embalming. We bought a curious figure of a fox or wolf * made of wood and painted black, which the Arabs had found.

This evening we paid a farewell visit to Karnak, and for the last time gazed upon its wonders. There was a glorious sunset, which lighted up the surrounding country. "Egypt," as St. John says, "is a beautiful country if the elements of a picture consist in remarkable contrasts, in beauty and wildness, in fertility and desolation; a magnificent sky of gold sprinkled with patches of ebony, fields of inimitable verdure, herds of camels and buffaloes, flocks of sheep and goats, rocks and forests, expanses of yellow sand, and a river of vast breadth, reflecting like a mirror the glittering light of the sun. Add to this, the effect of renowned names upon the imagination; the land before us was that of Egypt; the river, the Nile; the mountains upon which the sun

* A wolf was the emblem of death, and a fox or jackall represented a priest among the ancient Egyptians.

was darting his farewell beams, were the Arabian chain, and the boundless sands behind which he was about to sink, were the Lybian Desert."

We left Thebes about eight o'clock, a lovely moon lighting up the plain on which we had spent so many happy hours, and on which we had found so much to interest us. The moon on first rising in this country looks twice the size she does in England, and is of a bright orange colour. The clouds are sometimes so red, and the reflections in the river so distinct, that one might think the sun was going to reappear.

CHAPTER VII.

The Temple of Dendera. — Visit to a Monastery. — Tomb of Sheikh Hereedee. — The forbidden Fruit. — Nile Minstrelsy. — Holy Men. — Grottoes of Beni Hassan. — Sugar Manufactory. — Sakias and Shadoofs. — Pyramids of Sakkara. — Mummy Pits.

MARCH 4th, KENEH. — Contrary winds have delayed us very much, and it was not till two o'clock that we reached Keneh. We have seen a great number of swallows to-day. They make their nests in holes in the banks of the river; they were flying about in all directions, and seemed to be breaking up their winter quarters in preparation for a journey to England.

March 5th. — We crossed the river at six o'clock this morning, and mounting donkeys, rode to see the Temple of Dendera. It is of a comparatively modern date, being only eighteen or nineteen hundred years old; it is therefore of a debased style of architecture, and after the fine old Theban buildings not much to be admired. The columns are heavy, and the capitals clumsy. Those in the portico, twenty-four in number, are all alike; square at the top, with the face of

the goddess Athor on each of the four sides; a broad benign face, muffled up in heavy drapery. We entered the temple by the roof, as the country all round is on a level with it, and descended a long flight of steps—the walls on each side being covered with sculptures (though not one can be seen without candles)—until we reached the ground floor. The plan of the temple was different from any we have seen. It consists of long passages with square rooms on either side, into all of which we diligently entered, though they were all much alike; being all equally lofty and most of them pitch dark. Our candles were of little use in examining the sculptures, but even among the highest we were astonished at finding that NOT ONE figure has been left unmutilated! Chisels have been assiduously employed to destroy the beautifully rounded forms not only of the faces but of otherwise perfect figures. I mention this of Dendera in particular, but it is the same in almost every temple we have seen. It is not that pieces have been chipped off to take away—that, though inexcusable, might be understood—but EVERY polished convex surface has been wantonly levelled! Wherever we have been, the answer we always get from dragomen and guides is invariably the same, "Lepsius did it!" It is difficult to believe that so eminent a

man should have condescended to such a mean and spiteful way of distinguishing himself, but when the whole of the inhabitants down to the donkey boys have Lepsius' name in their mouths, it is difficult to suppose they are mistaken. In one of the king's tombs, where as usual the marks of the chisel are visible, the words, "Lepsius, latro sacrilego," are to be seen in a lady's handwriting.*

Of all the ninety-six faces on the pillars in the portico of Dendera, not one remains entire.

We crossed the river afterwards to Keneh, to see the manufacture of *Goollehs*. This is the name given to the long-necked porous earthenware jars used in Egypt for cooling water. It is a curious sight, as they are made with the hand on the ancient "potter's wheel." We used often to see large rafts on the river laden with these jars two or three tiers deep. We were mobbed to-day by the Almé or dancing girls. The Almé met with up the country are those who have been turned out of Cairo by the police. They are always unveiled and painted, and dressed in all the tawdry finery they can get hold of. They seem to be of a different race from the common Arab women; the younger ones are rather

* Since writing the above, I have been told that there are in the tombs several invectives of the same sort in every language.

good-looking, but they have all bold, coarse, and unfeminine countenances.

March 6th. — A south wind has brought us on the last sixty-four miles in twenty-four hours; we reached Girgeh at noon to-day. We have seen plenty of crocodiles since we left Thebes. They are generally asleep on sand-banks, and never within shot. There was a fight last night between the rais and two of the crew. They knocked him down, and he fell into the hold and hurt his wrist. My brother felt it incumbent on him to maintain the captain's authority, so he went out and flourished his stick about a little, and threatened them in his best Arabic that they should "eat stick" if they did not behave better, which quieted them immediately.

We rode through the town of Girgeh to-day and went to see a monastery! We could not make out from Khalil whether it was a monastery or a convent, but we thought we might as well try to get in. We were accordingly ushered up-stairs into a room where an Italian monk lay on a sofa. He told us he had been very ill for some months, but he received us very courteously, and invited us to sit down and take some coffee, "*quantunque siamo poveri.*" He seemed so weak that we did not like to stop long, besides which we thought ourselves rather out of place *alone* in

a monastery, for the gentlemen of the "Memphis" had basely deserted us on Khalil's suggesting the possibility that it might be a convent. We inquired about the establishment, which Sir Gardner Wilkinson says was once very flourishing, but the Italian monk told us there was now only a Coptic priest besides himself, so as it consisted of one of each communion we were not quite clear whether it was Latin or Coptic. The superior seemed glad to hear his native language again, but he looked so ill that after giving him a liberal *bakshish* for his church we left him. We went into the chapel adjoining his house. It is a neat little building, lighted from the top by a skylight, and surrounded on three sides by a gallery with a grating to conceal the female part of the congregation. Several Copts came in with us, and they and Khalil (the latter out of respect for us, I suppose) took off their shoes. There were three altars; the centre one had seven candlesticks upon it, but no candles. The books were all in the Coptic language*; some of them were illuminated. There were three or four confessionals. The chancel screen and reredos were prettily worked in inlaid wood. The inside was very clean

* The Coptic is now a dead language, and only used for liturgical purposes, but is no more "understanded of the people" than Latin is among the Roman Catholics.

and there was as much ornament bestowed upon it, in the shape of miserably bad prints and pictures and still more wretched artificial flowers, as its poverty could muster. The church has a belfry surmounted by a cross. My donkey boy pointed it out to me, and explained its use by saying "ding dong" two or three times over. The town of Girgeh looks very pretty on approaching it from the river. The minarets are some of them ancient and extremely graceful. The bazaars are tolerably good. We bought two turkeys here; Girgeh is famed for them.

I suppose it was in part owing to our visit to the monastery that on our return to the boat we caught a larger number of fleas on our clothes than we usually did after a ride through the bazaars. We took the trouble of counting them up to sixty, but after that we left off.*

A downward voyage has its *désagrémens*. The men sit facing the cabin door, roaring, shouting, and singing to their oars without cessation, and as there

* Ladies are more apt to carry off these specimens of natural history than gentlemen are, because in riding through bazaars their dresses come so often in contact with the natives. We always had an exciting hunt on returning from any town, but excepting on these occasions were tolerably free from them. See Appendix No. II.

is generally less wind at night, we have to take advantage of the calm, and on we go until our progress is cut short by the boat sticking fast on a sand-bank; then comes a shout and a splash, and we know by the heaving of the boat and the chorus of grunts or groans (like letting off steam), that the men are all in the water shoving us off with their shoulders. At last, after sometimes a good half hour's work, with the well-known cry in every different key of "hayley-haylissa, haye-lissa,"* we are again set afloat, and the rowing recommences.

When there is a head wind we either moor or else float down sideways, and then the little boat bumps against the big one, and we toss about, making very little way. When the wind is high, everything we eat is filled with sand, and the total absence of cleanliness in all the cooking arrangements is occasionally trying. To some people these objections may appear incompatible with the charms of a Nile voyage, but the country is so full of deeply interesting associations that one feels they are worth all these drawbacks.

March 8th.—We arrived at Gebel Sheikh Hereedee last night, and at five o'clock this morning we climbed up to see some grottoes cut in a stratum of limestone

* "Lord help us."

at the top of the *gebel* or mountain.. They were on a splendid scale. The roof is supported by huge blocks, eighteen feet in diameter. The path we ascended was very precipitous and shingly, but two of the crew who came with us helped us up the most difficult parts, and the view from the top amply repaid us for our trouble. The morning was rather hazy, but the prospect was very extensive. Sheikh Hereedee and his son Sheikh Hassan are buried in an extraordinary place. On arriving at the top of this cliff, some three or four hundred feet high, a precipice of the same depth yawned at our feet, as if the mountain had been rent asunder; in this lonely and almost inaccessible ravine the two sheikhs are buried. The boatmen who accompanied us contrived, however, to scramble down by a winding path to pay their devotions; they kissed the doorstep seven times before entering the tomb. We sent them afterwards up the other side of the ravine to break off some pieces of crystal, of which the rocks there are entirely composed. We regretted not being able to accompany them, but we should have been a long time about it, and it was break-neck work. It appeared to me that some ancient mountain torrent might once have forced its way down this ravine, but Khalil had never heard it conjectured that there had been any.

The rock is all limestone. Few travellers visit this mountain, though it is well worth seeing; the scenery is so wild and beautiful. Khalil, who seems conversant with every hole and corner of the country, advised our going. It is said that any one who passes a night quite alone in Sheikh Hereedee's tomb, will be rewarded by the sight of a serpent who has the power of curing all diseases.

March 9th.—We reached Sioot last night, and this morning my mother and I set off to the bazaars to invest in some earthenware goods, for which this place is famous, but though we had ordered some on our way up the country, we found very few ready. After remaining some time in the town, we went to see the cemetery, which is in the desert at the foot of the hills. It is a wild and desolate place, but the tombs seem well taken care of. There is little variety in them; they consist either of a plain headstone, or a square inclosure covered in by a white-washed dome. The only living things among them were some aloes, which grow to a much greater height than in England. All the approaches to Sioot are pretty. The roads are deliciously shaded by the mimosa or *sont* tree, a kind of acacia, the scent of which fills the air for miles round. Often in sailing on the river, we know when we are coming to a grove

of these trees, long before they are in sight. Sioot is the capital of Upper Egypt, and the prettiest town on the Nile. The view of it from the desert is beautiful; we counted thirteen minarets, some of which are considered the most graceful in Egypt. The pasha's palace is situated among palms, lemons, and acacias, which are all in flower at present. The flower of the date-palm is exquisite. It is pure white, and looks like alabaster. The flower it most resembles is the lily of the valley, but the green stalks are more thickly covered with blossoms.

A number of them lie in a kind of pod, of the shape (only larger) of the shell of a cuttle fish, and when this ripens and bursts, or if it is cut open, there lie these lovely flowers, looking so pure and beautiful. There are two sorts of date-palm, the male and the female; the latter bears the lovely flower above described. At this time of year, we see men grafting the pollen of the male upon the female trees. We gathered to-day some of the "Rhamnus Lotus." It is a small fruit about the size of a crab-apple, and of the colour of a cherry. It is said by the Arabs to be the fruit that tempted Eve. We saw them being sold in the bazaars; they were measured out in wooden cups.

March 10th. We took a ride through the town

or *bender** of Manfalout to-day; it is of considerable extent, but the bazaars are very poor. I suppose English ladies are rare sights here, as we were very much stared at, more so I thought than in other places. We were advised to bring very thick blue veils with us, but we seldom have occasion to use them. I find an umbrella serves the purpose just as well, and is much pleasanter.

Seven years ago, a lady riding through the streets of Cairo without a thick veil would have been pelted; now in the capital veils are never used by Europeans. We were laughed at for supposing them necessary.

March 11*th.*—We arrived at Tel el Amarna early this morning, and having procured some miserable little donkeys, as usual bridle-less, and rather given to sitting down when mounted, we set off across the desert to see some grottoes, discovered by Sir G. Wilkinson in 1824. We managed to creep into two of them, the others are completely choked up by sand. When once within them, we found them lofty and airy. The walls are covered with sculptures and hieroglyphics; one of the subjects we deciphered very clearly represented a king and queen, with their children, making offerings to the Sun-god Ra. The rays descending on the worshippers, terminated in

* Market-town.

human hands, typifying the benefits they received from the life-giving god.

We were joined to-day by the "Crescent and the Cross," on its way down from Nubia. Our friends paid us a visit under the palm-trees of Tel el Amarna, where we had spread a quilt, and as it was Sunday were waiting for a breeze to spring up to take us on without rowing.

I think the palm-trees of this place are more beautiful than elsewhere, or the weather was more than usually perfect and delicious, for we enjoyed this day of rest more than I can describe. It was such a delightful change after the perpetual noise on the river. One gets so tired of the splash of the oars on a hot airless day, and the men's singing (if indeed such a name can be given to some of their unmusical effusions) is, as I have already said, incessant. We occasionally ask for a translation of their songs, but if a dragoman is not willing to render them into English, he need not, as a general rule, be pressed! Those that Khalil translated for our benefit were generally invocations of help to Allah or the Prophet, or something to do with the latter, as "The well of Muelleh (near Mecca) is empty," and then came the chorus, "Fill it with water." This song was an inexhaustible source of amusement to Khalil, who was very fond of

a joke, particularly his own. If the tea pot wanted filling, or if anything was empty, we used to delight him by saying, "Imla el beer el Muelleh," ("Fill the well of Muelleh,") and he would pass the joke round to the crew, on his way to the kitchen. The words of the songs are generally *à propos de bottes*, as "The slave has lost his master's property," or "He has returned in safety." "Hayley, hayley ya Salame!"* is a very common one. Their songs generally consist of two parts, a solo which the sharpest of the party takes upon himself to vary every time, and a chorus which they all repeat. When they were rowing us in the dinghy, they generally kept time with their oars, to the tune of "Hayley, hayley, ya Salame!" which they changed in the following manner, "Ya Mohammed, ya salame! Ya el merkeb†, ya salame! Ya jemel‡, ya salame! and so on, every passing object suggesting fresh words. It used to delight them very much if I gave any help in the selection. I remember once how enchanted they were at my proposing "Ya amm Khalil!§ ya salame!" They also often sang about their sheikhs or saints, of whom

* "Help! help! oh, peace!"

† "Oh! the boat!" ‡ "Oh, camel!"

§ "Oh! uncle Khalil!" The lower orders in Egypt generally use the word Amm, uncle, when speaking to each other.

they seem to have an indefinite supply. There was one who was in constant request; his name was Abd el Adee; he had a house at Boolak, but what there was particularly saint-like about him, I never quite found out. As I am on the subject of saints, I ought to mention that a few days ago, as we were sailing down a wild and rocky reach of the river, we saw the men throwing pieces of bread into the water. Khalil was summoned to tell us the reason of this remarkable fancy, and he informed us that a great saint called Sheikh Said lived in the mountains we were passing, whether in the body or not, I am not sure, and that every one who passed ought to throw bread into the water, which he assured us would be duly transmitted to him by the birds. We certainly saw several large white birds taking the pieces in their beaks, and flying with them towards the rocks, but whether to their own homes, or the sheikh's, I cannot pretend to say. We however added our contributions to the feast, having no objection to propitiate either dead or absent saints, but we in general ignored the sanctity of those we encountered. Often when the wind obliged us to moor, we were much annoyed by these "holy men." As soon as the boat stopped, a skinny half-clothed and wholly dirty figure came towards us, and squatting on the bank struck up a

doleful chant, to which he kept time by swaying his body backwards and forwards, and rolling his head from side to side, accelerating his movements, and raising his voice, as his zeal waxed warm. It was in vain desiring him to move off; for though he received nothing from us, he was sure of a liberal *bakshish* from Khalil and the crew, who treated him with great deference, and seemed to think themselves highly honoured by his presence!

March 12th.—We reached Beni Hassan last night, and this morning set off about six to see the grottoes. We never enjoyed ourselves less, for a tremendous gale of wind was blowing, and the sand was flying about our heads in clouds, so that we could hardly venture to open either our eyes or mouths. We went first to the Stabl Antar, a name given to several grottoes, both here and at Siout. They seem to have been the joint-work of Osirei I. and of Thothmes III., for their *cartouches* are very clearly sculptured on the walls.

A desert ride of two miles brought us to a range of about thirty grottoes, cut in a stratum of lime-stone, two-thirds of the way up the mountain. The road led among the ruins of some villages, which Ibrahim Pasha destroyed on account of the lawlessness of the inhabitants,—a severe measure, but it freed the country from a dangerous set of men. Our donkeys

and ourselves were dragged up a precipitous pathway, and at last came upon a level with the grottoes, which are more ancient than the Stabl Antar. They are not of great depth, but their paintings are remarkable on account of their great antiquity. The most curious represented a wrestling match. Every imaginable position was depicted. The wrestlers were painted two different shades of red, so that the intertwining of their limbs might be distinctly seen. The drawings were wonderfully correct. We were much amused at the animated hunting scenes in many of the tombs. The hunter with a bow and arrows stands in the middle of a group of gazelles and antelopes! Some are running towards him, while those in front remain stationary to afford a good aim; very few are running away. Those near him are stuck full of arrows, which they however seem to enjoy, and the others turn round their heads with the most perfect *nonchalance*, to see when their turn is coming!

In one of the tombs a bull fight is depicted; in another, tumblers and jugglers are amusing a company of guests, who are playing at draughts and other games. Some travellers, whose sole ideas of Egypt are connected with the comparatively modern history of Joseph and his brethren, have imagined one of the paintings here to represent the meeting

between them, but this supposition is quite erroneous.* The date of the paintings precludes the possibility of it.

Mr. Gliddon (late U. S. Consul at Cairo), who has written several interesting books upon Egypt, reminds us that "the events dwelt upon by the Jewish historians may have been sometimes exceedingly important to the interests and welfare of the Jews, without always thereby requiring that they should be of equal consequence to the Egyptians. Nor must prejudice, or preconceived opinions, continue to be flattered by deception as to the relations between the early Hebrews, and a mighty, powerful monarchy like that of Egypt—whose conquests *prior* to the Exodus as well as for many centuries subsequently, had extended into Africa further than a white man can penetrate at the present day, whose garrisons held Palestine, Syria, Arabia, Assyria, Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, and other remote Asiatic nations in tribute or in bondage, and whose powerful sway had already been felt in Lybia and Barbary.

"It is a sad, but too excruciatingly accurate con-

* The fact that the sculpture represents a man leading forward twelve others towards the king would, one would think, be a sufficient reason for *not* persisting in the mistake, as it is nowhere said that Joseph presented all his brethren to Pharaoh. We read on the contrary that he only took five of them.

viction in the minds of Champollion's disciples, that had *all* the hieroglyphic legends of ancient Egypt been preserved to us, we should now possess a complete, unbroken, and authentic series of annals, back to the remotest periods of conceivable postdiluvian time; when the ancestors of the Hebrews were mere nomads in Aramanea; when the Pelasgians were yet unborn; the Greeks, the Persians, and perhaps the Phœnicians, had not been dreamed of; more than fifteen centuries before Troy fell, and much more than thirteen hundred years before Solomon founded the Temple of Jerusalem, till we should approach the early hour when mankind dwelt together on the plains of Shinar."* Again he says, "*The monuments are silent about the Hebrews.* Although some cannot disconnect the Jews from the Egyptians, we can certainly detach the Egyptians from the Jews. Egyptian local and internal history is as independent of Jewish history prior to the days of Solomon, — except so far as it may concern the Hebrew Exode,— as is the history of China. Egypt has her own chronicles, her own events, and her own annalists independently of all connection with the Jews, whom she preceded in antiquity by at least ten centuries."†

The vaulted roofs in these grottoes are all painted,

* Gliddon's Ancient Egypt. † Idem.

and supported by pillars of various kinds. Among them we saw and recognised the Doric! supposed to have had its origin in Greece, but which was to be seen in these caves some centuries before Abraham visited Egypt!

By the time we had seen the tombs, the wind was blowing a tremendous hurricane, and the sand raised by it showered down on us like heavy rain. In fact until we reached our dinghy, we had to undergo all the disagreeable effects of a regular sand-storm, so often mentioned and so often misrepresented by travellers, that I will again venture to quote the learned Mr. Gliddon, and reassure the timid by telling them that "the Desert is not a dreary plain of sand, which has overwhelmed a once fertile country, whose only vestiges are the 'isolated gardens of the oasis;' but a high table land of limestone, sandstone, granite, and other rocks, according to locality, where frequently as the shades of evening warn you to search for a bivouac, you are delighted if you can find as much sand as will make under your carpet a Bedawee's mattress. The Isthmus of Suez, and a few other places, are exceptions to the rule.

"The fanciful account of caravans being overwhelmed by sand would be too puerile to deserve attention, did not those paragons of observers, Hero-

dotus and Strabo, Paul Lucas and St. John (who confined their knowledge to the half-mile strip of sand between the cultivated soil and the desert or 'Hagar', stone) perpetuate the delusion. Strabo, like some later travellers, must have braved great dangers during his voyage! The army of Cambyses is said to have been swallowed up by 'waves of sand.' It would be a phenomenon in physics to see one of such waves! No aërial force having the power of raising such waves of sand, there never was during a simoom or khamseen, the slightest danger from any motion of the sands of the desert.

"The desert, the sand, the simoom, with all their fabulous horrors, are infinitely more appalling in a book of travels than when encountering the acmé of their disagreeables in Sahara itself."*

Our *dahabieh* had floated down from Beni Hassan to Mataghara, a village three miles further on, so when we left the grottoes we got into the dinghy, and sailed away at a tremendous rate with a shawl tied between two oars, and an umbrella. The Arabs all have long scarfs or plaids of a blue and black check pattern, which they often use as sails, and though a little alarming at first sight, they answer the purpose very well. We soon got on board the

* Gliddon's Ancient Egypt.

"Sphinx," and with some difficulty persuaded the rais to start, for though the wind was right in our favour, it was blowing with such force that we were assured that, if we were once to run upon a sandbank, we might stick there *à perpétuité;* but the "Crescent and the Cross" and the "Memphis" having started (the rais of the former was ruled with a stick), we insisted on going too, and accordingly set off in grand style, and arrived safely at Minieh about twelve o'clock. We had arranged with our friends of the "Memphis" to stop there and see the sugar manufactory, which is superintended by a Mr. Hoskins, a Scotchman, and a very intelligent man.

The first thing we saw was the sugar-canes being thrown into a trough which passed them under an enormous roller turned by three wheels. The juice squeezed out was carried off in an open pipe. The pressed canes were then shovelled away down below, and served as fuel to the furnaces. The sap was carried to an upper room through pipes which led it into vats, where it was passed through charcoal and lime to purify it; then through more pipes of a serpentine form, which condensed and carried off the steam; after this it was passed through some more charcoal filters, then again raised and boiled in a vacuum vat, and poured off in a large stream into

another receptacle where it was left to thicken. The next process was pouring it into some porous vats, which were turned round with such velocity that the centrifugal force, continued for six minutes, strained off the molasses, and left the brown sugar, which was carried away in baskets, and again pressed for some hours to extract every drop of moisture.

The purifying and moulding into loaves takes place at another manufactory which was not at work, as labour is scarce owing to the frequent conscriptions. Sugar here is purified with eggs, charcoal, and lime, on account of the Mohammedan prejudice against blood. It is therefore not so white and sparkling as the West-India sugar. About eight or ten tons are made daily; five hundred Arabs are employed by Mr. Hoskins; they work day and night, six hours at a time each. They seemed very active and cheerful, but of course asked for *bakshish*, which however they did not get.

I do not think that I have mentioned the two instruments of irrigation in Egypt, by which the waters of the Nile are carried to the very borders of the sandy desert.

The *Sakia* is a rude contrivance of two perpendicular wheels turned by a horizontal beam. The outer wheel has a string of earthen jars, which at every re-

volution descend into the water, and on ascending empty themselves into a trough; the water then flows into the fields by little channels, which invest every separate square patch, and serve the double purpose of watering the ground and fencing off one enclosure from another. The sakia is worked by a pair of oxen, urged on by a small boy who sits on the end of the pole to which they are yoked. Creak, creak, goes the sakia from morning to night; full well does the Nile traveller remember that sound. It is the only one there is to break the intense stillness of the air. Thousands and thousands of birds are daily seen, but there are few singing birds in Egypt, and the melancholy music of the sakia seems the dirge of the kingdom of the Pharaohs!

In Lower Egypt, and particularly in the neighbourhood of Minieh, is seen the *Shadoof*, a contrivance simple as it is ancient, and which no doubt presented itself to Abraham's eyes, as it did in the year 1855 to ours. An exact representation of it may be seen sculptured in the tombs. It consists of a bucket swinging from a pole; it is dipped into the river, and emptied above by another into a shallow stream. The pole is weighted at the other end with a large stone, or a lump of clay.

There are generally two men at each bucket who

stand opposite each other, filling and emptying it without cessation. They are sometimes scantily clothed, but oftener are in nature's garb alone. If the bank is high there are two or three ranges of shadoofs, the lower pouring into the reservoirs of the upper. It is very hard work, and the men are not kept at it more than three hours each. These bronze figures working silently and sadly are often the only living things one sees along the banks for miles together. There is no creak, as in the sakia, and you can sometimes hardly distinguish the dark figures that call out for *bakshish* as you are sailing past them!

Everything that supports life in Egypt is taxed by the pasha. Every sakia is taxed so many piastres a year, and every palm-tree is numbered and taxed also.* In short, how the wretched inhabitants live is a marvel, considering the many hindrances they meet with, though certainly with such a climate and few wants one could put up with a good deal.

The wind which was so favourable suddenly chopped round soon after we left Minieh, so here we are moored

* The tax upon the palm-trees has been calculated to amount to about a hundred thousand pounds sterling; the trees are rated according to their qualities, generally at a piastre and a half each. The "income tax" is generally one twelfth of a man's income or salary. Each kind of grain is taxed eighteen piastres per ardebb (of about five bushels). — Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, vol. i. chap. iv.

to-night opposite the Gebel el Tayr, or mountain of the bird. The Arab captains are very cautious, and there are many parts of the river where they insist on mooring at night. There is a perpetual squabble on the subject of mooring. The boatmen *will* always stop close to a village, for fear, they tell you, of pirates, midnight robbers, and dangers of all sorts. These perils may sound very alarming, and one might expatiate for an hour upon the idea of two or three unprotected individuals in a foreign land, &c. &c., but one soon gets accustomed to being "robbed and murdered," and the fear of it is nothing in comparison with the Egyptian plague of dogs, by which every village is infested. They bark at the boat,—they bark at each other,—they bark at the jackals, in short they find something to bark at the live-long night; and sound must be the sleeper whose slumbers they do not disturb.

We were so much annoyed by them at Luxor, that one night my brother told Khalil to fire a gun, loaded only with powder, over their heads, if they came near the boat; that worthy individual, however, not only loaded the gun with ball, but deliberately aimed at an unfortunate intruder, wounding it mortally. Its dying howls for some minutes were very distressing, and our sporting propensities were the laugh of the English boats for some days!

Whenever a *dahabieh* moors at night, the traveller's property is under the protection of the sheikh of the district, who is responsible for its safety. For this purpose two watchmen are sent to pass the night on the bank, where they light a fire and, I must do them the justice to say, look very picturesque. They as a matter of course go sound asleep, and on awaking expect a small *bakshish* for the benefit of their protection. In whatever manner their vigil has been kept, the boat is equally safe, for it is their presence only, as watchmen, that is required. If the traveller, trusting to his revolvers and the prestige of the British flag, refuses to have them, it is these identical men, aided by the crew, that would be commissioned to rob him, and the sheikh or pasha would give no redress. If however anything is stolen when watchmen are engaged, any value may be put upon the missing articles, and the treble is repaid by the sheikh, who levies the sum upon the inhabitants of his district. The *bakshish* is optional, and Khalil very seldom paid it. Two piastres is the largest sum given.

The boats' crews are in general very honest. During the whole of our trip, we had only a little coffee stolen. The "Skin," who was on the whole a good grateful creature, had been sent on shore at Keneh

to get some ground and roasted, and the quantity he brought back was less by some *okes* than what he took to the bazaar.

We laid in a fresh supply of lentiles at Minieh. This reminds me of a story not generally known—

"I cannot say what the truth may be,
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

A gentleman was travelling on the Nile, and perceiving what strong active men his boatmen were, and yet that they never touched animal food, but lived entirely on lentile soup, set his wits to work; and the idea struck him that among the fanciful and credulous in his own country he might make his fortune! No sooner said than done; our hero procured an immense quantity of lentiles, for which he paid a mere song; he then pounded and refined them, put them up in small paper parcels, gave them a very fine name, and found he might sell his "Revalenta Arabica," for any sum he liked to ask! "He to be one sharp man," as Khalil would say!

March 13*th*.—The wind was contrary to-day, so we could only float with the current. This motion is very disagreeable; the river was extremely rough, and the waves and breakers by no means despicable; our boat rolled and tossed about as if we were at sea.

In floating the progress is very small, and most undignified, — first stern foremost, then turning slowly round and round, till one quite forgets which way one is going; the wind blowing in first on one side of the cabin, then on the other. Our friends of the "Memphis" spent the evening with us, so the boats were lashed together and they jogged on side by side. The "false pyramid" or "Haram el Kedab," as the Arabs call it, was in sight to-day, reminding us of our near approach to the end of our journey. This pyramid derives its name from an erroneous supposition that the base of it is a rock. It is built in terraces and degrees, and is said to resemble the ancient tower of Belus.

March 14*th.*—We had a rather exciting race with the "Memphis" this evening. We had only eight oars, although our full number is ten, but one man is ill, and another has run away; the deficiency ought of course to be supplied by the rais, but that worthy seldom does as he ought to do, so we were not fairly matched, as the other boat which is half our size had six oars, and after some time we had to give in. We were much amused at hearing our men call out to the other crew, "Any two of us could row a dinghy like that!"

We reached Bedrishain in the evening.

March 16*th.*—A gale of wind yesterday prevented

our visiting the pyramids of Sakkara, but this morning we set out for them, not however at our usual early hour, for we waited for our letters, which had been intrusted to one of the crew, whom we had sent to Cairo the day before. We received twenty-two letters, and a dozen newspapers. The ride to Sakkara is one of the most beautiful we have taken since we have been in Egypt. The road lies through lovely groves or rather forests of tall graceful palms, and between mounds of rubbish and broken pottery, which now mark the site of the once flourishing Memphis.

It appears that it is not in Egypt alone that these extraordinary traces of ancient towns are universally found. Layard, in the beginning of his celebrated work on Nineveh, tells us how they struck him. He says, "Were the traveller to cross the Euphrates, to seek for such ruins in Mesopotamia and Chaldea as he had left behind him in Asia Minor or Syria, his search would be in vain. The graceful column rising above the thick foliage of the myrtle, the ilex, and the oleander,—the gradients of the amphitheatre covering the gentle slope, and overlooking the dark blue waters of a lake-like bay, — the richly carved capital or cornice, half hidden by the luxuriant herbage, are replaced by the *stern shapeless mound* rising like a hill from the scorched plain, the frag-

ments of pottery, and the stupendous mass of brick-work (or rather broken earthenware), occasionally laid bare by the winter rains. He has left the land where nature is still lovely, where in his mind's eye he can rebuild the temple or the theatre, half doubting whether they would have a more grateful impression on the senses than the ruins before him.

"He is now at a loss to give any form to the rude heaps upon which he is gazing. Those of whose works they are the remains have left no visible traces of their civilisation or their arts, — their influence has long since passed away. The more he conjectures the more vague the results appear. The scene around is worthy of the ruin he is contemplating. Desolation meets desolation; a feeling of awe succeeds to wonder, for there is nothing to relieve the mind, to lead to hope, or to tell of what has gone by. These huge mounds of Assyria made a deeper impression on me, gave rise to more serious thought, and more earnest reflection, than the temples of Baalbec, or the theatres of Ionia." *

Near the village of Sakkara are some broken figures and sarcophagi, but more beautiful than all is a splendid colossal statue of Rameses III., given by Mohammed Ali to the British Museum, but which

* Layard's Nineveh, chap. i. p. 7.

has been left here on account of the expense of removing it! There it lies on its face, for the Nile to wash over it every year, and hide its form more and more; the expression of the face is beautiful, so calm and majestic, and the chiselling is equal to anything of Chantrey's.

I will not fatigue the reader with a detailed account of this "chef-d'œuvre de la sculpture égyptienne," as Champollion calls it; but his description gives so true an idea of Egyptian beauty, so seldom appreciated, that I subjoin an extract of it: — "La face de cette statue, travaillée comme toutes les autres parties avec un soin extrême, est d'une perfection que je ne m'attendais point à rencontrer dans un ouvrage égyptien d'aussi ancien style. L'expression en est à la fois douce et fière, et un examen très-rapide suffit pour convaincre que c'est là un véritable portrait. Les yeux, d'une grandeur moyenne, sont moins saillants que ceux de la plupart des autres statues, les sourcils sont fortement marqués, l'angle externe des yeux n'est point exagéré comme à l'ordinaire; le nez est long et aquilin, et la bouche petite, quoique les lèvres soient toujours un peu fortes. Des joues pleines et un menton arrondi donnent à l'ovale de la face une élégance et une grâce dignes de remarque. Les oreilles d'une excellente forme mais dont l'extrémité

supérieure dépasse toujours la ligne de l'œil, caractère essentiel de toute figure de véritable style égyptien, sont percées comme pour y suspendre quelque ornement précieux. Rhamsès-le-Grand est sans barbe, ainsi que l'est son aïeul sur l'un des bas-reliefs de Medinet Habou." *

An hour's ride brought us to the Sakkara Pyramids. There are six or seven of them in tolerable preservation, but many of them are reduced to mere mounds. The highest is about three hundred feet. It is divided into four terraces or degrees, and is the most perfect of them all; I went up it with two guides, but it was not till I began the ascent, or rather till I had reached the summit and looked down, that I formed a just conception of its height. The view from the top is very fine, and quite unique of its kind. Looking west, the eye wanders over a wild stretch of desert ground broken by many heaps of pottery, and the remains of ancient Pyramids; those of Dashour and of Ghizeh overtopping their smaller neighbours. The view of Cairo in the distance was beautiful; the mosque of Mohammed Ali on the Citadel Hill, standing out in fine contrast to the range of Mokattam mountains, whose deep red sides form a back ground to the picture.

* Egypte Ancienne, par Champollion-Figeac.

We next proceeded to the mummy pits. It would be a dangerous ride after dark, for the plain we crossed was honey-combed with half opened tombs which had all been plundered of whatever they contained, and bones, both human and (I was near saying) divine —for those we saw were of sacred bulls,—strewed the ground!

The entrance for the first time into a mummy pit is, I think, one of the strangest sights in Egypt. An underground sloping passage of some length brought us into this extraordinary place. There we were, many feet below the surface of the earth, and for *miles* round us were closely packed the mummied bodies of ibises and cats!! A most strange conception of deity to our imaginations! There they lay, as countless as the grains of sand, and how such a colony of cats could ever have been collected is, and must ever remain, a mystery to us. They are hermetically sealed in cylindrical-shaped red earthenware jars, of which we brought away a few.

The "father of history" takes pains to assure us that the Egyptians "are extremely religious, and surpass all men in the worship they render to the gods,"* but we cannot wonder at the satirical Juvenal finding in

* Herodotus, ii. 37.

their worship an inexhaustible fund of amusement; this assemblage of cats and ibises recalls to one's mind his lines on the subject, translated by Dryden: —

"How Egypt, mad with superstition grown,
Makes gods of monsters, but too well is known,
One sect devotion to Nile's serpent pays,
Others to *Ibis*, which on serpents preys.
Where Thebes, thy hundred gates lie unrepaired,
And where maimed Memnon's magic harp is heard,
Where these are mouldering, lo! the sots combine
With pious care a monkey to enshrine.
Fish-gods you'll meet with fins and scales o'ergrown,
Diana's dogs adored in every town;
Her dogs have temples, but the goddess none.
'Tis mortal sin an onion to devour,
Each clove of garlic is a sacred power;
Religious nation, sure, and blest abodes,
Where every garden is o'errun with gods!"

CHAPTER VIII.

The Pyramids of Ghizeh. — The Sphinx. — Mosque of Sultan Amr. — The Copts. — Conscription. — Plague of Flies. — Last interview with the Crew. — Farewell to the "Sphinx."

March 17th. — At last the day was come when I was to see the Pyramids of Ghizeh. I was to have a near view of those wonders of the world, which I had seen so often from a distance. We started at seven o'clock after an early breakfast, and Mr. G. kindly accompanied us. The day was not favourable at starting, for we had a heavy shower of rain (a most unusual circumstance), and so strong a gale of wind was blowing, as to make us give up all hopes of ascending to the top. As we continued our ride, our train increased to twenty or thirty men, and close to the Pyramids we found crowds of wild-looking Bedouins, fine athletic men. One of the privates of the 10th Hussars, stationed at Cairo just now *, was there, and we saw him climb up. The ride from

* The 10th Hussars and 12th Lancers remained some days at Cairo on their way from India to the Crimea.

Ghizeh to the Pyramids occupied rather more than two hours. During the whole of this time the objects of our expedition were in view, and naturally engrossed all our attention. It is very strange that as you advance the Pyramids seem constantly to recede, and it was most tantalising to feel as if we were only a stone's throw from them, and still find we had a considerable distance to go. At last we reached the mountain of masonry, and stood below it. But it was long ere the eye attained the power of perceiving its real proportions. Travellers have often said that the best way of appreciating, in some small degree, the size of the Pyramids, is to observe the height of the stones of which they are composed. They are in regular tiers, of which some of the lowest are six or seven feet high! This certainly gives one an idea of the scale on which they are built, but their dimensions struck us most forcibly when we attempted to go round them. Till then we had no idea of it! The ground they occupy is said to be equal to the area of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The entrance into the Great Pyramid is some way from the base, but unsuccessful excavators in trying to find it have raised such heaps of rubbish and sand, that we had no difficulty in reaching it. The doorway is very massive, but over the entrance we observed a most singular-looking hieroglyphical inscription which

we were much disgusted to find had been carved there by Lepsius and his German friends to commemorate their contributions to archæology under the patronage of the King of Prussia. The rather barbarous nature of some of their exploits I have before had occasion to refer to. Miss Martineau says that much more courage is necessary to go into, than up, the Great Pyramid. I do not know how that may be, not having done both, but I should certainly not advise any one to explore the interior whose imagination might possibly be overpowered by the strange impression of vastness and solidity which strikes the mind on entering.

Considering all we had heard and read of the airlessness of the interior, we thought the fewer guides we had, the better. Crowds of Bedouins surrounded the entrance, all clamorously demanding to be engaged, but we at last began our pilgrimage with *only* ten, stationing two or three more at the opening to prevent the others from following. The first passage we descended was the loftiest of all, being nearly three feet and a half high! It is about a hundred feet long, and is on a steep declivity. The granite with which it is roofed and paved is so highly polished as to be very slippery; but there are notches cut at intervals which prevent one falling far. We half sat,

half crouched down, and with an Arab at each arm reached the end in safety. Here those, who first excavated, found a deep well, into the mouth of which we looked, and here it was long supposed that the passage ended; but, as will be presently seen, our journey was only begun. We next climbed up a perpendicular wall of granite overhanging the well; how we managed it, I do not know, but somehow or other we arrived at the top. Here we found another passage, one hundred and fifty-eight feet in length, which was as steep as if it had once been a staircase, the steps of which had been worn away; but though slippery and extremely difficult to walk up, it was high in the roof. Another long, and very low passage, in which we could hardly do more than crawl along on our faces, brought us to the King's Chamber.

The air was oppressive, but not so much so as might be supposed. It is said there are air passages to this room; but the roof is very lofty; and I cannot say that we saw them distinctly. In this out of the way, and almost inaccessible, place, is the sarcophagus of Saophis or Cheops, as Herodotus calls him, the founder of this mountain of masonry, erected according to Lepsius 3426 B.C.! The sarcophagus, which is of granite, sounds when struck like a deep-toned bell. The walls of this chamber, and indeed of all the pas-

sages in this pyramid, are lined with huge blocks of granite, all brought from Assouan!

Khalil made the Arabs who were with us sing to let us hear the reverberation, and one of them danced, —a performance totally uncalled for on our part! The echoes of their song were countless. It was a very strange and wild, though far from "pretty," scene. Nine of these dark savage-looking creatures squatted in a circle, yelling and shrieking, and beating time with their hands, while they rolled their eyes and swayed their bodies backwards and forwards; and one, who really was worthy of being one of Pluto's subjects, threw himself into the most violent contorsions. The dim light of the torches we held in our hands faintly illumined this pandemonium.

The object of the erection of the Pyramids is still involved in mystery. It is said by some that the bones of a bull were found in the sarcophagus; others deny the fact; some say that when discovered it was as empty as it is now. Many have searched below it for the King's body, but hitherto unsuccessfully. Under the form of a pyramid, Venus has been worshipped from the remotest antiquity in Hindostan; also by the ancient Mexicans, the Assyrians, the Phœnicians, the Greeks of Asia and Europe, and by the Egyptians, has the Queen of Heaven been adored; many therefore

think it probable that they were erected for the worship of Athor, better known perhaps by her Latin name of Venus.

The Sabæans had a great respect for the Pyramids, fancying them to be the sepulchres of Seth, and of Enoch and Sabi, his two sons, whom they look upon as the first propagators of their religion. At these structures they sacrifice a cock and a black calf, and offer up incense.*

Of course every one who states an opinion brings, or thinks he brings, forward unanswerable reasons for the same, and, as a matter of course, every one thinks his own conclusion the right one. Among such a host of different opinions the unprejudiced traveller is surely at liberty to put this and that argument together, and either choose for himself the reasoning which on consideration appears most likely to be correct, or, afraid of submitting the case to his own judgment, he may let the matter rest by contenting himself, though perhaps rather indolently, by observing things as they exist; but let him beware how, without much previous study and knowledge of the subject, he treats with contumely the opinions of those to whom we are indebted for the little we know of Ancient Egypt.

* Sale's Preliminary Discourse to the Koran.

After the demoniacal concert above described we again intrusted ourselves to the tender mercies of our guides, and proceeded to the "Queen's Chamber." This apartment is situated under the apex of the Pyramid, as is seen by the pointed roof.

It was indeed a strange feeling when we remembered what acres of solid masonry separated us from the open air. The chamber we were in, and indeed every passage we had passed through, was lined with blocks of highly polished granite so closely fitting that the point of a pin could not be inserted between them! We were in the centre of the Great Pyramid; but we did not feel alarmed; we coolly talked over the chances of suffocation, and the time that would elapse before we could possibly either get out, or obtain assistance. The heat was intense, much greater than on the outside, but we did not find it unbearable, and, notwithstanding the difficulties of access, we did not for a moment regret our trouble.

It is strange that no hieroglyphic or sculpture has ever been discovered in the Pyramids; but as usual the names of travellers disfigure the walls in every direction. The guides offered us pieces of white chalk, and were surprised at our refusing them! I must say I think the Pyramid Bedouins have been maligned. We found them gentle and civil, and

wonderfully expert in helping us; in fact the expedition would be impracticable without them. They of course begged for *bakshish* at all the most difficult places, but this we resisted, and told them they would get none till we came out, and, like spoiled children, not then, if they asked for it!

It was a very curious sight to see the daylight at the end of the last long steep passage, up which we scrambled on hands and knees. We rested for some time at the entrance talking to the soldier I mentioned above. We were rather amused at his not venturing above a few yards into the interior. Mr. G. asked him if he could not go where two ladies had been, but he replied that there was nothing English ladies would not do now-a-days, that no women in the world equalled them in spirit, and so forth, but he declared he would rather go to the top twice, than into such a dark place with the thick walls all round him!

The scene of one of Napoleon's greatest victories recalled to our minds the thrilling address of the conqueror to his men, before the battle,—"Soldiers, from yonder Pyramids, forty centuries look down upon you!" How they fought, and how they conquered, animated to a man, with the spirit of their leader, is now matter of history, but the recollection of such events as these, which had happened comparatively so near

our own times, heightened very greatly the interest which the Pyramids themselves could not fail to inspire.*

We next proceeded to the Sphinx, which we had as yet only seen in the distance. The head and ridge of the back is all that is now visible. The face is much mutilated, but the expression of the eyes is the same as ever, and we thought how reassuring they must have been to the worshippers as they offered their sacrifices in the temple that stood between its feet! It was indeed a noble idea to have such a representation of the deity they adored, overlooking their offering and accepting it in person! Strange must have been the sight when that form was enveloped in the smoke from the altar, and the prostrate crowd believed that their prayers were heard! Strange it is now to gaze into those unchanged and speaking eyes, to see the vast but correct proportions of that mighty idol, reposing as it has done for ages, now partially veiled by the sands of the desert!

It is impossible to account for the feeling that possesses the mind on first beholding the Sphinx. It cannot be produced by mere magnitude, for in that respect, in comparison with the Pyramids, it is nothing, and might almost be passed unob-

* Crescent and the Cross.

served among the surrounding rocks; but whether it be partly from association and the name,—or rather that the species of art be intrinsically higher, and that the delineation of the human form, and features, on so gigantic a scale, has a more exalted power over the imagination,—I will not pretend to determine; but so it was,—and I could far more easily understand the feeling which could make men fall down and worship the Sphinx, than all the other gods and goddesses, or even Colossi that I had ever seen. The head-dress, and the mouth, ears, and eyes, are very perfect, and there is something fearful in the lofty calmness of its solemn earnest gaze into the far distance; and as we contemplated those eyes, fixed as they have been for thousands of years, and looking as if they would penetrate into futurity itself,—the thought passed through our minds of the empires which had risen and crumbled away, leaving scarce a trace behind them, since first that rock in the desert had assumed the human form, and we felt what never-ending food for reflection such a sight as this afforded.

The rocks of Ghizeh have been excavated to an extent inconceivable to our modern notions of the powers of human labour. The plan of Lepsius numbers more than one hundred of these chambers all con-

taining reliefs or pictures, or worthy of note for some peculiarities of internal construction. But these form but a very small proportion of the tombs actually in existence. For miles on every side the earth is honeycombed with long series of sepulchral chambers, crowded with hosts of dead who desired to rest within the sacred precincts of the Pyramids of Ghizeh. The well-known and valuable researches of Colonel Howard Vyse have put us in possession of many facts regarding this interesting spot, he having made the Pyramids and adjacent tombs his principal study.

We spent some time in examining them and afterwards enjoyed a quiet siesta in one which had been lately vacated by a gentleman, where after a hearty lunch we read Miss Martineau's beautiful, and Sir Gardner Wilkinson's graphic, descriptions of all we had seen.

March 18th, Sunday.— We crossed the river this morning in our dinghy with Mr. G., and landing at Old Cairo took donkeys and rode up to church. It is more than an hour's ride from the landing place, and our watches being all wrong * we were very late in

* The Arabs, being unprovided with chronometers, and having probably never heard of Greenwich time, adopt a simple and original method of keeping their watches right (?), namely, by setting them at six every evening when the sun sinks below the

arriving; but it would be difficult to be the last comer at morning service in Cairo. People drop in till quite the end of the sermon. I wish some one would suggest to Mr. Lieder to preach before he reads prayers, for the benefit of late comers, for his sermons delivered in rather broken English are at first difficult to understand. The church was very full, and as most of the *dahabiehs* have come down the river by this time, there was an extensive amount of "wagging of elbows," as Hadji Baba would call it, after the service.

On our way back to the "Sphinx" we went to see the Mosque of Sultan Amr at Old Cairo. It was the first mosque erected in this country, and therefore regarded with great reverence by the Moslems. It was partially destroyed many years ago by lightning, but must have been a splendid building when entire. The roof is supported by three hundred and sixty columns made of a white stone like alabaster; one of them was brought from Mecca, and a dent in it which Khalil kissed is said to be the mark of the Prophet's hand!

There are two pillars in this mosque near the doorway, standing very close together, and the first thing Khalil did, was (with some difficulty) to squeeze him-

horizon! We, of course, while on the river did the same, on the principle of "doing at Rome what the Romans do."

self between them, to show us, as he said, that he was a good man; bad people, it is supposed, cannot pass through them! Perforated stones are not uncommon in India, and devout people pass through them, when the opening will admit of it, in order to be regenerated.*

We also visited a celebrated Coptic church this afternoon, which is built over a grotto, where the Virgin is said to have lived when she fled from Herod. This spot is believed to have been her first resting place, but it is at Sioot that she is supposed to have resided. The woodwork about this church is exquisite; the reredos and chancel screen are of inlaid mosaics of wood and ivory. There were no candles on the altar. I cannot say for certain how many steps there were leading to it, but I think there were more than three; we did not obtain a distinct view of them, for the *hajkel* or chancel screen was very high and the carving close. There was only one altar; beneath it was a grotto into which we descended by a short flight of steps: there is a recess in it, in which we were told the Virgin Mary had slept; Khalil was surprised at our not kissing it as he and the guide both did, and was still more astonished when we told him that we do not pray to

* Heeren's Asiatic Researches.

the Blessed Virgin as the Copts do. The Mussulmans also revere her as the mother of the "Prophet Isa,"* and call her *el Sitt Mariam*, the Lady Mary.

The Copts are not now maltreated and despised by the government as they were in former years. Some of them have even been raised to the rank of Beys. Before the accession of Mohammed Ali neither the Copts nor Jews were allowed to ride horses in Egypt; but this restriction has at length been withdrawn. Among the many persecutions to which they have been subject the most violent was in the beginning of the fourteenth century, in the reign of Mohammed Ibn Kaloon, when most of their churches were destroyed, and permission was granted to every Mussulman to plunder and murder any Christian he might chance to meet. The Sultan also caused it to be proclaimed that any Copt found wearing a white turban or riding a horse should be killed, that they were to wear blue turbans, and ride neither horses nor mules but only asses, and then with their faces to the animals' tails, and that they should not enter a bath, unless with a bell suspended round their necks.

Now, however, these degradations are unheard of,

* Jesus.

and the dress of the Copts is similar to that of the Moslem Egyptians, excepting in the colours they wear, which are always black or dark grey. Their turbans, especially, are of a different "build," and always black. The Copt women veil their faces, not only in public, but also in the house when any men, except near relations, are present. The unmarried ladies, and females of the lower order generally appear in public with the white veil, but the black is worn by the more respectable of the married ladies.

The Copts are generally employed as secretaries or accountants, and are often seen with a brass inkstand, or inkhorn, in their girdles. They pay the same taxes as the other fellahs*, but enjoy an immunity for which they are much envied by most Moslems. They are not liable to be taken for military service, as no Moslem Prince would honour a Christian by employing him to fight against a true believer; they are therefore unconnected with the heart-rending scenes which are taking place in front of our boat at this moment, where files of chained conscripts are going in and out of the Ghizeh Barracks, opposite to which we are moored: the wailing and weeping of the wives and mothers of these men, especially when a boat-load of them starts

* Peasants.

for Alexandria, is most distressing, and *cawasses* with heavy kurbashes (whips made of hippopotamus hide), which they apply indiscriminately, prevent them approaching the water's edge. The streets and bazaars in the neighbourhood are full of these wretched women, sitting in rows upon the ground, screaming, wailing, covering their heads with dust, tearing their hair, and making every demonstration of grief! The levying of soldiers has become a terror in all Egypt; hence mothers mutilate their children in different ways to save them from the conscription.

Each village is required to furnish its quota; and an opportunity is given to select the men by lot. To a people of strong domestic affections, as are the lower orders in this country, to be seized by force to fight battles for a governor whose interests they have not at heart, and whose name is only associated in their minds with that of the tax-gatherer,—to shed their blood to win laurels for such a ruler, is to them neither consolation nor glory, and certainly the manner of recruiting can give them no favourable ideas of the service they are entering. On a sudden, without warning or preparation, a company of soldiers descends upon a peaceful village, and seizing all the young and vigorous men, drags them off in chains to serve in the army of the pasha!

Hence thousands put out the right eye in order to avoid a similar fate, and when Mohammed Ali, with his usual shrewdness, defeated their object by forming a regiment of one-eyed men, they maimed their right hands also.

One seldom sees a man whole in all his limbs; one or more fingers are frequently chopped off, and, as is well known, almost every Arab is blind of one or both eyes. The right, as above stated, is in many cases put out in infancy, and ophthalmia, the prevailing scourge of Egypt, often deprives the remaining one of sight; but more disgusting than all is the sight of flies feeding upon the diseased eyes, a misery that multiplies itself; it is against the native prejudice to molest them, so they remain, and nine tenths of the children one sees are covered with these pertinacious flies, to which they seem perfectly indifferent. Thus, accustomed to his own peculiar spot, the fly makes its way straight to one's own eye, whence he is speedily dislodged, as the European naturally fears that the seeds of the loathsome disease may be communicated by these winged torments.

In vain does the traveller start from England well armed with quassia, *papier tue-mouche*, and a variety of professedly infallible means of destroying flies; they are worse than useless in a Nile boat. A saucer

full of quassia on a bright summer's day saves you in England from the inconvenience of a score or two of flies, but here, where their name is legion, where the more you kill them, the more they seem to increase, where every effort to lessen their numbers appears to endow them with a miraculous power of returning in fresh swarms, one's best plan is to live and let live. If one does kill them it is merely out of spite, for it does not afford the slightest relief. If the traveller is of a blood-thirsty disposition, he will find night the best time for putting his plans into execution. During the hours of darkness his enemies, tired with their day's amusement, retire to rest on the ceiling of his saloon; then armed with a pan of charcoal he may pass it once or twice along the ceiling, and he will have the satisfaction of hearing a phizzing whizzing noise, perhaps a muttered sleepy imprecation upon his murderous propensities, and till morning the room will be clear; then, as the first rays of sunlight shoot into the sky, this never dying plague of Egypt returns in full force!*

March 21st.—Here we are established at Shepheard's British Hotel, and have bid farewell to our comfortable

* I have heard of travellers fastening nets in front of the doors and windows in their boat; I should be inclined to adopt the suggestion "next time."

dahabieh, which has been our home for nine weeks. It was with great regret that we parted from it, and took leave of our crew, with whom in spite of occasional squabbles and uproariousness we have had every reason to be satisfied. They all came up to the hotel to-day, and my brother gave them each a *bakshish*, of a few piastres, which we had counted out and arranged in small parcels; it is customary to give the rais a portion equal to two men's, and the steersman a sum equal to a man and a half. The majestic comportment that distinguished rais Sherif did not forsake him to the last, and he waved his well-formed and symmetrical hand as he gracefully took leave of us. To him and to Hassan the steersman, we gave certificates of a knowledge of the river. To Ibrahim, a very ugly Nubian, was allotted the sum of five piastres extra; having been considered the most trustworthy of the crew, he had been deputed by Khalil to go for milk every morning, and in short to be the performer of various odd jobs; he was the wag of the party, and was a great hand at improvising jocose songs.

Before closing the history of our boat life, I feel it incumbent on me to introduce the reader to the crew who have safely guarded the "SPHINX" through all the perils of the Nile voyage, and who have now

landed us for the second time in Cairo the Magnificent. Age and infirmity must have the first place on the list, and MUSTAPHA'S grey beard claims the pre-eminence, but his character has been unmarked by any distinguishing flashes of genius, and we set him down as old and ugly! HASSAN, surnamed Jild Afreet, *anglicè*, Devil's Skin, next claims attention. He is blind of one eye and squints with the other, is humpbacked, and is of a fine chamois-leather colour, so his personal appearance is decidedly against him, but we have found him very clean, not very quarrelsome, and particularly attentive to ladies. He was the only one of the crew who could boast a knowledge of the English language, and his vocabulary, which consisted of two words "Good morning" and "Good night," was in requisition on every opportunity. SAÏD ACHMED, who rejoiced in the title of Hadji (pilgrim), thereby showing that he had kissed the Caaba at Mecca, had been a tailor in the pasha's army, and, when not otherwise engaged, might be seen diligently stitching at his own or his neighbour's *caftan*.*

IBRAHIM I have already described; he was the songster of the crew, and MOHAMMED, a young Nu-

* Long blue shirt open in front.

bian, thrummed an accompaniment on his ever ready tarrabukka. ISA* is a hard worker, and his only peculiarity is that he is always arrayed in robes of spotless white, and, when rigged out for an excursion to a town, looks quite a gentleman! He has two eyes, but only possesses nine fingers; NIMR, on the contrary, has ten fingers, but only one eye, *i.e.* one seeing eye; his name signifies "tiger;" he is a quiet individual, but has a sheepish look about him; NUSR is cross and illtempered; he has only eight fingers, and not much more than half an eye; HOUSSEIN is a quiet creature who works well, and very seldom speaks; JAD, who completes the number, is a tall lean lanky youth, who has likewise escaped conscription by the loss of sundry fingers.

But here we are at the hotel, and the "Sphinx" and her crew, and all the pleasant as well as unpleasant incidents connected with her, must be ranked among the things that have been. The Maltese cross that has waved so long at our mast-head, now hangs in front of the fireplace in our sitting-room, reminding us of the breezes that bore us on so swiftly, and of the gales that at times impeded all progress. But windy nights, and windless days, noisy rowing and wearisome tracking are not remembered now. Already

* The Arabic for Jesus.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view," and casts a magic veil over the petty annoyances, so keenly felt at the moment, but which now tend to heighten the relish with which we look back on the past, even as the lighter parts of a picture are thrown out by the darker in more vivid and agreeable contrast: and every pleasure is thus enhanced.

Who would think of difficulties or obstacles when standing by moonlight amongst the ruins of the Hundred-gated City, as grand, and far more impressive in the vastness of her desolation, than in the summit of her pride,—where the deathlike silence of the Tomb of Ages is only broken by the dismal hooting of the owl, and the echoes of palaces, which were wont to be waked with the shout of mirth and triumph, are now only mocked by the jackal's unearthly scream! Few and far between are such scenes as these; seldom do such moments occur in the lifetime of a man, but they do not the sooner fade from his recollection. There they remain, treasured in the deep recesses of memory's holiest shrine, whence they may, nevertheless, be evoked by a gentle effort, and will cause a thrill by the vividness of their presence.

CHAPTER IX.

Scene in the Desert. — Suez Canal Question. — A Déjeûner. — Visit to Ismaïl Pasha's Hareem. — Tombs of the Pashas. — Tombs of the Mamelukes. — Arab Funeral. — Islamism.

We drove a couple of miles on the road to Suez this afternoon to see a review of the 11th Hussars. It was a strange and rare sight to find so many British soldiers in that out of the way spot; on "that narrow neck of land" which, as the geography books tell us, unites Asia and Africa; the "narrow neck" consists of a sandy plain about eighty miles in length, over which thousands of our fellow-countrymen yearly pass in light vans drawn by four horses or mules, which accomplish the distance in sixteen hours; this being the only part of their journey which can be called "*overland.*" But to return to the scene before us; on one side the desert extended in a dead flat as far as the eye could see; to the right the range of Mokattam hills, of a deep red colour, shut in the view, and behind us the domes and minarets of Cairo towered among the palm-trees. There were open carriages from all the hotels, full of ladies as gaily dressed as if the

desert had been Hyde Park, and that broad beaten track to Suez their daily resort. Their bright dresses and fashionable bonnets contrasted strangely with some Turkish ladies, who were curiously peeping from under their black silk habarahs*, and looking very hot and uncomfortable in their closed carriages.

There were numbers of Turks with prancing steeds, and gay horsetrappings. There were English, Germans, Greeks, Frenchmen, and Italians on horseback and donkeyback; there were Copts in their sober black garments; Jews with their unmistakable Hebrew noses; Persians with high black head-dresses; Armenians with strange coiffures which looked like flower-pots reversed; besides crowds of Arabs, some on foot, some mounted, whose many-coloured robes, bright red tarbooshes, and snowy white or dark green turbans added to the brilliancy of the scene. All had come to gaze at the regiment of Giaours, some no doubt to curse them, some to laugh at them, some to revile them, but none to wish them GOD-speed. An Eastern mob gives no outward demonstrations of approbation or contempt; they smoke their pipes, and look on unmoved; otherwise the splendid regiment before them would elsewhere have elicited general admiration; both men and horses were in first-

* The walking-dress of an Eastern lady.

rate condition, and performed their evolutions in grand style.

March 22nd.—We rode to-day to see the tombs of the Salateen, which are well worth a visit. The domes are beautifully sculptured, and look as if a network of stone had been thrown over them. The tracery round the windows is very elaborate, and the patterns of the mullions are more varied than any I have seen in Europe. The stained glass with which they were once filled was either broken or taken away by the French. The floors of the mosques which are attached to the tombs are of inlaid marble mosaic work.

The band of the Hussars played in front of the hotel this afternoon; it is a very good one, and we enjoyed hearing some music again, but unfortunately we had some visitors, and among them was Mons. F. de L., who however interested us very much by explaining to us at some length the French canal question. I suppose every one knows the rights and the wrongs of this case; how, if it had not been for French influence at the Ottoman Court, we should have had a railway open to Suez long ago. It is finished now from Alexandria to Cairo with the exception of three bridges*; but the

* These bridges have been erected since this was written.

French want a canal cut through the isthmus, and oppose our railway as much as they can. There are many reasons against the canal, in the first place the enormous expense its execution would entail. If it had been undertaken in the 19th century *before* Christ instead of *after*, it would have cost far less, and been much more promptly executed; but even Rameses the Great would not have carried it to Alexandria on account of spoiling that harbour, and he would have found the north coast then, as now, very dangerous for navigation. Another obstacle to its completion is that no large ship can approach Suez within five miles.

Saïd Pasha has at length given orders for the construction of the railway, the French having come to the conclusion that it will facilitate their canal, but as it has been put into the hands of French engineers, there is no saying when it will be finished. The permission, however, had not been given at the time of M. de L.'s visit to us, and, as I said before, he was full of this canal question of which he has the charge. He calls himself "ministre plénipotentiaire," but it would puzzle him to say to what court he belongs. He was minister here during the republic, and having ingratiated himself with the pasha, he has a fine

palace to live in, and gives *déjeûners* and dinner parties at His Highness's expense. To one of these *déjeûners* he asked us to come to-morrow, and afterwards to go and see Ismaïl Pasha's *hareem*.

March 23*rd*.—Mons. de L.'s carriage came for us this morning, and we proceeded in it to the Hôtel d'Orient to pick up Mons. de B., the French minister to Persia, and the Comtesse de G. his secretary's wife, who are on their way to Teheran. She was the only lady at the *déjeûner* besides ourselves; there were about twenty gentlemen, all French but two, our own consul-general was there, and also Clot and Linant Bey whose names are so well known in Egypt. The *déjeûner* passed off very pleasantly; it lasted till one o'clock, and then we all sat *à la turque* on a high divan and drank coffee and smoked chibouques till two, when a French lady arrived who was to act as interpreter at the hareem.

Mons. de L. who is a great friend of Ismaïl Pasha's had obtained leave for all the gentlemen to see the palace, so we met them there again, and walked through the most magnificently furnished apartments I ever saw. The pasha's ladies had been turned into a private room, that the gentlemen might be admitted; we learnt afterwards from them that they had seen us all pass; they are not forbidden

to look at men, though they themselves may not be seen.

One of the largest rooms we entered had fourteen or sixteen medallions along the wall with Ismaïl Pasha's initials traced in diamonds upon each. The letters appeared from eight to ten inches high! Everything was in the same style. It would be impossible to detail the gorgeousness of all we saw. Every room had different hangings, but all of the richest silks, and in keeping with the rest of the furniture. In some there were soft and beautiful carpets, and in others the floor was of inlaid marble. In many there were elegant fountains, and the ceilings in all were of polished wood, arranged in mosaics, or exhibiting the grain in beautiful combinations. When the gentlemen were securely locked out, at which they grumbled not a little, Ismaïl Pasha's wives and attendant ladies were introduced, and we were conducted by them into one of these lovely apartments.

The two princesses are Circassians. They were bought as slaves when fourteen or fifteen years old. They are both under twenty, and one of them is very lovely. Large, dark, soft, melting eyes, shaded by long black eyelashes, a well formed nose and mouth, teeth of pearly whiteness, and an exquisite complexion perfectly realised all we had ever conceived

of a Circassian beauty; the other princess was younger and her features were equally faultless, but she lacked the sparkling animation of the elder. Hers was a sad though far from uncommon history. She had had two lovely children, and had lost them both in one night,—no rare occurrence in a Turkish hareem, but she had never recovered from the shock; she is, we were told, the favourite with Ismaïl, for the time being I suppose, but neither of the wives seems jealous of the other.

Sweet-meats, made by the ladies of the hareem, were first handed round, and pipes and coffee followed. We were surprised to find the pipes and coffee cups less handsome than those we had seen in Zenob Khanem's hareem, everything else being on a much grander scale. The Comtesse de G. was so enchanted with everything she saw, that it was six o'clock before we could persuade her it was time to come away. The music in this hareem, though deafening and discordant, was infinitely superior to any we had heard in Egypt. There was a greater variety of musical instruments; there were three flat "kanoons," or dulcimers, more agreeable to look at than to listen to; they were made of veneered walnut wood, inlaid with mother of pearl; there were also some "'oods," or lutes; this has been, for many

centuries, the instrument most commonly used by the best Arab musicians. Its name, (the original signification of which is "wood") with the article "el" prefixed to it, is the source whence are derived the terms *liuto* in Italian, *luth* in French, *lute* in English &c.*; there was also a hautboy, a tambourine, and a tarrabukka.

Four girls about ten years of age, and another about six dressed like a boy in scarlet clothes, were made to dance for at least two hours. I thought the poor children would have dropped from exhaustion, for it requires no small degree of physical force to keep up the shaking of the limbs which seems to constitute the chief part of an Eastern dance.† Their last performance was to turn over and over on their hands like a wheel, the one dressed as a boy going head over heels. These latter evolutions delighted the princesses very much. Many of the slaves were old and ugly, and among the younger there was only one who had the least pretensions to good looks, and she in consequence enjoyed a share of Ismaïl Pasha's affections.

* Lane's Modern Egyptians, vol. ii. chap. 18.

† Mr. Andersson, in his late work on Lake Njami, informs us that the natives of those parts imitate the movements of wild animals when they dance; if this be the case in N. Africa also, the best idea to give of the principal "step," would be shown by a Newfoundland dog on coming out of the water when he is shaking himself dry!

The elder princess was most affable and unaffected. She sent out one of the slaves to put on a habarah for our amusement, and we were allowed to examine it; it is a clumsy inconvenient dress made of some dark-coloured silk, generally black, and is always worn out of doors; it is very full, and when its wearer is seen on the top of a donkey it has been not inaptly compared to a balloon. The lady who had been desired to gratify our curiosity pretended to have arrived on a visit, and, being introduced to us, asked who we were, and after a few compliments and salams took herself off. The princess was delighted with this little charade; it no doubt afforded her conversation for a week afterwards.

Before we took our leave we were offered some violet sherbet, which was I am afraid wasted on some of the party, but Madame de G. of course appreciated it as fully as everything else connected with the establishment. The princess and all her attendants accompanied us down the staircase; this was as may be imagined a fairy-like scene. The stairs were of marble, the walls and ceiling painted in the gayest colours, the balustrades and chandeliers resplendent with gilding; and on looking up and seeing these figures gliding about, dressed in robes of every hue, glittering with gold and silver, and many of them sparkling with

diamonds, the effect was in a word purely Oriental; it would have been worth going miles to see; it was altogether too bright to believe it real.

The butterfly crowd accompanied us to the last step; here we took our leave of them, and an iron door doublelocked and barred separated us from the enchanted ground. We asked Madame de G. if she would like to remain on the other side of that barrier; and she declared that nothing would give her greater pleasure, that she would never wish to see it opened again; that it was her beau ideal of a happy life, to live just in that kind of way; that on their return upstairs they would talk about their visitors, and of all they had said. And to-morrow, we inquired, what will they do then? Why to-morrow they will talk of us again, and wonder if we are coming back! In short it was impossible to persuade her that she would soon tire of such a life; after all we had neither of us tried it, and her world might be as good as ours.

March 25th, Sunday.—It is rather amusing at breakfast on Sunday morning to hear the various conjectures made round the table, as to what parts of the service the congregation will appear at. Prayers were read to-day by the chaplain from Aden, who is residing at Cairo just now, writing an Arabic dictionary.

Like most Englishmen in the East, he wears a moustache and beard, which when combined with a surplice give the wearer a venerable and patriarchal appearance.

March 26th.—We set out this afternoon to see the tombs of the late pashas and their families, which are very gorgeous. Over the graves, an edifice divided into several apartments has been erected. The floors are covered with Persian carpets, and the windows darkened with green curtains, and before each tomb were two or three men chanting the Koran. The tombs themselves are of marble and consist of a kind of sarcophagus upon an oblong basement of sandstone; a short pillar surmounted by a turban sculptured in marble is placed at the head, and a similar one at the feet. These columns, as well as the sarcophagi, are covered with Arabic or Turkish inscriptions in letters of gold. The walls of the apartments are of marble, and scrolls of texts from the Koran are emblazoned upon them. The tombs are ornamented with different degrees of magnificence, but when it is considered that these are all the relatives of a private soldier, who by his single arm and energetic spirit, followed up by his signal talents but comparatively unenlightened mind, has established a practically independent kingdom, to continue

hereditary in his family, and when all the disadvantages arising from want of education, the opposition of powerful and civilised nations, and many other causes with which he had to contend are taken into consideration, it is impossible to think of Mohammed Ali otherwise than as one of the greatest men of his day.

We next proceeded to the tombs of the mamelukes, which are in bad repair, and thence to the tombs of the caliphs; some of these are very magnificent, and are among the finest buildings in or near Cairo. They are built like mosques, which in fact they are, and have generally a couple of beautiful minarets. They have a spacious court inside, which is entered by a gate ornamented in the Arabian style, and the tomb of the caliph is in some part of the building surrounding the court. Other parts of it are inhabited partly by the people who keep the mosque in order, and who are maintained by some endowment left generally by the tenant of the tomb, who was also in his life-time the founder of the mosque.

The cemetery of Cairo is a wild desolate place, extending a long way beyond the city walls on the northern side. It is all desert, and not a human habitation is in sight. As we were leaving it this afternoon, we met a funeral coming from the town, at

a very quick pace. It was that of a poor woman, who had died the night before. First came six men called "Yemeneeyeh," most of them blind, chanting in a melancholy tone the profession of faith; then followed three or four schoolboys, one of them carrying a copy of the Koran on a desk, and all chanting in a higher and livelier voice, and in a totally different key to the old men, a poem descriptive of the Day of Judgment. Then came the bier carried head foremost by four men, who were continually relieved by some of the relations. Casual passers-by often take part in this service, which is considered highly meritorious.

Behind the bier came the female mourners with their hair dishevelled, and their dress disordered, rending the air with their lamentations. They each carried a dark blue strip of cloth, which they held over their shoulders, and twirled round their heads, sometimes tearing it, and occasionally burying their faces in it. The cries of the women, the lively chanting of the youths, and the deep tones of the old men, composed a strange discord. We were very anxious to go with them, so we let them pass us and then followed at full trot till we came to an enclosure where there was a large gate, which the people shut in our faces, declaring that the infidels should go no further. Khalil upon this insisted that we should,

for it is always his aim to appear to slight his countrymen, and he delights in taking us where we ought not to go; there was, however, such an uproar that we would gladly have given in, but to get Khalil back was impossible. We had by this time dismounted in the very thick of the crowd, and Khalil had left us to look for an old man, the guardian of the place, whom he at last found, and to whom he introduced us, pledging himself as security that we should do no harm. One of his objects in getting us into this enclosure was to show us his mother's grave, in front of which he made two little boys squat down, and chant some prayers from the Koran; he gave them five paras each, equal to a farthing of English money; this display of filial piety was no doubt for our benefit.

But to return to the funeral. By this time the bier was on the ground; it was a wooden case, or rather a flat piece of wood with slanting sides that formed a cover to it. At the head was a wooden pillar called a *shadid*, round which and round the bier was wound a scarlet shawl, the same that the deceased had worn at her wedding. This and one or two other shawls the relatives now unwound; in the case of a rich person they would have been torn, lest their value might tempt any one to violate the tomb; but as the parties were probably very poor, they were

taken back with them. In a rich funeral no delay would now have occurred, as the tomb would have been prepared beforehand, but in the present instance five or six men set to work to scoop a hole in the sand with their hands. The corpse was that of a very tall person, but the grave was not of equal length. The Arabs generally bury their dead in a sitting position, with the face turned towards Mecca, that they may the more easily converse with the two angels Munkar and Nekeer who are believed to visit them on the night after the funeral; the soul is supposed to remain with the body during that night, and is required to make a confession of its faith to these two angels.*

The noisy grief of two of the daughters of the deceased was most painful to witness. They threw themselves on the ground beside the bier, uttering the most piercing shrieks. One of them flung herself on the half-dug grave, and had to be removed by the men. I do not think from the rank of the mourners that there were any hired women, but the demonstrations of hopeless sorrow were very affecting. They now proceeded to lift the corpse into the grave, but not before all the relatives by turns had kissed the bier. We did not like to remain any longer, for we felt it

* Lane's Modern Egyptians, vol. iii. chap. 28, where there is a detailed account of Moslem funerals.

was unkind to hurt their feelings by staying if they did not wish it, and, as they had all crowded round the grave, we could see nothing more without pressing much nearer than they would have allowed us to do with impunity. So we persuaded Khalil to help us on to our donkeys again, and set off, followed no doubt by a variety of imprecations which were however lost upon us. Khalil says they put a flat stone upon the body before they fill up the grave. This is to prevent the wild dogs and jackals from getting to it.

It is amusing to see how Khalil ridicules the customs of his country; I suppose he hopes to win favour in our eyes by so doing. I remember, at Thebes, his pointing to a group of men and women on the sculptures, saying they were sensible people like the English, and did not hide their faces like the Arabs! We rather congratulated ourselves on having got away so safely, for I fancy we were the first Christian ladies who were ever present at a Mohammedan funeral, or at any rate the first who have gone unprotected by any gentleman! On Friday the cemetery is full of women, who go to pray and weep at the sepulchres of the dead, and the custom then is to throw on the tombs a sort of herb which the Arab call *zihan*, and which is our sweet basil.*

* Lettres de Maillet.

We returned to Cairo by the Citadel, where we waited till sunset in hopes of having a fine view, but we were disappointed, for the evening was rather hazy. We again went into the new mosque of Mohammed Ali which we had before visited in December. The inside is quite finished, but the exterior decorations are still in progress.

Impressive as the scene from the Citadel always is, it is doubly so at this hour, when the glorious beams from the departing sun shed a golden lustre over the ancient city, and the subdued and mellowed light softens the outline of the range of Libyan hills in the distance; as we stepped out upon the Terrace, the sun sank below the horizon, and instantaneously from the countless minarets beneath us arose, above the busy hum of the noisy crowd, a voice from each proclaiming, "GOD is most great! there is no deity but GOD! and Mohammed is His Apostle!"

A few moments' silence, and again the voices were heard far and near bidding all the faithful leave their worldly occupations, and join in prayer; and at that minute, if we had been passing through the bazaars, we should have seen, here and there, a net hung in front of the merchant's wares, as a sign that he is at the mosque, and a surer safeguard for his property than a patent lock and key; or we should have seen

the pious Moslem, with slippers off and carpet spread before him, heedless of the stir and tumult round him, going through his devotions with the greatest composure. If we had been riding through the fields, there, as the sun set, the peasant would have laid down his spade or plough, and turning towards Mecca would have gone through the same forms. In our own *dahabieh* it would have been the same, and those among the crew who ever did trouble themselves with their devotions would have been seen offering up their prayers at this moment.

In short, hollow and devotionless as the Mohammedan religion may be, there is one thing that strikes a stranger from the western world when it presents itself to his observation, viz. that its followers do not seem ashamed of it; of course it is well known that there are many in the length and breadth of the land who scarcely ever pray, or in fact have any idea of the meaning of the word religion, still, among those who do profess it, it seems to be the primary object in life; other things are made subservient to it. If the hour for prayer arrives, no occupation seems so pressing as to oblige them to delay it. Their Prophet commands, and they obey. In the quiet country as in the busy thoroughfare, in the sandy desert with no human eye beholding him, as in the crowded streets

amidst a multitude of gazers, Jews, Turks, and Infidels, at the time appointed the devout Mussulman communes with his GOD. Mohammed was strenuous in enforcing the importance and efficacy of prayer. "Angels," said he, "come among you both by night and day; after which those of the night ascend to heaven, and GOD asks them, how they left His creatures. We found them, say they, at their prayers, and we left them at their prayers."*

"The truth of Mahommed's Creed," says Carlyle in his 'Lectures on Heroes,' "is embedded in portentous error and falsehood; but the truth of it makes it be believed, not the falsehood: it succeeded by its truth. Out of all that rubbish of Arab idolatries, argumentative theologies, traditions, subtleties, rumours, and hypotheses of Greeks and Jews, with their idle wire-drawings, this wild man of the Desert, with his wild sincere heart, earnest as death and life, with his great flashing natural eye-sight had seen into the kernel of the matter. Idolatry is nothing; these wooden idols of yours, 'ye rub them with oil and wax, and the flies stick on them,'—these are wood I tell you! They can do nothing for you; they are an impotent blasphemous pretence: a horror and abomination, if ye knew them. GOD alone is; GOD

* Life of Mahommed, by Washington Irving.

alone has power; He made us, He can kill us, and keep us alive: '*Allah akbar*, God is great.' Understand that His will is best for you; that howsoever sore to flesh and blood, you will find it the wisest, best; you are bound to take it so; in this world, and in the next, you have no other thing that you can do!"

Five times in the course of the day, did the Prophet command his followers to pray. At sunset, or rather about four minutes later; at nightfall, when the evening has closed and it is quite dark; at daybreak; at noon, or a few minutes later when the sun has begun to decline; and fifthly, about mid-time between noon and nightfall. Each period of prayer ends when the next commences, excepting that of daybreak, which ends at sunrise. The Prophet would not have his followers commence their prayers at sunrise, nor exactly at noon or sunset, because, he said, infidels worshipped the sun at such times.*

* Lane's Modern Egyptians, vol. i. chap. 3.

CHAPTER X.

The City of On. — Bazaars. — Street Sounds. — Shepheard's Hotel. — Alexandria. — Departure from the Land of Ham.

March 27th. — My mother and I were accompanied this afternoon by two of our Nile friends to Heliopolis. It was a melancholy reflection that this was the last haunt of the Ancient Egyptians we were to visit, the last spot consecrated by the mighty genius of the Past which it was to be our lot to tread on. Heliopolis is situated about eight miles from Cairo; the ride led us through a richly cultivated country, intersected with numerous small canals, supplied with water from the river by a succession of sakias or water-wheels. Near the site of the famous Temple of the Sun we turned a short distance to the right to see an ancient sycamore, celebrated by tradition as that under which the Holy Family rested when they fled from Herod into Egypt. The tree bears marks of great antiquity, but whether it has really lived two thousand

years naturalists have not decided. Neither its venerable appearance, nor its supposed sanctity, has saved it from the travellers' knife mania!

On leaving this spot we perceived some shattered sphinxes, and a few scattered blocks of granite, and in front of us in a grove of orange-trees stood an obelisk seventy feet in height. This was all that remained to mark the site of the ancient city of On, rich in Biblical as in classical associations, where Joseph married Asenath, and where Moses was made learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians,—where flourishing priesthood was established, and schools of learning throve, where a mysterious form of worship was in use, and where sacrifices were offered in ages when other nations were yet unheard of!

This granite obelisk was dedicated to Phrè, the god-sun, to whom also was dedicated the city on the ruins of which it stands, and which was termed in hieroglyphics the city of Phrè; in Greek Heliopolis, the city of the Sun; in Hebrew On and Beth-shemesh, the "House of the Sun; in pure Arabic Ain-es-shems, Fountain of the Sun; and in the colloquial language of the present day Matareeyeh, fresh water, from the purity of its springs.* The city was of small dimensions, but its celebrity arose from the fact that in connection

* Gliddon's Ancient Egypt.

with its temple there were schools of philosophy and science under the care of the priests. It was in short the university-city, the "Oxford of Ancient Egypt." Here Moses, as the destined heir of Pharaoh's Daughter, was initiated into all the priestly ceremonies, to which may be traced some of the rites and symbols of the Jewish Priesthood.

Hither in later ages resorted philosophers and mathematicians, physicians and historians, lawgivers and architects; the distinguished series of celebrated men who are said to have carried Egyptian wisdom to the Greeks begins as early as the mythical times.* Danaus brought the first germ of civilisation from Egypt to Argos, and Erectheus king of Athens was considered by some to have been an Egyptian, and to have taught the Eleusinian mysteries according to the manner of the Egyptians. The holy singers of antiquity, Orpheus, Musæus, Melampus, and Eumolpus thence acquired their theological wisdom; and even to Homer himself Egypt was not unknown.

It was from Egypt that Lycurgus and Solon transferred to their fatherland the wise regulations they became acquainted with. The houses in Heliopolis in which Plato and the mathematician Eudoxus had lived for thirteen years were shown to Strabo. Thales was

* Lepsius' Letters, &c. (Bohn) p. 383.

instructed by the Egyptian priests, and, as it is expressly said, beside them had no other teachers; here he became acquainted with the division of the year into seasons, and into 365 days. Here also he learnt to take the measurement of high objects, such as the Pyramids, by their shadow at a particular hour of the day. In this country Archimedes studied hydraulics and invented his celebrated screw. Pythagoras was a long time in Egypt, and in this city pondered the great mysteries of the soul's existence and its relations to the Infinite; his doctrine of the immortality of the soul is distinctly referred by Herodotus to Egypt, in which country, he says, this belief was first maintained. To Heliopolis came the Father of History, and four centuries afterwards Diodorus and Strabo followed in his steps to pore over sculptured hieroglyphics, papyrus records, and dim traditions of this ancient people, this "first born of Time."

March 28th.—This afternoon was spent in riding through the bazaars, an amusement which must be known to be appreciated. Neither pen nor pencil can do justice to the *orientalism* of the scene, so strange and varied to European eyes, so deafening and distracting to English ears. Every trade or manufacture has its proper quarter; thus one comes into a long street in which no wares but red and yellow

slippers are to be seen, to another in which the dealers in silks have taken up their quarters, or chibouque makers in numbers sufficient, one would think, to supply all Europe with the fragrant pipe. This afternoon we made our way to the Otto of Rose Bazaar, where as may be imagined the various odours are delicious, and fill the air for some distance round the bazaar. We bought some tiny bottles of the otto; they contain about two drops apiece of the thick oily liquid, which has to be warmed to extract the whole sweetness. The Egyptian otto is very good, but not to be compared to that made in India. The merchant before filling your bottle tries the quality, by dropping some on a piece of paper, and holding it over the flame of a candle. If the mark disappears entirely the otto is considered good. In this bazaar extracts of sandal wood and jessamine are also made, some of which we brought away with us.

The gentleman who accompanied us this afternoon being desirous of procuring a saddle for the journey he was about to make across the desert, we proceeded to the bazaar appropriated to the sale of saddles, where we saw some beautiful specimens of those used by pashas and wealthy citizens, covered with richly embroidered velvet. It is to be supposed that the

people of the country must be best judges, but if I were a horse about to cross the deserts of Arabia, I think I should prefer an unostentatious English saddle to the gay and gorgeous trappings which one would think must be not only heavy but insupportably hot; however, as has often been proved to be best in many cases, "il faut faire à Rome ce que font les Romains," so our friend chose a moderately brilliant Arab saddle, which, if he ever transports it to his native land, will excite the wonder and admiration of his untravelled groom.

The common saddle used by both men and women for mules and donkeys is made of red leather; it has a large hump in front which is useful when the rider has anything to carry, as a pitcher or jug. European gentlemen always use them in Egypt, but the hotels let out ladies' saddles at a shilling an hour. We fortunately bought two side-saddles at Malta, which we always used, and afterwards sold at Alexandria on leaving the country. We were very glad of them in Upper Egypt, for otherwise 'our donkey-boys' garments or a blanket would have been our only alternative; bridles we rarely saw except in the large villages. As Egyptian ladies ride *en cavalier*, they use the same kind of saddles as the men. The higher the rank of the rider, the higher the saddle that she

uses; in fact ladies often appear insecurely seated, but this is not the case, for the donkeys are well girthed and sure-footed, and proceed at an easy ambling pace. The women of a hareem generally ride out together in single file, one or two black slaves on either side of them. They never walk abroad, unless they have but a short distance to go. They have a slow and shuffling gait, owing to their clumsy dress, and to the difficulty of retaining the slippers on their feet. Whether walking or riding they are regarded with much respect in public; no well-bred man would stare at a lady; but, on the contrary, would look another way when she is passing.

March 29th. — The 11th Hussars left Cairo yesterday and began their march to Alexandria; they encamped the first night near Ghizeh in the neighbourhood of the Pyramids, having crossed the Nile in a bridge of boats the previous evening. There was a large assemblage of natives on the banks, and many of the Europeans in Cairo went to see the sight; we were told this morning by a French gentleman who is resident here and speaks Arabic fluently, that on all sides he heard nothing but curses and maledictions heaped upon their heads. I believe in one respect our ignorance of Arabic is an advantage, as we are spared hearing a great deal of abusive language which

we are informed is poured out upon us in the bazaars as we pass. We often hear the word "Nasara," Christian, coupled with various adjectives, possibly not very complimentary. I suppose it is from their frequent repetition that one becomes acquainted very easily with the opprobrious epithets commonly used; some of the usual terms of abuse employed by the Arabs are "*kelb*," dog, "*kaffir*," infidel, "*sheytan*," devil; and many more too numerous to relate. So strangely, too, has the title of the monarchs of Egypt degenerated from its natural application that at the present day, in Arabic, when one man calls another, "*ya Faraoon ebn Faraoon!*" O Pharaoh, son of a Pharaoh, he fancies that he has heaped upon his head the ne-plus-ultra of opprobrium! * "What Solomon and the genii, and Alexander of Macedon, are to other Moslem lands," says Burton †, "such is Pharaoh to Egypt, the '*Cæsar aut diabolus*' of the Nile; the ichneumon becomes Pharaoh's cat; even the French were bitten and named it, *le rat de Pharaon;* the prickly pear, Pharaoh's fig; certain unapproachable sulphur springs, Pharaoh's bath; a mausoleum at Petra, Pharaoh's place. The mongrel race now inhabiting the valley of the Nile is con-

* Gliddon's Ancient Egypt.

† Burton's Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, vol. i.

temptuously named by Turks and Arabs, *jins Faraoon*, or Pharaoh's breed; and a foul kind of vulture (*Vultur percnopterus*), Pharaoh's hen. This abhorrence of Pharaoh is however confined to the vulgar and the religious. The philosophers and mystics of el Islam, in their admiration of his impious daring, make him equal and even superior to Moses. Sahil, a celebrated Sufi, declares that the secret of the soul (*i. e.* its emanation) was first revealed when Pharaoh declared himself a god."

Although, by his ignorance of Arabic, the European traveller is saved from hearing an amount of improper language which he would be sorry to have translated to him, yet, in the Babel of strange sounds which salute his ear, he often regrets his inability to understand their meaning. Among those who have translated them for the benefit of the unlearned, there is none who gives a better description of them than the enterprising traveller above quoted, and I cannot refrain from giving his description of Bazaar sounds in his own words; "You are bewildered," he says, "by the variety of sounds; every one talks, and talking here is always in extremes, either in a whisper, or in a scream; gesticulation excites the lungs, and strangers cannot persuade themselves that men so converse without being or becoming furious.

All the street cries, too, are in the soprano key. 'O thy right! O thy left! O thy face! O thy heel! O thy back, thy back!' cries the panting footman who runs before the grandee's carriage; 'Bless the Prophet and get out of the way!' 'Allah bless him!' respond the good Moslems, some shrinking up to the walls to avoid the stick, others rushing across the road so as to give themselves every chance of being knocked down. The donkey-boy beats his ass with a heavy palm cudgel. He fears no tread-mill here, cursing him at the top of his voice, for a 'Jew,' a 'Christian,' a 'son of the one-eyed, whose portion is eternal punishment!' 'O chick-pease! O pips!' sings the vender of the parched grains rattling the unsavoury load in his basket. 'Out of the way, and say there is one God!' pants the industrious water-carrier, laden with a skin, fit burden for a buffalo. 'Sweet water and gladden thy soul, O Lemonade!' pipes the seller of that luxury, clanging his brass cups together. Then come the beggars, intensely Oriental. 'My supper is in Allah's hands! My supper is in Allah's hands! whatever thou givest, that will go with thee!' chaunts the old vagrant, whose wallet perhaps contains more provision than the basket of many a respectable shopkeeper.* 'Curse thy father,

* The proper way of refusing alms to a beggar, is to say "*Allah*

O brother of a naughty sister!' is the response of some petulant Greek to the touch of the old man's staff. 'The grave is darkness, and good deeds are its lamp!' sings the blind woman, rapping her sticks together. 'Upon Allah! upon Allah! O Daughter!' cry the by-standers, when the obstinate 'bint'* of sixty years seizes their hands, and will not let go without a farthing. And sometimes high above the hubbub rises the melodious voice of the blind muezzin, who from his balcony in the beetling tower rings forth, 'Hie ye to devotion! Hie ye to salvation! Devotion is better than sleep! Devotion is better than sleep!' Then good Moslems piously stand up, and mutter, previous to prayer, 'Here am I at thy call, O Allah!'"

But of pious Moslems, blind beggars, turbaned Arabs, and veiled women we must soon take our leave, the fates ordain this day the 30th of March to be our last spent in the wonderful and picturesque bazaars of Cairo. It is with great regret we leave this country where, for nearly four months, our eyes have been delighted with sights which imagination

kerim!" God is merciful! which is considered equivalent to "I have nothing for you!"

* A daughter, a girl. In Egypt every woman expects to be addressed as 'O Lady!' 'O Female Pilgrim!' 'O Bride!' or 'O Daughter!' even though she be on the wrong side of fifty."

had often pictured to our minds, our ears have become familiar with the well-known names that conjure up the scenes of the Arabian tales, till we almost fancy we are wandering through the bazaar with the grand vizier, or at least that Aladdin's lamp is at our command. But the dream is past, and Cairo the Magnificent, the city of palaces and mosques, of busy bazaars and narrow streets with their curious outer shutters nearly meeting over head, all must be left. We must bid farewell to the busy Esbekieh, where groups of donkey-boys rush upon the traveller as he emerges from his hotel, and with an energy worthy of a better cause fight desperately for the sturdy Englishman and lively Frenchman, or at the top of their voices try to persuade the stolid German or graceful Greek of the superlative excellence of their donkeys. The amount of foreign languages these boys have at their command is extraordinary; but the bad language they use, especially in speaking English, is most discreditable to those who have taught it to them!

We have eaten our last *tepid* dinner at Shepheard's much abused *table-d'hôte*. We have heard the complaints of the hungry, the grumblings of the discontented, the sighs of the *bon-vivants*, for the last time! That *table-d'hôte* of Shepheard's is really

sometimes an amusing scene; it is so proverbially bad, and the dinners are not only ill-cooked but half cold. Everything is placed on the table, and uncovered, before the gong sounds. The guests have to assemble from every corner of the extensive hotel; the soup has to be discussed, and then, as might be expected, the uncovered dishes are almost cold: and little or rather no variety is there in the sumptuous bill of fare; year after year, return when you like, and over-roasted turkey, half-boiled turkey, under-roasted fowls, over-boiled fowls will adorn that table.

They say Shepheard is so rich that he pays no attention to the complaints made to him; he occasionally informs his guests they need not stay to oblige him, but may suit themselves elsewhere! This morning at breakfast there was nothing but sour native bread; so to show we resented such treatment we determined to leave it untouched, and one of our friends sent his dragoman to the English baker's to get a loaf. It seems there is a feud between Mr. Shepheard and Mr. Walker the baker, and, in order to spite the latter, we are sometimes obliged to put up with sour bread. If the waiters report to Mr. Shepheard what they hear said of him at breakfast and dinner, he must be indeed callous to all reproof. His charges are not very high; every individual pays

eight shillings a day, which includes every thing except a sitting-room, and wines. It is a very noisy hotel, and there is a donkey that brays all night close to my bed-room door, and makes so much noise that I sometimes think it must have got into the passage. The best way of preventing this most disagreeable of all sounds is to tie a heavy stone to the donkey's tail! It is a Chinese discovery, which I unfortunately did not know of at the time, but I would strongly recommend it to any one going to Egypt.*

But this is not the only noisy appendage attached to the establishment, for dogs fight and cocks crow, rats gallop behind the wainscot in regiments, like cavalry charging down-hill, and musquitoes sing inside one's musquito-curtains all night long. "Mangez, mais ne chantez pas!" is one's constant ejaculation. Arab servants sleep in the passage grunting and snoring all night, and scolding each other or being scolded, as soon as daylight appears. Occasionally, in the dead of night, when the hotel is quite full, a party of Indian passengers arrives, tired and sleepy after their desert drive; when such are expected it is as well to sleep with your door locked, (always provided it has such a luxury as a key,) for you will hear them, regardless of your slum-

* Huc's Travels in China.

bers, rushing frantically along the passage trying at all the doors they come to. A friend of ours told us the other day, that one or two burst into his sleeping apartment; calling out "Here's a bed! here's a bed!" "Yes," cried our friend, "but there's somebody in it!" But to continue my table of grievances;— It was under a sycamore-tree close to my bed-room that Kleber was assassinated, and I often hear a tap at the window which I conclude must be his ghost, unless it is caused by a cat who has already broken two panes of glass, in trying to effect an entrance!

So by day and by night Shepheard's hotel is a source of discontent, and yet every body comes to it, because every one else does. It has the only reading-room in Cairo, and one is sure of meeting one's friends here, and indeed those who do try other hotels report no better of them, so Mr. Shepheard pockets his guineas, and does not care who growls, and he looks as fat and flourishing as ever, and though he says he is half-ruined, every one knows it is a "*façon de parler*," and he thrives and drinks his bottle of champagne, and either drives or rides as he likes, and plays the great man over all his lodgers, and remains Shepheard the Great to the end of the chapter.

ALEXANDRIA. *Rey's Hotel, March* 31*st.* — We left

Cairo at six this morning, but were detained at our moorings by a river fog, which lasted till eight o'clock. We took leave of Khalil just before starting; the farewell was most touching, and it was with tears in his eyes the honest old creature parted from us, after repeatedly kissing our hands. We are taking on a Maltese dragoman or courier, as I suppose we must call him, named Giuseppe Muscat, a man with the most forbidding countenance I ever saw; my brother knows him from having had him in his service some years ago, when he found him very useful and intelligent. Our fellow-passengers were not numerous. Among the English ones were some Nile friends, besides some whose acquaintance we had made at Cairo. There was a school of two hundred children on board, all sons of Turkish and Memlook parents. They have been bought by the pasha and will be educated at his expense; their future position in life depends upon him, as he may make them viziers or tailors as he pleases.

Owing to our detention at starting, it was ten o'clock in the evening before we arrived here. This town may be well guarded at night, but that is poor consolation to the sleepy traveller, who starts in his bed every quarter of an hour, as the active watchman yells and shrieks under his window so as almost to make the

panes of glass shake in their frames, and is answered by a dozen similar howls in different parts of the town. Even for a moment the dogs are hushed, and the cocks, who in this country crow without cessation from sunset to sunrise, give one a minute's peace.

April 5th.—We have not been fortunate in the weather since our arrival here; one or two days it has been so windy that we have only just got out to attend morning prayers in the English chapel at the further end of the Frank Square.* We have also taken some drives into the country with Mrs. G.† who has been unremitting in her attentions to us. We went to see Cleopatra's Needle to-day; it is a fine granite obelisk, about one hundred feet in height; but the hieroglyphics on the side exposed to the sea are much defaced. Another, now, alas! prostrate on the ground, was presented by Mohammed Ali to the British government; the expense of moving it however was considered too great, so there it lies and will probably remain for a long time to come; in fact, it is now so injured that it would hardly be worth the trouble of transportation.‡ There is a glorious view

* There is daily service as it is Holy Week.

† Wife of H. B. M.'s Consul.

‡ They stood originally at Heliopolis and were brought to Alexandria by one of the Cæsars, though fame has attached to them the

of the city and famous harbour from the terrace where the obelisks are situated.

News has just reached Alexandria of the death of our fellow-passenger in the "Scamandre" the Rev. W. W. E. He is universally lamented, and every one seems to feel they have lost a friend in him. Not a person that has ever met him, but has a lively recollection of his kind manner and delightful conversation; short as was his stay here his melancholy end has spread a gloom over all who knew him. He went up the Nile in a steamer, and on his return, after making a short stay at Cairo, started for Jerusalem by the "Long Desert." He was taken ill soon after setting out, and after suffering severely died within a couple of days' journey from Mount Sinai.

We have had little else to do here but to enjoy the society of some very kind friends, who seem to lay themselves out in their endeavours to make strangers feel at home. Among the daily little considerate attentions one meets with in this country I may mention a present we received yesterday which would astonish us at home in the month of April. A lady

title of Cleopatra's Needles with the same regard to truth that ascribes to her the honour of erecting the Pharos. They are of red granite of Syene like most of the obelisks of Egypt.—*Modern Egypt and Thebes*, by Sir Gardner Wilkinson.

to whom we were only introduced a day or two ago sent us a basketful of strawberries and a cup of beautiful cream, apologising for doing so, but hoping that as they were the first of the season they would be acceptable. We have renewed our acquaintance with many friends who (as on former occasions) have shown us every possible kindness.

Some of the residents to whom we had no letters of introduction, but whom we have accidentally met, have expressed their regret that there was nothing they could do for us, offering us at the same time unbounded hospitality. This way of speaking, when one knows that it is not for the sake of talking, is a very pleasant thing to hear some thousand miles away from home; such friendships surely must leave pleasing associations of the country where they have been formed, and wherever we have been, but especially in Egypt, such welcome it has always been our lot to receive.

There is another friend, too, from whom we are parting with great regret,—that glorious old river, without which Egypt itself would be nothing, and which has engrossed and now claims a larger share of our affections, than an acquaintance of four months' continuance would seem to warrant. Apart from all the charms which the interest of association, the

exquisite scenery, and the pleasures of society have thrown around that home which the broad bosom of his waters so long afforded us, there is another consideration (which though of a much lower order is still of some force)—I mean the incomparable excellence of the water, which is so great that, according to the Arabs, the person who has been so fortunate as ever to have tasted it, though he may leave the country for a time, is yet certain at some future period of his life, impelled by an irresistible impulse, to return to its banks.

April 6th.—Good Friday. At ten o'clock this morning we embarked on board the splendid steamer "Indus," belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and in a few hours after our departure the shores of Egypt vanished from our sight. Of the comfortable accommodation, excellent cooking, and well-kept regulations it is unnecessary for me to speak. Whoever has been on board of one of the first-class steamers of this Company (at least on this side of the Isthmus) has no doubt found it equally delightful, and, to those who have not been so, it is a pleasure to come,—suffice it to say that a most enjoyable passage of four days brought us safely to Malta, and the blue waters of the Mediterranean separated us from the country where we had passed

four happy months, where a new source of pleasure, and an inexhaustible mine of research had been opened to us, where we had lived in close contact, and had been brought almost daily into connection with the wonders of past ages, and the lasting monuments of the most ancient nation.

It was with feelings mingled with regret, that I again entered

CHRISTENDOM.

Malta, Gibraltar, and Lisbon.

CHAPTER XI.

Hotel at Malta. — Church Bells. — San Giovanni. — Costumes. — Calisses. — Città Vecchia. — Natives. — Sliema. — Harbours. — The "Cambria." — Domestic Troubles. — Voyage to Gibraltar.

For a fortnight after our arrival at Malta, we lived in the Hôtel Impérial, Strada Santa Lucia, where our patience was very nearly exhausted by the ceaseless clang of church bells, particularly of those of the Cathedral of San Giovanni, which was close to us. The Maltese are decidedly a noise-loving people, and the incessant ringing of their bells is enough to drive an Englishman crazy. If they would only set them all a-going at once, and be done with them, one would not complain, but from sunrise to sunset, as soon as one belfry is silent another is sure to begin, and to us, after our sojourn in a land where "the sound of a church-going bell" is never heard, they were particularly annoying.

The outside of the church of San Giovanni is very plain, but the interior is most gorgeous. The pavement is entirely composed of the coats-of-arms of the

Knights of St. John, beautifully represented in inlaid marbles and different-coloured stones. The nave is very broad, and there is a row of tiny chapels on each side; every one differing, but all exquisitely paved, and the walls covered with mosaic work in gildings or marble. The roof of the church is vaulted, and covered with frescoes in tolerable preservation; there are also some good paintings in the chancel.

The altar steps are of white marble, and the base of the altar is of lapis lazuli; the chancel is fitted up with oak wainscoting, some of the carving of which is well executed. The candelabra are of finely wrought silver, and some of those in the chapels are lovely: the gates of the Lady-Chapel are of silver; at the time the French took possession of the island they were painted over by a priest, in order to save them from the spoilers. The keys brought by the Knights from the island of Rhodes in A.D. 1530, when they were turned out of their old quarters, are still preserved in this chapel.

The dress of the Maltese women is very graceful, and particularly becoming to them, as they have in general pretty figures. It consists of a black silk skirt, and a "*faldetta*" of the same material. This is a kind of mantle which comes over the head and is supported on a bent whalebone. It is held

with the left hand, and can be drawn forward so as partially to conceal the face. This dress is worn alike by all classes; the only difference made is in the quality of the silk. This black shell, which is after all only the outer covering, often discloses a gaily coloured dress, and their *coiffures* are always tastefully arranged. The effect of a number of these graceful figures kneeling on the pavement of a church is very striking.

I must not forget to mention among the strange sights at Malta the antediluvian-looking vehicles they call "*calisses*." These are square box-like carriages perched up very high and resting upon the shaft; they have two huge wheels, which are situated far behind and appear to have very little connection with the rest of the carriage. Some of them are provided with steps, but generally you are obliged to have a chair brought down to the door to help you to get in, which is after all a matter of some difficulty; box or rumble there is none; the driver either runs beside his horse or else sits on the shaft. The Maltese are capital runners; I have known some men run eight or ten miles by the side of a two-horse carriage, and then only stop to give the horses a few minutes to refresh themselves.

There is only one other large town in Malta besides

Valetta, viz. Città Vecchia; it is the more ancient of the two; Publius the governor of the island is said to have resided here, and the cave which he gave to St. Paul to live in is one of the sights of the town. There are also some catacombs shown where the Carthaginians and Saracens used to bury their dead.

Città Vecchia stands upon an eminence and is surrounded with strong fortifications. The city is composed of magnificent stone palaces, on many of which are carved the names of their founders; but as we drove through the deserted streets not a creature stirred among these princely habitations; no living soul appeared but some miserable beggars, whose piteous cries of "*Carità, per l'amor di Dio,*" were the only sounds we heard.

There are two very large churches in Città Vecchia, besides many smaller ones. There are several villages in Malta, but they do not convey the least idea of a country village,—nothing on this island could look rural, amid the painful glare of everything around. They consist of a few rows of white flat-roofed houses with staring green Venetian blinds; a huge dazzling white church, absurdly disproportioned to the size of the village, and surrounding all is a high wall, amply provided with drawbridges and other means of defence. There is usually a *Strada Reale*, and *Strada*

della Chiesa, in every town, and the rest of the streets are generally *Vicolo* 1, 2, 3, &c. There are no scattered houses or cottages, hardly even a detached villa on the island. The inhabitants all cluster together within their fenced walls, but principally within the fortifications of Valetta. The population of this town is enormous as compared with its size. Every order of priests and monks flourishes here; and black gowns and shovel hats, brown serge and skullcaps, friars of orders grey, brown, and black, fill the island. It is computed that there are five priests to every Maltese, not reckoning the shoals of deacons and unordained students in several colleges.

The streets swarm with children, all looking miserable and all or most of them always crying;—mothers scolding and beating them,—men storming and swearing;—such is the scene usually visible in a street in Valetta, but I ought to add that, in the hateful Maltese dialect, a man cannot open his mouth without *seeming* to be in a violent passion; of all languages I have heard, it is the most disagreeable to listen to; though it is a corruption and mixture of both, it has neither the sweetness of the Italian nor the rich sound of the Arabic; perhaps when such is the case, it is hardly fair to suppose that the speakers

are always in a rage, but as a general rule a Maltese man *looks* vindictive and passionate,—a Maltese woman (of the lower orders) dirty and ill-tempered,—and a Maltese child ill-used and unhealthy.

The upper classes of the Maltese are, I am told, reserved and dignified, and, except on three occasions during the year, will not mix in English society, nor will they permit their conquerors to make acquaintance with them. The occasions to which I allude are the three public balls given at the palace, on Christmas day, the last day of the carnival, and on the Queen's birthday. To these three balls the Maltese vouchsafe to come, and as I was present at the latter I may add that I saw but little beauty among them. Their black silk faldettas suit them much better, and are arranged with more taste than their ball-dresses.

The palace at Valetta is a large building; it occupies one side of the Piazza San Giorgio. It contains a gallery full of the portraits of all the Knights of St. John, which I suppose boast the same amount of likeness as other portraits of that age; an arsenal is also shown containing specimens of their armour. There is nothing else worth seeing in the palace except the public rooms. It is the town residence of the Governor, who has in various ways

endeavoured to make himself popular with the Maltese; all he says or does is to please them; he has brought back the Jesuits into the island to please them, and for the same laudable purpose he allows the streets to be blocked up every saint's day by crowded processions; and what displeases the English residents is that, except on the three occasions when he is obliged to do so by Government, he gives but few balls or parties at the palace. The English residents of Malta are, I think, very gay; and this year, from there being many more queen's ships in the harbour, and many more depôts of regiments in the island, the winter season was more than usually brilliant.

As before stated we remained only a fortnight in Valetta, and then took up our quarters at Sliema, where we were most comfortably lodged at the house of a Mr. Jevons, whose terms were as moderate as his accommodation was comfortable. We had a well furnished sitting-room, and four bed-rooms, for which we were charged six shillings a day each, board and attendance included.*

Sliema is the name given to a few houses on the western side of the Quarantine Harbour; they are

* For our maid three shillings a day was the charge.

the general resort of those among the inhabitants who do not leave Malta during the summer. It is about three quarters of an hour's drive by land from Valetta, but, by making a short cut across the harbour, it is reached in ten or fifteen minutes. Our house was close to the landing-place, and in the afternoon we often used to take a row. The charge for a boat large enough to hold twelve people, with two men at the oars, is at Sliema sixpence for the first hour and fivepence for every additional one; at Valetta it is a penny less. If the men demand a *buona mancia* twopence will make them quite happy.

This island is literally a barren rock, for there are but few trees and hardly a shrub to be seen. The little soil that there is here has been chiefly imported from Sicily, and being therefore valuable, it is divided by stone dykes into small patches; one object in erecting these dykes was to collect the stones, and detached pieces of rock, off the fields, so that in looking at the country from a distance the glare of white roads and white dykes is intolerable. In fact, as a modern writer says, "the only shade in Malta is to be found in the countenances of its inhabitants," who do, some of them, look black and gloomy enough.

A description of this place would be incomplete

without due mention of its celebrated harbours. The warlike genius of man has helped to perfect and render impregnable the naturally strong position of those rocky bulwarks, which seem to have been created for the defence of this small but all-important island.

There are two principal harbours, the Grand and the Quarantine. The entrance to the former is narrow, and strong fortifications bristling with guns defend either side. Proceeding inwards you pass to the right under towering cliffs, and, leaving Fort Ricasoli and the Naval Hospital to the left, you reach the Custom-house. This part of the harbour is crowded with shipping bearing the flags of every nation; here, as in every other part, the water is so deep as to admit of the close approach of the largest ships to the shore. They are moored by cables fastened to iron rings in the rocks.

It is said that the geological structure of the island of Malta resembles the form of a head of cauliflower, its foundation answering to the stalk, and the island which has grown up out of the sea to the spreading flower. During the time of the last earthquake (1856) many of the inhabitants expected it would break off and topple over.

To the left the harbour divides into three creeks,

all strongly fortified. The centre and largest one is called the Dockyard Creek; on one side of it is the Admiralty House, and just in front of the drawing-room windows is the flag-ship, the "Ceylon." Further up the creek, one or more ships may be sometimes seen undergoing repairs, and many trades and manufactures connected with the navy are here carried on; among the curious sights I went to was the biscuit-making, which, I may as well mention for the sake of the uninformed, is all done by steam some of the processes the flour went through reminded me of a paper manufactory!

The Quarantine Harbour, which is appropriated to the steam-packets, is defended at its entrance by two forts, besides which it is commanded by several batteries on the town side; Fort Manuel, too, stands on the extremity of a point which divides the harbour into two parts; in short, as the reader will imagine, it requires a bolder and more fool-hardy leader than is to be met with now-a-days, to endeavour to penetrate either of the harbours, defended as they are, and it is to be hoped always will be, by British soldiers and plenty of gunpowder.

Going from Sliema to Valetta, particularly in the heat of the day, is a fatiguing undertaking. First there is a row in an open boat, and as often

as not on a rough sea, for ten or fifteen minutes; this takes you to the Marsamuscetto, or Quarantine landing-place. Then comes a weary flight of one hundred and fifty-four steps, under grated portcullises and over creaking drawbridges before you can enter the town, and even then you find yourself only in the lowest street on the western side of Valetta. Flights of steps or very narrow steep streets take you to the uppermost ridge, the Strada Reale, where are most of the hotels and shops. Here you find yourself on level ground, but, if you cross the road and proceed eastwards, almost perpendicular streets or more generally long and weary stairs, and among them the famous *nix mangiare**, bring you to a level with the Grand Harbour! Such is a slight sketch of the "build" of this town.

I ought to add, by the by, that in order to get to the English church, which is on the western side of Strada Reale, and only about one third of the way up the slope, we had to ascend ninety-two steps beside the one hundred and fifty-four already mentioned. The church of St. Paul, which was built by Queen Adelaide in 1844, is a very handsome building; the

* These stairs obtained their well-known name from being the resort of importunate beggars, who had, as they say, "*nix mangiare*," nothing to eat!

body of the church, or rather I should say the church itself, is pure Grecian and has a splendid portico, but to this has been added a steeple (!), which though very beautiful in itself, and one of the chief ornaments of the town, is of course very much out of place. There is an excellent organ in the church, and the singing is very good.

Reports of cholera at Alexandria reached Malta about this time, so to avoid the disagreeable necessity of performing quarantine at Gibraltar, we were recommended to eschew the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers, and to apply for a passage in a transport, which, not having come from Alexandria, would have a clean bill of health. This is, however, a favour granted in general only to naval or military people, and application has to be made to the admiral of the port; we did not know the present admiral personally, so in our dilemma we applied to his flag-lieutenant, whose popularity is great in Malta. Accordingly one morning about twelve o'clock he called upon us with the news that one of Cunard's steamers, the "Cambria" (Transport 101), had just come in, and would be off at six o'clock next evening for Gibraltar; that she was a fine ship, — quite empty, — no invalids in her, — and in short just suited to us in every way!

If the ship had walked into our drawingroom instead of the flag-lieutenant, it could hardly have taken us more by surprise than did this announcement, for we had not intended leaving Malta for ten or fifteen days, and, having a great deal to do, had meant to take it leisurely. First thoughts of course settled the matter as impossible, but "second ones," which according to the good old saying "are best," decided us upon at least trying, especially as we were informed we should never have such another opportunity. So we set to work to pay our bills and collect our goods and chattels.

About a week ago our far-travelled Abigail, who no doubt felt like a monkey who had seen the world, announced to my mother while she was "undoing" her one night, that she had had two offers of marriage made to her, and she wished to have her mistress's opinion about them. One was from a butler of a neighbouring family, whom she had known since her arrival in Malta, the other was from a Scotch linendraper, whose acquaintance she had made ten days ago, and whom she said she did not prefer of the two. Whichever she finally accepted, she declared her intention of returning to England with us first. Nothing more was said till late this evening (the 13th of June), when she acquainted us with her de-

termination of becoming the linendraper's wife, and that too before we left Malta, "to look respectable" as she said.

Here was a pretty scrape, as we certainly wanted all the help we could get to enable us to be ready in time, to say nothing of future inconveniences; but misfortunes never come singly; about half-past ten next morning back came the lieutenant to say that the sailing hour had been changed, and he would send his four-oared boat to bring us on board by twelve o'clock. Great was his astonishment to hear our maid was at church getting married, but as he could afford us no help in that line he took himself off, and with some difficulty we finished our packing by about eleven, when the smiling bride made her appearance, and we heard to our no small amusement, that, from among her male acquaintance at Malta, she had selected her rejected suitor as the person to give her away! We hoped therefore that this singular piece of favour reconciled him to the loss he had sustained.

Some of our friends accompanied us on board the steamer, and remained with us till we reached the mouth of the harbour, where a sailing-vessel, the "Harkaway!" was at anchor, which we were to have the pleasure of towing after us to Gibraltar.

Here we were in rather a strange position, the only ladies, in fact the only beings of womankind, on board. There was only one other passenger besides us, an Irish quarter-master of an infantry regiment, who was going to Gibraltar on sick leave. He was a harmless individual and seldom spoke to any one, but he snored at night like nothing human.

Our passage lasted six days; we behaved in a most orderly, sailorlike manner, and could hardly realise the fact that we were on board a ship. We appeared to be on a visit to the captain in his own house. We were very comfortable and had each a spacious cabin. The *cuisine* was excellent, and our only companions the captain, doctor, and purser; the former was very agreeable, and seemed to think he could not do enough to make us comfortable. He used to play the violin to us on deck in the evening when it was not too rough.

We had only one severe gale, which lasted for some hours on the night of the 19th, but we had a day or two of strong head-winds. It was curious to see the ship in tow writhing and plunging about, as if struggling to get free; the hawsers seemed sometimes on the point of breaking. We sighted Cape Bon, and passed at times very near the coast of Barbary; in passing Algiers we steered pretty close in, so that

we had a good view of the town, which is situated on the slope of the hill. It contains some fine buildings and appears strongly fortified. The country all round is well wooded. We ran up French colours to the fore as we passed the town. After sighting Cape de Gatte, we saw land in the distance on both sides; to our right was the snowy range of the Sierra Nevada, and to the left the coast of Africa. As we approached Gibraltar the current, which is always setting in *from* the Atlantic, rather retarded our progress. We came within sight of Ceuta, and Ape's Hill (a very high mountain, about twenty miles inland), at sunset on the evening of the 20th, and soon after the lighthouse on Europa Point showed us we were near our destination; but, having a ship in tow, the captain would not enter the harbour after dark; we therefore lay off and on all night, and at four o'clock next morning we were on deck to see the entrance.

CHAPTER XII.

Landing at Gibraltar. — Difficulties. — The King's Arms. — Expedition over the Rock. — Monkeys. — Spanish Women. — Costumes. — San Roque. — A Bull-ring. — Leave Gibraltar. — Cadiz. — A Fellow-Passenger.

THE first view of the Rock of Gibraltar is very striking; it seems originally to have been an island, but it is now joined to the mainland by a strip of sandy soil, about half a mile long by a quarter broad called the "Neutral Ground." The rock is fourteen hundred feet high; the town of Gibraltar, or as it is familiarly called "Gib," lies at its foot, a little way up the western side. On the north and east sides the rock rises perpendicular from the water's edge. The most southerly point is called Europa Point, and on it as above stated there is a lighthouse. The straits are only ten miles broad at this point, so there is a fine view of the opposite coast. The bay of Gibraltar affords a convenient, and I believe a safe anchorage for ships; on the western side of it, exactly opposite the rock, is the little Spanish town of Algeciras.

After taking leave of the good ship "Cambria" and

her hospitable captain, we were rowed some way up the harbour, to the "Ragged-Staff Battery," where the landing was easier than at the wharf, and, a carriage having been sent down for us, we were speedily conveyed to the Club-House Hotel, which is situated in the Commercial Square. The front windows looked out upon a very busy scene, and the back ones overlooked the harbour. The hotel was rather full, and we were therefore accommodated with back-rooms, but the moment we entered them we perceived an atrocious smell. It proceeded from the back-water in the harbour, so we shut the windows, but this made the room so oppressively hot that we decided upon quitting the premises.

I forgot to mention that a friend at Malta had recommended us to go in any difficulty to a Spanish Jew of the name of Hadida; we were to mention her name and he would be sure to help us; so as this was difficulty No. 1, we thought the sooner we applied the better, and accordingly we set off and in process of time discovered his abode; we mentioned our friend's name, which appeared to act like a talisman; the ice was broken, and the stately Spaniard broke forth into lively protestations, offering to do anything in the world for us. We immediately informed him of our dilemma, and expressed our wish to get some fresh air

to breathe; upon which he informed us that the only other inn in the town was the King's Arms, which was in the same square, but at the end furthest from the sea. To the King's Arms then we removed ourselves and our traps, and were installed in a very tiny sitting-room. We were not however uncomfortable, for the people were very civil, but unfortunately for us the King's Arms boasted a well-frequented tap-room, which was almost immediately below our sitting-room, and we heard a good deal of what was said in it; and just opposite our door was the dining-room, which was full of officers till long past midnight. With these two exceptions the house was well enough, though even here the smell, though modified, obliged us at times to shut our windows.

Our favourite resort at Gibraltar was the *Almeida* or public garden, which is beautifully situated on the slope of the hill. A military band used to play in it three times a week. There is every kind of vegetation, and plants of every climate grow in this place; and while on the higher parts of the rock firs and pines may be seen enjoying themselves as if thoroughly at home, in the Almeida oranges, figs, and all sorts of tropical plants are found in full perfection. We were much struck with the aloes in this place, which attain a height never seen in England.

Lord Byron called Malta a "military hothouse;" and I think he would have applied the same term to Gibraltar if he had been here; for one sees guns and cannon balls, bombs and shells, in every direction. Guns are mounted on every level spot all over the rock; even in the beautiful Almeida guns and ammunition are interspersed with orange-trees and roses, and, not content with covering every available inch on the *surface*, long galleries have been cut inside the rock half-way up, with large square openings at short intervals, at each of which the muzzle of a gun appears. We went to see them one day, and were shown over them by an artillery-man.

The entrance is kept locked, and a permission to visit them has to be obtained from the governor. We rode on donkeys and used native saddles, which are very unlike the little armchairs we call Spanish saddles at home. These were something like camp stools with wooden seats, on which pillows and shawls were piled, and as there is a strap to lean against, and a board for the feet, they are not uncomfortable; we sat completely sideways and our donkeys were led for us.

Hadida found us a trustworthy guide, which is, I believe, a rare commodity in Gibraltar; and under his protection, and accompanied by Giuseppe, my mother and I were escorted over the "Rock." At the northern

extremity of the galleries we came to a spacious cavern partly artificial and partly natural. It is called St. George's Hall. The guns in it command the whole of the neutral ground, part of the bay, and the approach to the rock from the Mediterranean. A spiral staircase cut in the rock leads up from this hall to a ledge near the summit, on which we stood and looked down a perpendicular cliff of about fourteen hundred feet in height; the view of the surrounding country with the bay to our left, and a fine stretch of open sea to the right, amply repaid us for the difficulties of the somewhat perilous ascent. Remounting our donkeys, we then rode to the highest point of the rock, on which is placed a signal tower. It is from a battery at this point that the morning and evening guns are fired. The sentinel or watchman who with his family lives in this airy position showed us some polished pieces of the rock, some of which, in the shape of studs and seals, we bought. From hence we proceeded to St. Michael's Cave, which is supposed to communicate with a similar one on Ape's Hill, by means of a submarine passage below the straits!

Guide-books say that the Rock of Gibraltar is "covered" with monkeys; we were so unfortunate as only to see one; but it is said there are numbers of

them, and that they always go to St. Michael's Cave to die, for it is here and nowhere else on the rock that their skeletons are found. We did not penetrate far down, for it was dark and slippery, and there seemed to be a deep pool of water at a short distance from the entrance. I should be curious to know if the supposed passage has ever been explored; those who dislike the sea might be glad to hear of an overland, or at least an underground route to Africa! There is one beautiful drive on the rock, viz. through the Almeida to Europa Point. The road leads past the lighthouse for a short distance below some perpendicular rocks, but one's progress is soon stopped in that direction, as the cliffs themselves being washed by the sea, there is no possibility of effecting a landing, much less a carriage road, at their feet.

A bull-fight took place the other day at San Roque, a village six miles inland. The British Government does not allow them on its own territory. We did not go to it, but we heard afterwards that ten thousand spectators were present, of whom a great majority were ladies. What an amount of rank and beauty must have figured at that blood-thirsty pastime!

To form an adequate idea of the intense beauty

of the Spanish ladies, one must see them in their native country. The grace and dignity of their figures are unequalled by that of any women of any country in the world; they walk like Queens or Empresses; the majesty of their gait and stately carriage are unparalleled; and such eyes! in which an Oriental depth and richness are combined with the fire and lustre of the South. Their heads, which are small and classical, are set on necks of equally faultless symmetry; their luxuriant black hair is always beautifully dressed, and, brought up in happy ignorance of fashionable bonnets, they wear the graceful black lace mantilla, the upper part of which is folded on the top of the head, and fastened with gold or pearl-headed pins, or else, falling over the face, it veils without hiding the beauty of the wearer; such were the Spanish women whom it was our delight to watch from our windows, as they passed to and fro in the street beneath; and in the cool of the evening we lingered in the Almeida, gazing on them with unwearied admiration as they paced up and down, fanning themselves, and talking to their friends in their rich and beautiful language. Many of the men are good-looking, but the women far eclipse them.

There is a great variety of costume here. The

streets are always full of Moors from the opposite coast, who, as they prowl about the streets towards nightfall in white bernouse and massive turban, look most ghostly. There are great numbers of Jews, too, many of whom wear small skullcaps, and dark-coloured *caftans* or gowns. All sales by auction take place in the Square just below our windows, and, as may be imagined, the voices of the Hebrews are loudest in every bargain. Some of the head-dresses we see are very peculiar. Among the most remarkable are straw hats a foot and a half high, of the shape of sugar loaves; they are ornamented here and there with little tufts of coloured wool. The commonest Spanish hat is like a "wide-awake" with the edges curled up and a pointed crown. Some of them have bunches of coloured ribbon on them; others bows or rosettes of black velvet, and some have feathers. The men wear short embroidered jackets of dark-coloured cloth, knee-breeches of the same material, or sometimes of white cotton, bright-coloured waistcoats, and a coloured sash round the waist. What at home are called Wellington boots are worn universally here, and all over Spain. They were, as is well known, introduced into England immediately after the Peninsular War.

Although we are otherwise not badly lodged, the

noise of our hotel is very disagreeable. The only quiet time in the twenty-four hours is from two o'clock in the morning, when the table-d'hôte festivities generally end, till four o'clock, when the morning gun fires, which is the signal for the various street noises to recommence. During these two hours the town is so quiet that we are often startled by the sentinel's "Who goes there?" which we hear just under our windows, there being a guard-house next door to the hotel; one of the many there are all over the town.

Every evening just as the gun fires, which generally shakes the house and makes the windows rattle, drums and fifes strike up, and the band, followed by a most picturesque crowd of ragamuffins, marches through the town; on returning to the square it plays a tune, and waits half an hour, till a second gun fires, which is the signal for shutting the town gates; it then takes another march through the streets, comes back to our square, plays another tune, and finishes with God save the Queen. Every third night the band of the 92nd is employed, and then we have the bagpipes, but we have remarked that on those nights the crowd is considerably less; so I fear our melodious pipes of the north are not appreciated by the good people of Gibraltar! There are two other

regiments here just now, the 54th and 66th, besides the Northamptonshire militia, whose band is, I think, the most popular of any.

We drove one day over a very rough road to San Roque. In crossing the frontier of the British territory the carriage was stopped, and three or four *gendarmes* endeavoured to find some contraband goods, in which however they were disappointed. The neutral ground is guarded at one end by a line of English sentinels, at the other by a line of Spanish ones; at the former no questions are asked, as Gibraltar is a free port, but at the latter, one is detained for some minutes as above stated. The village of San Roque is situated on an eminence overlooking a very beautiful part of the country. There are no high hills in the view, but there is hardly a level spot as far as the eye can see, and the undulating ground is of a rich green hue, for many of the hills are covered with vines.

On looking towards Gibraltar the view was magnificent; the bay with all its shipping lay at our feet; on the right was the pretty little town of Algeciras at the foot of the hills; to the left the glorious old Rock, standing proud and solitary, apparently desirous of cutting off all connection with the neighbouring country, and looking with thorough contempt on the insignificant strip of sand which connected it with the mainland. And but a few miles distant and

forming the background of the scene, rose the rocky ridge of the coast of Africa;—altogether a panorama such as one does not often see!

This lovely village was the scene of the bull-fight the other day; so after duly inspecting the curiosities and picturesque groups in the market-place, and after having for some time been nearly stared out of countenance, we proceeded to the bull-ring. It reminded me of the Hippodrome at Paris, only on a much larger scale. We were shown the dark and narrow cells where the bulls are kept for several hours before the fight, to render them mad and wild with hunger and confinement. An old man, the keeper of the place, fought over many of the combats, and though he had to express his ideas in broken English he seemed to enter keenly into the spirit of the bloody game, and pointing first to one side of the blood-stained arena, then to the other, described the impetuosity of the monster's entrance.

"Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and Expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns with sounding foot
The sand; nor blindly rushes on his foe:
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow." *

* Childe Harold.

The mounted matadors with scarlet flags gallop around him, egging him on till with furious bellowing he makes a rush at one of them. The matador dismounts, he flies, he turns, then flies again, and throws his red cloak on the enraged animal, who fancying he has obtained the object of his hatred, tears it, stops awhile, discovers the deception, spurns the cloak, and again seeks his foe. The matador has meanwhile either remounted, or taken refuge in a shelter prepared for the purpose in the arena, too narrow to admit the bull. The other matadors throw darts at the infuriated creature, which serve to madden long before they kill him: at last, gored on all sides, blood pouring from his countless wounds, he falls, —

'Tis past, he sinks upon the sand;

"Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.
He stops, he starts, disdaining to decline:
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle dies.
The decorated car appears, on high
The corse is piled, sweet sight for vulgar eyes;
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

Our stay at Gibraltar was limited to three weeks,

* Childe Harold.

a period amply sufficient for thoroughly exploring the rock and its vicinity, and only just long enough to make us wish ourselves elsewhere. The heat at this time of the year is very oppressive, and by no means so agreeable as at Malta. There, although there is no shade, we had delightful sea breezes; but here the sun's rays strike full upon the rock, and are reflected with such force upon the town that the streets are comparatively deserted during the daytime. There is no fresh air to be got but on the top of the cliffs, and the west wind, which was blowing during our sojourn, is too hot and heavy (or rather "muggy") to be refreshing. There is only a small supply of water here, which in summer is very bad; but there is always plenty of fruit to be had, which, I suppose, in some measure makes up for it.

We had few acquaintances in this place, but our banker kindly supplied us with newspapers and books. There is a good public library, but it is of course difficult for chance visitors to procure books from it, and there is hardly the ghost of a book to be seen in any of the shops in the town, or "on the Rock" as I should say. The English church here cannot boast any great architectural pretensions; its exterior is very plain; it is *of course* kept locked *à l'anglaise* during the week, and though we never

could discover what occasion there was to guard it, a sentinel is always posted at the door.

GIUSEPPE MUSCAT, the Maltese Dragoman, of whom may all travellers beware, had been with us since we left Egypt in the month of April. A most indefatigable worker, a first-rate cook, an excellent nurse in sickness, eager in our service to a degree that was often inconvenient — neither my mother nor I could endure him: I think there never can have existed a man with a more wicked and repulsive countenance, but my brother requiring a personal attendant, and having known this man for so long, we kept him in our service. The day before our departure he came to wait at table perfectly tipsy; he chattered to himself in a mixture of Maltese, Arabic, Italian, and English, and rolled about the room, at the same time making such comical attempts to keep steady, that it was all we could do to restrain ourselves from bursting out laughing, especially as, whenever we asked for anything, he went to the door, and roared out "John," to an imaginary English waiter, who he told us had been drinking! Next day, however, he professed such extreme penitence, that what with our landlord's assurance of its being his first misdemeanour during our residence at the King's Arms, and the difficulty of getting any one else at a day's

notice, it was settled that he should be kept, and on the 5th of July we left Gibraltar in the Peninsular Company's steamer "Madrid."*

We started about five o'clock in the evening, and passed through the straits before dark. There were only three other English passengers besides ourselves, one of whom kept his berth from the moment steam was got up till we dropped anchor in the Tagus, so of him we saw nothing; the second was a quiet little Methodist parson who had lived some time in the West Indies preaching to the blackies, and had since then been staying at Gibraltar doing the same for the soldiers, but of him more anon; the third was a retired Indian officer who had travelled in all parts of the world, and knew everybody everywhere, and in short proved a very agreeable acquaintance.

We reached Cadiz about six o'clock on the morning of the 6th, and as we were to stop for a couple of hours, my mother and I left the steamer and commenced a voyage of discovery through the town. The view of Cadiz from the sea, familiar to all by Lord Byron's beautiful description, is very striking; we thought it had but one fault, the want of a range of mountains in the background. The houses are all very high, and have flat roofs as in the East; they

* The "Madrid" steamer was wrecked off Vigo in March, 1857.

are built of a stone of dazzling whiteness, with a small square tower at the top of each, in which the inhabitants sit, as we were told, in order to get as much fresh air as possible. This gives the town the appearance of being covered with pepper boxes. The Cathedral, which is a fine building, is not quite finished, although it dates back to an early age, one of the towers being still wanting. The interior is very handsome; a priest who met us at the door sent off some beggars who were persecuting us, and kindly took us all over the building. There are several fine-looking churches in this town, one of which, belonging to an order of *Carme* monks, we admired more than the Cathedral. Here, as at Gibraltar, there is a beautiful *Almeida**, through which we sauntered.

We looked into the market-place, but as it appeared very crowded, we did not like to venture in; for we were quite alone, with a guide whose outward man was not very prepossessing, and whose knowledge of any language but his own was exceedingly small; in short from having landed at so early an hour we saw Cadiz to disadvantage, as there was no one in the streets but the very lowest of the people, whom we found perseveringly inclined to see all they could of two English ladies (no doubt to them a novel sight);

* Public Garden.

at a later hour we should have seen more of the far-famed beauty and aristocracy of the place.

We left Cadiz about nine o'clock, with a few additional passengers, all Spanish, whom nobody spoke to, and who were too sick to speak to any one. It was very rough and windy, and I was therefore enjoying myself alone on deck, when the humble-minded little dissenting minister, whom I mentioned above, came up to me, and drawing his stool close to mine began the following conversation with "Please, Miss." I suppose I looked as if I thought there was no answer required to this remark; so he went on, "Please Miss, did you say you had been in Egypt?" (He had overheard me speaking of that country to another fellow-passenger.) I told him that I had been there all winter. "Oh Miss!" was the reply, "were you in the same country as little Moses! O how delightful!" Whether he thought that Moses was still there, I do not know, but before I could explain, he continued; "Please Miss, is there anything very interesting to see in that country?" "Yes," I said, "there are a great many temples and tombs to see." "Please Miss, they use the temples still, do they not?" I informed him they were all in ruins. "Please Miss, where do they offer their sacrifices now to the Sun and Moon, if their temples are ruined?" It was

with difficulty I kept my countenance as I proceeded to assure him that it was some time since they had left off worshipping the sun, and at last I got him to understand, that there was once upon a time a man called Mahomet, &c. &c. &c. When he had digested this piece of news, he began again, "Please Miss, how did you get to Egypt?" "In a steamboat." "Please Miss, where did the steamboat take you?" "To Alexandria." "And then, please Miss, how did you get from Alexandria to Egypt?" Only the little parson's grave face prevented me from laughing outright, but, taking it for granted he meant Cairo when he said Egypt, I told him how we went from Alexandria to that town; but no, next came, "Please Miss, how did you go from Cairo to Egypt?" and when their relative positions were explained he asked, "Please Miss, what river did you say was in Egypt?" After having satisfactorily answered this, and many other similar queries, several minutes passed in deep reflection elapsed, and then I heard "Thank you Miss," and my little parson disappeared! I afterwards heard he had been seen busily engaged in writing what, I have no doubt, was a *résumé* of the information he had received!

CHAPTER XIII.

Arrival at Lisbon. — Braganza Hotel. — Portuguese Bull-fights. — "Cherub." — San Roque. — San Girolamo.—Cintra.—Cork Convent. — Montserrat. — Palace of Marialva. — Manners and Customs. — Leave Lisbon. — Vigo. — Oporto. — Bay of Biscay. — Home.

ABOUT four o'clock on Saturday evening the 7th of July, we came in sight of the town of LISBON, and after passing sundry sand-banks and shoals, which constitute a rather dangerous bar, we entered the mouth of the Tagus, a noble dashing river, seven miles broad at this part. We passed the Tower of Belem, an old and highly ornamented square tower which boasts a few guns. The difference of climate between this place and Gibraltar was very great; the sun's rays were so scorching that we could hardly remain on deck to see the view, even under the protection of an umbrella. About half an hour's steaming brought us opposite the town of Lisbon. This magnificent city is built on seven hills:

> "But whoso entereth within this town,
> That sheening *far*, celestial seems to be,
> Disconsolate will wander up and down,
> 'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee."

But enough of this hereafter; ours was the celestial part just now, and truly there could hardly be a more splendid sight than this city with her houses piled in wild confusion up to the sky, as seen from the Tagus,

"Her image floating on that noble tide."

We had been told many queer stories of the strictness of the Lisbon custom-house, and were rather in a fright, as we had Maltese and Spanish things in our boxes, which, though of course brought only for our own use, might excite suspicion and perhaps be considered contraband. Soap and cigars, we were informed, were what would be chiefly seized, and though in these parts one does travel with two or three extra pieces of the former indispensable article, one has really no more than necessary; besides which, an Englishman being by nature a clean animal, some regard ought to be paid to his prejudices; however no one on board having a good word to say for the Portuguese, my mother and I sent home most of our luggage by the "Madrid."

On landing amidst a jabbering crowd of custom-house officers, who eyed us most suspiciously, at the same time examining our writing-boxes and hand-bags, we sent for a carriage, leaving Giuseppe to

superintend the opening of the boxes, and to follow us to the Braganza Hotel.

After waiting some time, a vehicle came rattling along the street towards us, the like of which we had never seen before. It was a kind of chariot resting on leathern straps, and suspended on two huge wheels; it was difficult to get into it, even with the help of a high chair; a clumsy cart-horse was between the shafts, but a couple of ropes were the only harness of its companion, a skinny creature, upon whose bare back was mounted an indescribably uncouth postilion, equipped in garments of every hue. This we were informed was the only means of proceeding to the hotel. My brother was accordingly assisted into it, but as there was not room for all of us, owing to the peculiar construction of the vehicle, the rest of the party walked.

We followed the carriage through a large square, and then began the ascent. The streets are so steep, that at last I really thought we should have reached the clouds, indeed I am confident we should have done so, if for every hill we went up we had not come down another almost as long. In fact we had nearly despaired of ever reaching our destination, when at last to our joy the carriage stopped in front of the Braganza Hotel, a magnificent building, which we were not

surprised to hear had been built for a palace. There are three stories; the first and second consist of very lofty suites of rooms of equally spacious dimensions, and on the third floor there are smaller bedrooms, just half the height. There seemed to be no one in the hotel but ourselves, for our host, a Mr. Dyson Meston, a supercilious, unhappy, ex-king looking sort of man, allowed us to roam about as long as we liked, and seemed not to care a farthing where we went: when we were tired of walking through the splendid suites of apartments, all equally handsomely furnished, we settled ourselves in the one which possessed the finest prospect. A broad terrace-like stone balcony ran along in front of our windows, on which we sat *al fresco* whenever the heat of the sun permitted us, enjoying the splendid view before us. Beneath our feet was the town of Lisbon; beyond it the Tagus with its shipping; to our right the open sea and the Tower of Belem; while to our left, and on the southern bank of the river, extended a richly wooded, highly cultivated, and mountainous country; forming altogether such a picture as the eye seldom rests upon!

Next morning being Sunday we made inquiries about the English church, and hearing that it was at some distance, we ordered the remarkable vehicle, whose

acquaintance we had made yesterday, and which we found as rough and shaky as its appearance led us to expect. The church, which was very full, is situated in a cemetery, so tastefully laid out that it is one of the chief resorts of the natives; the view of the Tagus from several parts of it is magnificent.

The "Madrid" having remained at Lisbon for two days we again met one of our fellow-passengers, who walked back to the hotel with us, a fatiguing pilgrimage, as we went up and down many steep hills for a considerable time. Our steamboat acquaintance spent the evening with us, and in the course of conversation, confessed to having spent part of the afternoon at a bull-fight! Having witnessed several in Spain, where he had been travelling for two years, he was curious to see one in Portugal, where he told us they are conducted in a very different way. The bulls have their horns both tipped and padded! No horses are used, and the fun consists in seeing how high the bulls can toss any of the spectators who like to volunteer to amuse the company. Of course regular practitioners attend, but any one may offer who likes! No blood is shed, and it is said few accidents occur in this remarkable game of "catch and toss." "*Tous les goûts sont respectables*," was all we could say, and there is certainly no accounting for some of them. The Spaniards of

course look down on the Portuguese for this harmless way of playing at their cruel pastime.

During the following week the heat was so great, and the view from our windows so lovely, that we did not care to be much out of doors, but we contrived to make ourselves pretty well acquainted with this mountainous town, and to our satisfaction found some level streets, up and down which we wandered, looking in at the windows of the jewellers' shops, of which there are a great many in Lisbon. Ear-rings are universally worn in this place, and are made of massive gold.

My brother embarked on board the "Great Western," on the 13th of July, and sailed for Madeira, *en route* for India. My mother and I being therefore left alone, we determined, as the steamer for Southampton was not expected till the 19th, to spend the time at Cintra; the 14th, however, being Sunday, we remained at Lisbon in order to attend Divine Service in the English church, and the 16th being the last whole day we should have here, we determined to make the most of it, and spend it in seeing all the "lions" of the place.

As often happens on a day when one has plenty to do, we were by mistake called later, and breakfast was not so early as usual. A squabble that lasted all

breakfast-time, and for nearly an hour after, delayed us some time longer. Giuseppe and a French waiter were the parties engaged, and the hire of a carriage for the day the subject about which they fought. Giuseppe, for the love of fighting, and hearing the sound of his own voice (the most hateful I ever heard), frequently endeavoured to show his zeal in our service by beating down every charge as low as possible. This always took place in our presence, and we often had to put a stop to it. I may as well mention that we had given this individual the sobriquet of "Cherub," not from his angelic disposition, but from his rotundity, which put one in mind of pictures of Dutch angels. His wardrobe was most extensive: he appeared in a different suit almost every day. White, he evidently considered, suited his complexion, and the impulse to laugh was irresistible the first time he appeared in his white linen shell-jacket, and white trowsers to match: his figure was not made for this style of dress, and the effect was most ludicrous. Another of his suits was all striped, and exactly of the colour of a zebra's skin; another was an incongruous mixture of every colour of the rainbow, resembling a harlequin's dress; this suit he wore to-day as he sat on the box puffing and panting, after the rage he had been in.

The grand sight of Lisbon, we were told, was the church of San Roque, and thither we accordingly drove; the exterior is frightful, like all the other churches in Lisbon; a modern writer has compared them to the fronts of old-fashioned French clocks, which they very much resemble. Unlike other Continental nations, the Portuguese keep their churches locked except when service is going on. We had timed our visit accordingly, and therefore finding the gates open we entered the church; but no guide presented himself, no sexton came forward; with "Cherub" in his harlequin coat at our heels we wandered up one aisle and down another. Our object in coming was to see the chapel of St. John, in which there is a wonderful picture in mosaics; this, the only thing worth seeing in the church, is not left for vulgar eyes to gaze upon, or for curious eyes to look at gratis. It serves the purpose of livelihood to some individual whose interest it therefore is to be indispensable to seeing it; the chapel is concealed by red curtains, and the keeper being out of the way, his picture was not to be seen. We accordingly came away much disappointed.

The waiter at the hotel had given his orders to the coachman, and, as we could not make out a word the latter said, we knew as little as our horses did where we were going; but at last after a long drive over some

ill-paved rough streets, we stopped in front of the church of San Girolamo.

This building, which is one of the most ancient in Lisbon, and which was but little injured by the earthquake, is considered one of the finest churches in Europe; the outside is richly and beautifully carved, and the porch, which is of the Norman Gothic style of architecture, is magnificent; but delighted as we were with the exterior of this noble building, when we entered the doorway, we were positively petrified with astonishment and admiration. Not even among the beautiful and far-famed churches of Normandy have I seen any half so perfect. The roof, which is very lofty, is supported by two rows of the lightest slenderest pillars imaginable, made of pure white marble and elaborately carved from the bases to the capitals. The woodwork about the chancel is handsome and bears marks of great antiquity. The roof of the vestry is made to represent the petals of a flower, and the whole is supported by a column in the centre which is meant for the stalk.

I never saw a church so highly finished in every respect. Care and time have been expended on every part, and the elegance and grace of the whole are indescribable. An asylum for the education of orphan children is attached to the church, but our coachman gave us to understand we had

no time to go over it; we were therefore driven off, and after some time found ourselves approaching the Tower of Belem. It is at some distance from Lisbon and is situated at the mouth of the Tagus. A soldier took us all over it; we could not express our ideas in any known language, but by means of a strange compound of four or five different ones, we got on very amicably. There is nothing of any interest to be seen inside, but the view from the top is very fine. As we had still a long journey before us, we prevailed on our driver to take us back to the hotel, which we reached by a different and if possible a rougher road.

The weather being very hot, we had been advised not to go to Cintra till late in the afternoon, so about five o'clock we set off in an open carriage; but no sooner had we left Lisbon than a perceptible difference in the temperature took place, and before we reached Cintra we were nearly frozen. The drive was about fifteen miles long, and most of it led us through an ill-cultivated and extremely uninteresting country. We passed underneath the famous aqueduct of Lisbon, which supplies the town with water; the height of its loftiest arch is two hundred feet.

The scenery we passed through was, as I said, very monotonous, but once arrived at Cintra we felt well

repaid for the trouble we had had in coming, and the atrocious road which had brought us to it. One's first view of Cintra must be for ever connected with two tall red brick chimneys, which rise from the centre of the village; on inquiring what manufacture was carried on here, we were informed that the kitchen of His Majesty's palace boasted these appendages, why or wherefore I never could find out! We drove to a small inn, kept by a Swiss of the name of Durand, where we were comfortably lodged, and, being very tired, our first act at Cintra was to go to bed, having ordered two donkeys to be in attendance next morning.

July 17th.—The principal object of interest in this place is the convent of the Penha, so called from its being situated on the summit of a precipitous and rocky crag, or *penha;* convents however having been lately abolished throughout Portugal, the king has appropriated it as a summer residence. It was built A.D. 1497, by Pedro II., who used to climb regularly every day to the top of the hill to watch for Vasco di Gama's return from the Cape of Good Hope. To his great joy one fine morning he descried his sail, and, as the story goes, immediately began the erection of the convent on the then almost inaccessible rock. It was dedicated to *Nossa Senora*

*della Penha**, in acknowledgment of the protection she had vouchsafed to the great Portuguese navigator. The ground all round the convent, and on every level spot, is now beautifully laid out, and the rocks are studded with pine-trees. The king-regent has had a carriage road made, which has been so skilfully executed, and is kept in such good order, that carriages have no difficulty in reaching the summit.

The rocky ridge of Cintra rises like a barrier, separating a very ugly from an equally beautiful tract of country. On looking towards Lisbon, nothing was to be seen but the barren moor we had passed yesterday while below us on the other side was the village of Cintra situated on the edge of a deep and richly wooded ravine, and beyond it to the very edge of the blue Atlantic stretched a highly cultivated and undulating tract of land.

After seeing the convent of the Penha we remounted our donkeys, and proceeded along the top of the ridge by a wild and lonely path for some miles until we reached an old convent known by the name of the "Cork convent." Here as Lord Byron tells us St. Honorius

> "long did dwell,
> In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell."

---

* Our Lady of the Rock.

The only luxury the old saint and his brethren allowed themselves was to have all their cells lined with cork, which kept out the damp. We went into several of these dungeon-like holes: the length of them is five feet, the height about the same, and the entrances (there are no doors) are not more than three and a half feet high; but Honorius, thinking this too comfortable, went into the garden, and hollowed out a hole under a projecting piece of rock; into this he crawled, and here he lived and died!

The only inhabitant now of this lonely place is an old man who appears more than half-witted. He very much resembles a superannuated ourang-outang, and hobbles about with a stick twice as high as himself. We were amused at the care with which he locked up the kitchen, refectory, and cells, in this unenviable abode. What there was to run off with, or if there had been, who would have come to take it, we were at a loss to conceive. After resting here some time we remounted our donkeys. The Portuguese saddle which we were using to-day, is not so comfortable as the Spanish, from there being no support for the back It consists of a flat piece of wood, with a couple of pegs at each end; pillows are piled on *ad libitum*, and a footboard is placed at whichever side the rider prefers. The Portuguese women invariably sit on what we should consider the wrong side. Donkey-

hire is certainly cheaper here than in most parts of the world. The fare is tenpence for the whole day. We were out five hours with two men and were only charged a sum equivalent to tenpence.

We were very much puzzled with the coinage of this country. At Lisbon one day we went into a stationer's and bought a few things we wanted. When the bill came in we could make nothing of it, paper five hundred "reis," pens three hundred "reis," and blotting-paper two hundred "reis;" so we sent for our friend the French waiter, and were informed we were to pay a "mil-reis:" a piece of money equal to a dollar or four shillings English. This was simple enough, and we easily understood that one thousand reis made one dollar, but positively every day we remained in Portugal we heard the name of some new coin: every ten, twenty, fifty, one hundred, one hundred and ten, one hundred and twenty, &c. &c. &c., of these infinitesimal "reis" had some break-jaw unpronounceable name, and so many "mil-reis" made something else! We really gave it up as a bad job.

From the Cork convent we proceeded down the hill, and then along a beautiful shady road, between rows of cork and various other trees, till we arrived at what appeared to be the entrance to a fine park. So it once was, and deer once ornamented its shady glades

and well kept grounds. There was a small lodge at the gateway, but it was tenantless, and handsome stone pillars were all that remained to tell of the iron gates which had been torn from their hinges. A fine avenue of trees, the road now grass-grown and out of repair, ended in a gently sloping lawn, on which we dismounted, and found ourselves in a few minutes within the deserted walls of Montserrat, where Beckford once accumulated all that wealth could procure, and taste devise, to beautify a place so enriched by nature's charms. This *quinta*, or villa, which was once the residence of this extraordinary man, stands on a projecting piece of ground. A narrow strip of turf surrounds the house, and on three sides we looked down steep banks into lovely wooded glens.

The Atlantic, at the distance of eight or ten miles, bounds the view in this direction; and the convent of the Penha, with the rocky ridge of Cintra and a wild and broken country at its foot, forms a glorious background to the scene. But now all is deserted; this spot which, by his own, and by every contemporary writer's account, Beckford had converted into a perfect paradise, is now a complete ruin. Roofless, and windowless, nothing but the shell of the building remains, lovely in its desolation,

and enchantingly picturesque. I believe there is some flaw in the title to the land, for, since Beckford left it, Montserrat has been uninhabited, and whoever likes may come and help to finish what the spoiler has left undone.

It was already late, and several miles lay between us and Cintra, so with a parting glance at the strange and lovely scene around us, we turned homewards, and after a beautiful ride reached our hotel. Being engaged to spend the evening with some friends to whom we had brought letters of introduction, we went to them about six o'clock; but hearing from them that the king-regent and some of the royal family were walking along a road at a little distance from the house, we went out in hopes of seeing them. We did not accomplish this, not knowing exactly which way they had gone, but we had a delightful walk, and among other objects of interest saw the Palace of Marialva where the famous, or rather infamous, Convention of Cintra was signed. The guests at our friend's house were such as are usually to be found abroad, and who often prove agreeable society; the Austrian, Russian, and Swedish ministers were there, and also one or two ladies. After tea we went out to the terrace, in front of the palace, where a band was playing. The drawing-

room windows were open, and we saw the regent several times; he often stands at the window, and sings while the band is playing; they say he has a very good voice, and is fond of showing it off. We were disappointed of hearing him, though we stayed till past ten o'clock.

Next morning I was up before breakfast and took a long walk, after which we again ascended the Penha. We were to sail for England next day, so we left Cintra about twelve o'clock, and a few hours after were comfortably installed in our old quarters in the Braganza. We were much pleased with this hotel; the rooms were clean and the *cuisine* excellent. The only specimens of entomology we were troubled with, were black beetles of a size peculiar to Lisbon and unequalled in any other country. "Black beetle" was the first word I asked the meaning of in Portuguese, in order to point them out, with gesticulations of horror and disgust, to the astonished and not unfrequently amused housemaid.

Our intercourse with the natives in this place was very limited, for they are singularly ignorant of any foreign languages; there are many good-looking shops here, but our purchases were few on this account. The streets of Lisbon have been of late much improved, and though so much has been said of their dirtiness, I do

not think they are worse than many other Continental towns. Some of the squares are paved with flints, arranged in different patterns according to their several shades, the effect of which is very pleasing; we are told convicts are employed at this work. This city is well supplied with water, but it is not brought into any of the houses; carrying it in small barrels about the streets gives occupation to many hundred men, and the shrill cry of "*agua*" is the first one hears on entering Lisbon.

Here, as at Paris, the police are all armed, and at night they parade the streets with loaded muskets; they are an ill-looking set of men, and one involuntarily hurries past any of their guard-houses, where groups may be seen lounging round the doors; while at the same time one cannot help drawing rather invidious comparisons between them and our clean, civil, unarmed policemen at home.

The Portuguese, taken as a whole, appear a puny contemptible set of people, and are seen to disadvantage after their neighbours the Spaniards: but we are told that the inhabitants of Lisbon look yellower, and have a more sheepish expression than the people in the interior. There is nothing peculiar in the dress of the men, but every woman below the rank of a lady wears a huge double

cloak of brown cloth reaching to her ankles. These cloaks resemble an English coachman's great-coat in some ways, but they look much clumsier; there is no variety in them, and summer and winter they wear the same, though the weight, to say nothing of the warmth, must be enormous: on their heads they wear a white cotton handkerchief, folded and tied under their chins; this coiffure, as may be imagined, is neither useful nor ornamental. The higher classes try to imitate the French fashions, but they dress in very bad taste. We went to some public gardens one Sunday evening, on purpose to see the *noblesse* of the place, who congregate there on that day to hear the military band perform, but we did not see a single good-looking or well-dressed person; in fact we were much amused at the jumble of colours on each individual.

I must not forget to mention the delicious fruit which we enjoyed here in great abundance; for we never sat down to breakfast with less than six different kinds of fruit on the table, which were left in the room all day, and replenished at dinner-time, for all of which not even a "reis" was charged! We had green and purple figs, pears, apricots, greengages, plums, oranges, cherries, mulberries, and some others,

a vivid recollection of which we retained during our passage to England.

We embarked on board the Peninsular Company's screw steamer "Alhambra" at eight o'clock on the morning of the 19th of July. This was her first trip, and, as usual on such occasions, the Company had selected the most experienced and careful captain in their service to undertake the responsible office. To great skill and prudence in his profession, this gentleman united every quality which made him one of the most agreeable persons we had met with in the course of our wanderings, and it will be long ere we forget the attention he showed us during our passage. One could hardly wish for a more intelligent and well-informed travelling companion, and he certainly did all in his power to make our voyage agreeable.

We reached Vigo on the evening of the 19th, too late to land the mails or passengers; but, after a rough passage of fourteen hours, some of the party did not grudge spending a night in harbour. Vigo stands on a high hill inside a deep bay, which is surrounded on three sides by precipitous mountains; it might be rendered almost impregnable to a sea-force, for there are three or four islands at the mouth of the bay, which completely command the entrance.

We remained here till eight o'clock on the morning of the 20th, but were not allowed to land, having brought a foul bill of health from Lisbon. The passengers we left here were under the agreeable necessity of spending ten days in quarantine.

We continued our voyage, and next morning lay off Oporto from two to nine o'clock. A thick fog prevented us from seeing the town, or being seen from it, and the navigation is so dangerous in the neighbourhood of the bar, that the captain, after making many attempts by sounding to gain the harbour, was very nearly giving it up. What rendered him doubly cautious of approaching in the dark was, that he had been wrecked on this very spot some years before, in consequence of his captain having attempted to go in, although he could not see an inch before him. No English lives were lost on the occasion, but the ship went down in half an hour, and a number of Portuguese went down with her, having wrapped themselves up in their cloaks, and being either too lazy or too stupid to save themselves.

At last some boats full of passengers came alongside of us, and we gave up our mail bags, which were taken by the quarantine officers with a long pair of tongs!

Our party on board was very much increased by

the additions made here. The "Alhambra" being a screw steamer, was wofully narrow, and the sleeping accommodation, owing to the number of passengers, very much circumscribed. We shared a four-berthed cabin with two other individuals, but we were thankful we were not in the ladies' cabin, where there were nine French and Portuguese (so called) "ladies," who lay in bed all day, and at night used to get up and go into the saloon, and call for brandy and water, although from the crowded state of the ship several gentlemen had taken up their quarters on the table. There were a great many dirty lazy Portuguese on board; the sights on deck were far from agreeable, and these indolent fellows lay about in all directions, making the stewards bring them heaps of pillows and mattresses.

Among some seventy or eighty passengers, we happily found some very agreeable ones, and the days passed away quickly enough, unmarked by any more striking incidents than a tremendous swell in the Bay of Biscay, which looked like green mountains rolling towards us, and the pleasing excitement of frequent stoppages to cool our engines, which being new were too closely fitting, and required to have water constantly poured on them. The pumps were also kept continually at work, but all this was of course set down to the newness of the ship. However about

midnight on the 22nd the engines were stopped and remained inactive for six hours. I conclude the passengers who were awake felt it incumbent on them to be alarmed; but I for my part was pleasantly rocked to sleep by the swell, which was heavier than usual; however we heard to our consternation next morning, that the captain had been on deck all the time, and had had preparations made for lowering the boats, expecting momentarily to be obliged to rouse the passengers, and squeezing them into five boats (fourteen or fifteen into each besides the officers and crew) set them to find their way two hundred and fifty miles to the coast of France. The chances of saving our lives would, I think, have been pretty much the same, whether we had remained in our berths, or attempted crossing the Bay of Biscay in open boats. It seems that a pipe inside the boiler had burst, and the captain and engineer thought at first that the damage done was much more serious. After a long delay it was put to rights and we continued our journey.

Contrary winds detained us in the Bay, and though but little way was actually lost, our progress was retarded by frequent stoppages, so that it was not till the night of the 24th that we reached what are technically termed the "Chops of the Channel;" but

in the middle of that night occurred another incident equally exciting, and of which at the time we were as (blissfully) ignorant as of the former.

The captain came unexpectedly on deck, about two o'clock on the morning of the 25th, and to his astonishment found the ship's course was the same as he had left it three or four hours before. He enquired for the officer of the watch, and was told he was below; on proceeding to his cabin, he found him in a state of intoxication, having entirely forgotten to desire the steersman to alter his course! The captain's visit on deck was purely accidental, and, if he had not done so, we should have found ourselves, in an hour or two, in unpleasant contact with the coast of Bretagne.

Many of the Oporto merchants on board joined in petitioning that the officer might not be reported to the Company, but the captain firmly though reluctantly refused their request, for he said that no punishment short of cashiering was severe enough for such an offence.

We came quickly up the Channel with a light wind, passing the Needles about half-past four, and feasting our eyes on the lovely scenery on both sides of the Solent; and as we dropped our anchor in Southampton harbour, and the sights and sounds around

us reminded us that we were again in Britain, —

> "This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
> This precious stone set in the silver sea;"

the centre of activity, freedom, and civilisation; the land whose name and whose people are respected from pole to pole, and whose flag waves supreme in every clime; the land where science prospers, and where art contributes to perfect the charms that nature has so lavishly bestowed,—it was with pride and exultation that we felt that this country was our own.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX.

No. 1.

A GOOD LIBRARY is a great source of comfort on board a Nile boat, and amply repays the traveller for any trouble or expense he may incur by an extra package. Among the books which I venture to recommend from experience to those who are about to make the voyage, I would particularly mention Murray's Handbook for Egypt; Miss Martineau's Eastern Life; Lane's Modern Egyptians; The Crescent and the Cross; Eöthen; Lord Lindsay's Letters from Egypt; Washington Irving's Life of Mahomet; Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians; Dr. Gliddon's Ancient Egypt; Lepsius' Egypt (Bohn); Osburn's Monumental History of Egypt; and Osburn's Israel in Egypt. A good map of the country is indispensable; I believe Colonel Leake's is the best. The purchase of Bartlett's Nile Boat ought perhaps to be deferred till the traveller's return to England, when he will gladly refresh his memory and recall the Land of Egypt to his recollection by means of the beautiful engravings of this lamented and accomplished artist. In mentioning these books, I of course do not mean the traveller's library to consist solely of works on Egypt; on the contrary there

ought to be a variety of volumes, suited to the taste of the reader, among which, in my opinion, amusing light reading will be found very acceptable.

To the learned I would venture to suggest Herodotus as an endless source of amusement; I often regretted my inability to read the works of the Father of History.

Reading is more the order of the day for ladies than working, for the flies effectually prevent one doing anything that requires the use of both hands; one being always required to wield the fly-flap.

As I mentioned at the beginning of this volume, we started from Paris, and were therefore unable to procure many of the books we wanted. Among those we most regretted was Miss Martineau's Eastern Life, which we in vain tried to get, first in Paris, and then in Valetta. When we arrived at Cairo we asked for it at Hammerschmidt's, where a few English books are kept; but it was not to be had. However, one fine day, our abigail, who generally had her ears open, informed us that Mr. Walker the English baker would be happy to lend it to us; it was the last book we should have expected a baker to possess, but we gladly accepted it, and pored over its pages with great pleasure. It was a one-volume copy, and as we fully intended buying it of its owner on our return, we made all sorts of marks and reflections on its margins, and in short used it like our our own book. We were continually lending it to different boats, and it seemed to be the only copy up the river. Well, to make a long story short,—on our arrival at Cairo we sent to tell the baker that we wished to buy it of him,

when to our dismay he informed us it had been *twice* sold, first to a party who had *heard* of its being in our possession, but who had been obliged to start for Syria without it, before we returned from Upper Egypt; and, secondly, to a gentleman who had arrived in Cairo a few hours before we did, and had hurried off to the baker's to secure his prize. We were very much disconcerted at this piece of news; the lucky possessor, whom we had known up the river, on hearing of our disappointment offered to resign his prize, but as he was going to Mount Sinai and Jerusalem, and we were obliged to turn our faces homewards, it would have been selfish to have deprived him of so delightful a companion.

No. 2.

I MAY offer a few remarks on the subject of a LADY'S DRESS in Egypt; the wardrobe, it need hardly be said, must not be extensive, as everything not actually in use is kept in a box under the divan which serves as a bed. Miss Martineau recommends brown holland dresses, which as she says are easily washed, but I would suggest that a heavier and darker material is pleasanter, particularly for riding in windy weather. A light carmelito or stout alpaca is preferable; a barège will be found desirable in the evening, or on days when the traveller does not expect to leave the boat. A good silk gown to be worn at the *tables-d'hôte* in Cairo or Alexandria, or at occasional *déjeûners* or dinner parties, may be considered advisable. For those who do not like to

appear at church in hats, (as the residents are very smartly rigged out on Sundays,) a good bonnet is necessary; and, unless the two can be combined in one, a close bonnet (and the more pokey the better) must be taken for windy days up the river, when it is often impossible to wear a hat. All ladies, however, should be provided with a broad-brimmed straw hat, with a deep crown for winding a few yards of muslin round. Two or three cotton umbrellas with white calico coverings are required, and at least three pair of stout buttoned boots; kid gauntlets are preferable to gloves of that material, but some pairs of thread gloves should be taken to wear over them, as in poking about in stone temples the kid soon wear out.

Before speaking of cloaks, I must mention that I acted upon the principle of the old Scots and Picts, who when they went to battle used to tie thick woollen handkerchiefs round their necks, "not for warmth, but for fighting." So I always wore a short loose jacket, made of merino and lined, not "for warmth," but to ward off the sun's rays, so that with the help of a double cotton umbrella I felt no bad effects from the Englishman's enemy, a mid-day tropical sun.

Several shawls and plaids ought to be taken to serve as blankets at night, when it is often unpleasantly cold.

With respect to creeping things,—fleas and bugs, as I have said *, are necessary companions, being imported from the villages in great numbers; but for the suppression of other creatures, quite unmentionable, but still

* Page 125.

reckoned among the Plagues of Egypt, we followed Miss Martineau's excellent advice, which is to have two suits of body linen in wear, and to change them daily, hanging up the unused ones in our cabin to air during the day. I may as well mention that we ran nails *ad libitum* into our walls, and had a most convenient network of strings across the ceilings of our cabins.

No. 3.

NILE PROVISIONS.—The Nile-bound traveller is often sorely perplexed on arriving at Cairo, as to how he is to provide himself for a voyage of from three to four months' duration. The wants of travellers vary much in themselves, and the length of time occupied by them on the river embraces fewer or more weeks, according to the time, the health, or the inclinations of the wanderer, so that it would be impossible to supply a table of wants suited to all; yet the deficiency felt by many is supplied by no one. The following extracts from our "house accounts" at this time may, it is hoped, give an idea of the necessaries required.

The journey provided for was one of three months, and, as the reader will remember, the party consisted of one gentleman, two ladies, and a maid.

Mr. Walker, the English baker, supplied us with bread packed in barrels, biscuits, rusks, tea, preserves, and salt butter. We laid in altogether, at Malta and Cairo, fifteen or sixteen dozen candles. This did not include those used by our maid, which were of native

manufacture, and about the consistency of a farthing rushlight. We bought them at Grima's, a Cairene grocer. They cost very little, and two or three burnt at a time gave a very fair light.

The wine we took with us was procured partly at Malta, partly at Cairo. Marsala and Claret are, I believe, the wines generally preferred in Egypt, but of course every traveller has his own ideas on that subject.

A large supply of wood and charcoal has to be laid in at Cairo. It is renewed at intervals up the river. A sheep is also procured at starting; we paid twenty-seven shillings for ours, but the further south we went the cheaper mutton and all other provisions became.

The live stock and part of the fuel laid in at Cairo amounted to four or five pounds.

Under the head of groceries, most of which may be procured at Grima's, the traveller may reckon candles, both English and native, copper caps, gun-wadding, powder and shot, besides oil for the lanterns, potatoes, rice, macaroni, vermicelli, salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar, spices, oranges, and every species of stores in that line.

The fittings up of our *dahabieh* were as follows: —

Plates, dishes, cups and saucers, wine-glasses, tumblers, trays, Turkish coffee-cups, salt-cellars, one large lantern and two smaller ones which lighted up the deck at night. Candlesticks, tin foot-pans, pails, two tables (one for the deck), a coffee-pot, tongs, a tin mug in which the milk was fetched every morning, lucifer-matches, nails, gimlets, and a hammer, a *chaufferette* for heating irons, brushes, fly-flaps (much good they did us!), plenty

of string, tow, a meat-safe, dates and walnuts, oranges and bananas, quilts, one or two extra pillows, and a variety of caffases, or baskets, which serve as receptacles for odds and ends.

The owner of the boat or the dragoman generally provides plate and linen; and a dragoman's canteen sometimes contains some of the articles above enumerated. He also lends the national flag, and the private one is procured at an Italian tailor's in the Moschi.*

I think I mentioned in a former part of this volume that most of the money taken up the river is in copper coins of from five to twenty paras each, as it is difficult to get change anywhere but in the capital. We also took some bags full of silver coin, of which there are quarter- and half-piastre pieces, besides piastres, five-piastre pieces, eighteen-piastre pieces called Mejidiehs, and Spanish dollars worth about twenty-two piastres each. In Cairo, coins of every country from Dutch guelders to Indian rupees are in circulation, but English sovereigns are everywhere preferred.

* The Frank quarter in Cairo.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.
NEW-STREET SQUARE.



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 05 October, 2018